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THE INTERNATIO

AUGUST 1974 $1.25

IS BIGNESS BADNESS OR WHY THE AMERICAN DREAM IS FADING

WILL DAVID FRYE RESIGN AS NIXON?

SHOULD WICKED WANDA BREAK PASTA WITH THE MAFIA?

CAN ROMAN POLANSKI HAVE FUN WITH SEX?

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If you were one of the millions who missed Wicked Wanda in our July issue, take heart. She's back . . . bigger, brasher, and ballsier than ever. Following her infamous Museum of Misfits caper in June, the polysexual billionairess Wanda Von Kreesus took a month off to contemplate her next adventure. Now she's back in business, refreshed, eager, and ready for whatever her irreverent creators, **Frederic Mullally** and **Ron Embleton**, might have in mind. All obedient Wanda fans will turn directly to page 130 for a brand-new Puss Force adventure.

But Wanda's lucky. In her superfantasy world, she's free of the mind-bending bureaucracy and real-life breakdowns of modern-day technology which plague most of us. They plague writer **Karl Hess** even more. Hess, a former ghostwriter for Richard Nixon, believes that the entire American system is screwed up, and says so forcibly in his article *The System Has Failed*. He's totally disenchanted with a form of government that no longer represents those very traits—self-management, self-responsibility, and cooperation—that made us a great and independent nation. The system we've worshipped all these years just doesn't work anymore, he says. We all lend credence to the legend that big is good, and biggest is best. But that's bullshit. Being big can be downright bad. The conventional wisdom that size relates to success is crumbling in failure after failure, and we're left with the overpowering evidence that *nothing, but nothing, is working*. Hess has been around enough of our leaders to know whereof he speaks. He advocates a return to the old frontier values of smallness in all areas of American life before it's too late—and he cries out for self-governing communities and a simpler, more independent existence.

Another man who is rapidly losing faith in the American way is the Vietnam veteran who's been branded with bad papers—less-than-honorable or even honorable discharges that are coded with special separation numbers (SPNs) that can accuse a man of being anything from an alcoholic to a homosexual,on the basis of nothing more than the opinion of his last commanding officer. In the sixth installment of our continuing series on the Vietnam veteran, *Branded By The Numbers*, author **Michael Pousner** documents the disastrous effects of the SPN numbers that keep many vets out of jobs and out of VA programs they are legitimately entitled to. Even when a number is in error, the bureaucratic runaround a veteran must go through to have it reviewed belongs in Kafka. Pousner is well qualified to take up the cudgel. As a special-features reporter for the New York *Daily News*, he won a Page One Award from the Newspaper Guild of New York for his stories about returning Vietnam veterans.

"If I were a girl, I'd be a star-fucker. I like meeting stars. I think there's always a reason for someone being a star." That's what **Roman Polanski** told us in one of the first interviews he has granted in five years. In the decade or so since he shattered the screen with *Repulsion*, he has remained a movie maverick with a hard reputation for doing things his own way—and generally getting away with it. Breaking his long silence, Polanski discusses his successes and failures, both personal and professional, openly and bluntly. He is equally frank about Faye Dunaway and Jack Nicholson, the stars of his latest film, *Chinatown*, a joint Paramount-Penthouse production now in release.

Our profile subject is also a player of parts. In *Imitation of Life*, **Peter Tauber** says **David Frye** may be more Nixonian than Richard Nixon himself—only the tapes will prove whether Richard Nixon was stored in a safe-deposit box in Bebe Rebozo's bank while David Frye inhabited the White House for the last six years. Tauber is a free-lance writer whose novel, *The Last Best Hope* (Grossman/Viking), will be published in early 1975. Moonlighting as a stand-up comic, Tauber has played the Dick Cavett and David Frost shows, and several New York nightclubs.

And as a testament to the physical integrity of the unmarried girl, we present *Confessions of a Wash 'n' Wear Virgin*, by **Andrea Doris** (whoever *she* is). This shameless tale tells just how far a young girl must be prepared to go these days to remain a lady. Finally, the ubiquitous **Henry Morgan** is back in our pages with *The (Madame) President's Diary*, an unedited transcript of the daily records of the first woman president (in 1984). Not a single expletive is deleted —you always knew we would uncover everything.

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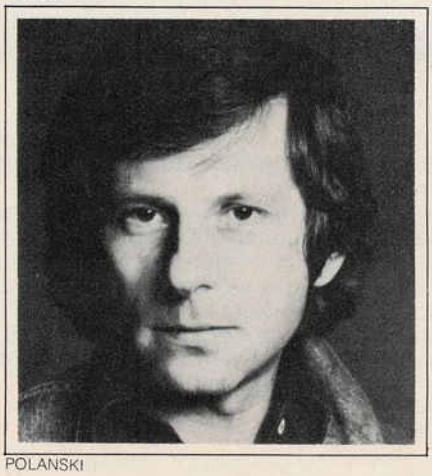
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PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

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editor & publisher

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AUGUST

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Vietnam veterans

I have just finished the first of your segments on the Vietnam vet (March 1974) and would like to extend my thanks for your interest.

I have been in the navy for about a year, having enlisted about the time the Vietnam "conflict" ended. I am not, and hope never to be, a veteran. However, most of the men I work with are Namvets, and the attitudes you described are remarkably evident in the men I see here.

The fact that these similarities exist between the Vietnam soldier and the Vietnam sailor suggests to me that it is the attitude of Vietnam America that has produced this psychological trauma.—*Ernest L. Shumway Jr., USS Tolovana, FPO San Francisco, Calif.*

Your Vietnam veteran series is very interesting. Having served in Nam myself in 1968–1969 as a corpsman in the navy, I have witnessed some sights most people wouldn't believe.

Vietnam was very much a part of my black experience. Being black presented several problems in Vietnam. Black GIs were constantly reminded by their counterparts, the so-called enemy, the Vietcong, that this wasn't our war at all. They would shout, "Go Home, Soul Brother," and we all began to realize that we could do nothing about it but follow orders and hope one day to get a plane ticket back home. To be frank, the military authorities were twice as hard on blacks as on the white GIs.

Blacks, Chicanos, and some whites who grew up with blacks, and hung around with us constantly, were harassed by military authorities who busted and then convicted us for using drugs, which, I might add, almost everyone was doing, officers on down.

The black GI had to fight three wars: one with the so-called enemy, another with the racist white man who had us under his power, and still another, which was by far the worst, the war within ourselves.

In all, Vietnam was hell, but an experience I wouldn't trade for anything, because we are the young men who helped change the world as it stands.—*Billy Richardson, Los Angeles, Calif.*

I congratulate you and Tim O'Brien on the March article about Vietnam veterans. I'm one of the remaining draftees; thank God they got me late, I might have been one of your published statistics. My only wish is that men and women alike will buy your magazine containing the articles on the Vietnam vets. Hopefully, they'll better understand the turned-on generation that served their country when they were called. As you know, March 29th was Vietnam Veterans Day. How many people just didn't give a damn?

I've had a number of jobs since coming into the service: broom operator, professional latrine cleaner—I operate my own mop at twenty-one! But I guess I'm lucky I've got a civilian job waiting for me, plus a place to hang my hat and a family to love. I'll also have some extra money in my pocket since I won't be coming home with a coke habit. I'll be glad to go home with exactly what I came in with—nothing. Too bad thousands of other guys can't say that. Unfortunately, they will suffer the results of a bad mistake by the leaders of our country. They're known as a forgotten generation—guinea pigs for a bunch of politicians. They figured it would be a good time to try out new military techniques, test new weapons, and improve our foreign policy with South Vietnam.

These men come home to get their heads straight and people call them baby killers, freaks, junkies, and a disgrace to our country. The guys who served in Nam (Pfc's and Spec 4's) might think they lost a war, but I think they won a great battle. They won the battle of survival and now are fighting a bigger one in the United States of America. Getting back into society is one hell of an uphill battle. I just hope that by the time I get home they will have won that battle. I take my hat off to those gentlemen and salute their way of life, even though that way of life may have been messed up. There are thousands of guys that don't even have a life to live.—*J.P., New York, N.Y.*

I just finished reading your April issue of *Penthouse*. I want to thank you for taking an interest in us vets. Yes, I'm still with the military establishment, but only as a result of the following factors:

—Wounds that needed extended care and friends who told me to stay with the army to have the work done. V.A. had too many hangups.

—I looked for several jobs before reenlisting. I couldn't even find my old job again. Also, I was expected to start at the bottom, all over again. Others were hired ahead of me at some places. A check with sources revealed that they never had served in the army, let alone in Nam.

Talk about humiliation! My family is well-known in my hometown, and upon arriving home, I was treated many times with an unexplainable rudeness. No one said, "Thank you," and in an interview with two ministers of the largest Presbyterian church, I was told I was "a tool of society—nothing more, nothing less." With this, I hit the ceiling. I was gone twenty-one months to combat, then four months in the hospital in Japan. I didn't arrive home asking for sympathy, just a fair chance. But I couldn't find it. I was really lost. Everyone looked at me like I was a ghost of someone they once knew. People I used to associate with daily couldn't even find the words to say, "Hello, you're home."

Needless to say, the apathy really shook me. Everything I did was watched. Just what the hell had I come home to? I reenlisted for the paycheck and medical treatment I would receive. That was my only reason for rejoining. Now, I want to go back to school. But I can't get enough benefits to even go full time.

There are many of us still on active duty in this situation. And here's how the army looks at us: they say we're Vietnam baby NCOs. Not professionals—still kids! Where do we go?

Thanks for taking time to read this from just one vet. I ask not for sympathy or special attention, but for me and my buddies to get a chance to do "our thing" in life, be it military or civilian.—*Sgt. James O'Loughlin, Gelnhausen, Germany*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

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I read, with a grin on my face, the slanted article concerning the woes of the Vietnam veterans with their troubled minds and hearts.

One question continually occurred to me as I read the article, and that is why did these people volunteer or let themselves become drafted? Did they have a vision of a remote South Pacific isle where they would stroll in khaki shorts and beat the natives with swagger sticks? Or did they dream of a romp in the bushes with a bare-breasted, bronze beauty?

America certainly was not in danger of communist attack, and I do not believe the U.S. was ever bombed by the Viet Cong. This country was never in peril, and there was no reason to have become a soldier.

Possibly, after a tour of duty and upon coming home, the veterans expected a ticker-tape parade down Main Street, U.S.A. I cannot imagine this because the American people certainly did not want a war in Vietnam.

I chose not to become a clown in the military circus. I have no sympathy for those people who decided otherwise and I am sure they have none for me.

The act of joining was theirs. The burden of consequence is also theirs. Each soldier and veteran is solely responsible for his predicament, as I am for mine.—*Name and address withheld*

The writer is a draftdodger (1969) from Los Angeles, California, who now resides in British Columbia, Canada.—Editor

We read the beginning of your series on the Vietnam veteran and we dig it. It's about time we all started to act against the way veterans and people in the military are treated like garbage.

We are an overseas chapter of Vietnam Veterans Against the War/Winter Soldier Organization (VVAW/WSO), and we join in their demand that "there be no distinctions as to types of discharges and that a single type of discharge be issued, and that this be retroactive." Bad discharges are held over our heads and used to keep us from questioning the work we are told to do. We can be branded for life because we won't take being harassed about petty things like hair length and pressed clothes, or because we refuse to take part in a war machine that only brings death and misery to the people of the world.

Our wing and station commanding officers, General Lang and Colonel Murphy, issued an order back in December that even makes it illegal for several of us to sign a letter like this without getting prior command approval. Well, we don't plan to ask their permission. They don't have any right to play Hitler, and we won't let them get away with it. We are challenging this order with Article 138 (UCMJ) complaints and positive legal suit in Washington.

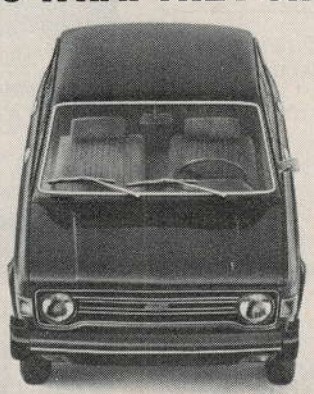
We definitely want to get more involved in the movement for health benefits and rights for Vietnam veterans. No American should have been fighting or even "advising" in Vietnam, but those who were sent there should be given what they need to make a good life for themselves. It is a farce to make rich men out of POWs who were shot down while bombing North Vietnam, and completely ignoring the needs of enlisted men who served in Vietnam.

We hope your project to win rights for Vietnam veterans will not forget the tens of thousands of people who refused to take part in the war in Vietnam and accepted either exile in a foreign country or jail sentences in America. These people realized earlier than most of us that the war in Vietnam was not in the interest of anyone but a few rich people and corporations. And it was wrong. Murder and genocide will always be wrong. Total

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

THESE ARE THE SMALL CARS EUROPEANS HAVE TO CHOOSE FROM.

THIS IS WHAT THEY CHOOSE.



A lot of American car buyers are thinking small for the first time.

Since there are more than a dozen kinds of small cars to choose from, deciding on the right small car is no easy task.

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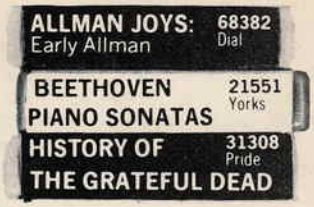
BUFFY SAINT MARIE: She Used To Wanna Be A Ballerina Vanguard 50506
JOAN BAEZ GREATEST HITS AND OTHERS Vanguard 32041



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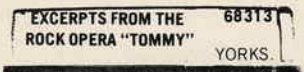

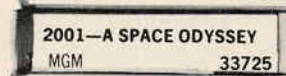

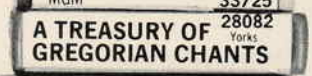

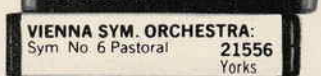

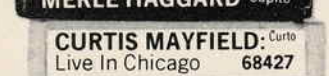

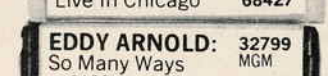

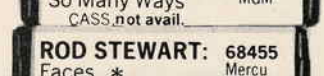

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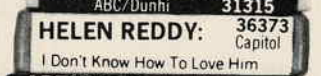

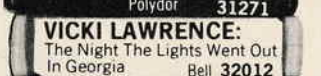

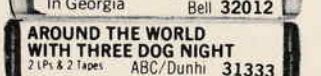

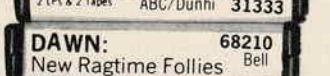

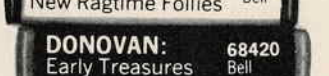

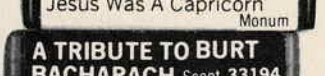

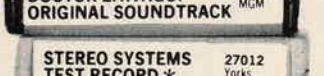

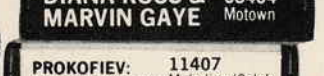

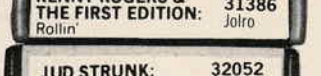

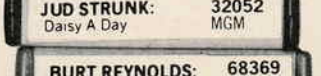

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and unconditional amnesty should be granted to all war resisters—those still in exile, those who served prison sentences, and those who got less-than-honorable discharges for opposing the war and the military machine that fought it.

Also, we can't forget what our government is still doing to the people of Vietnam. Our tax dollars are paying for 80 percent of Thieu's budget. It is a crime for us to be supporting this man who holds about 200,000 political prisoners and ignores every aspect of democracy. By signing the peace agreement we accepted the fact that there are two governments in South Vietnam. Yet we go on supporting only Thieu with our dollars and weapons.

We wish you power in your project for justice for Vietnam veterans.—*1st MAW (Marines Against War), Iwakuni Chapter of VVAW/WSO, Japan*

Pet reply

I took a personal interest in a letter published in your April magazine. Apparently, an unnamed fan of the female posterior has requested to see that part of my anatomy revealed on a page in your publication. His reasoning was that my rear measurement was a fantastic 39 inches! Although I am deeply flattered to have my rump admired as a good thing, I would think that 39 inches is too much of a good thing!

In actual fact, my seating capacity is precisely 36½ inches, a statistic that is kept precise and firm by virtue of daily exercise.

I genuinely hope that this news does not detract from the letter-writing gentleman's admiration. In fact, I'm sure he will welcome this information since he obviously wanted to get to the bottom of it!—*Gloria Loring, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Pet partisans

I have a few comments about the April Pet of the Month, Miss Nancy Sebastian.

She is the most beautiful, lovely, elegant, exquisite, adorable, attractive, charming, gorgeous, ravishing, sculpturesque, stunning, curvaceous, sweet, irresistible, shapely goddess that I have ever seen! Also, I could really dig on what she had to say about life and sex. Miss Yaffa Levan isn't bad either.—*C.S., Jackson, N.J.*

I have been an avid collector of centerfolds for about three years and I have never seen anything as beautiful as your Pet of the Month for April 1974. Her name is Miss Nancy Sebastian, and in my opinion she is the most sensuous, most luscious-looking girl I have ever seen in my life. Her magnificent body is perfect in shape and color, among other things. Her voluptuous breasts are of ideal size. She possesses a fantastic crop of pubic hair that is so thick and full you can barely recognize the labia majora in the centerfold. Her body, especially her face and hair, give her a pure, innocent look. Her measurements, 38-24-36, are three numbers that keep ringing in my head.

I keep my centerfolds posted on the walls of my hobby room, and I admire Miss Sebastian so much that I placed her in the middle of my one wall so she would be the center of attention. Every time I look at her picture my imagination goes wild and I get chills up my spine. I have about sixty centerfolds of beautiful girls, but Nancy Sebastian is the most beautiful and she will always be number one with me.—*D.L., Shenandoah, Pa.*

Congratulations on a very fine magazine that is both a pleasure to read and to gaze at, especially those beautiful Pets.

The May issue was extremely rewarding and I would like to compliment the photography by John Demetrius of Miss Shawn Day. Her natural beauty was accentuated by Mr. Demetrius's camera most notably on pages 84 and 86.

Evidently, Miss Day takes pride in the most vital asset that belongs to every woman, since she tends to keep her pubic region well-trimmed. The photos allow us to glimpse her delicate mound of Venus in all its beauty without it being hidden by a mass of pubic hair.

It proves what many *Penthouse* readers have said occasionally in the letters to Forum: that there is nothing offensive in showing a smooth-shaven pubic area if the photographer knows how not to make it the center of attraction. Mr. Demetrius succeeded in this in his pictures. Let's have more of his work in the future, and also more of Miss Day.—*F.H., Beacon, N.Y.*

I have now been reading *Penthouse* for about two years but this is the first time that I have written to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine.

In your March issue you had a pictorial called Thoroughly Modern Suzie. This has to be the best of all your work so far. As far as I am concerned, Suzanna Hayes is the most beautiful girl you've ever had in your magazine in your many years of publication.

With those breasts and her outstanding philosophy, she could turn on anyone between the age of eight and eighty.

Thank you very much for that pictorial, and I am sure that I speak for thousands of guys who feel the same way.—*D.E., Alberta, Canada*

Praise for Wanda

Thank you for Wanda. Thank you, most particularly, for Candyfloss. Your delightful satire pokes fun at such a range of eroticism that, obviously, you know it all. I cannot add to that awareness except, perhaps, for one single facet.

I am one of that vast multitude of people around the world for whom the "Damsel in Distress" theme has an irresistible appeal. To us, the ultimate in beauty is a naked girl chained or bound.

You see, the thing we seek (and so seldom find) is pure beauty. This fantasy of the girl in chains is a basic and simple vision. It is an end in itself. It leads nowhere, for it is itself the quintessence of the ultimate.

The authors William Seabrook, in the Thirties, and William Morris, at the turn of the century, acknowledged this as fact. Recently, however, a host of pornographers have caught sight of profit and, knowing nothing of that in which they were meddling, have debased and distorted something beautiful.

You create beauty. Your girls are gorgeous. In several issues earlier this year you have chained or bound them wonderfully. But, of course, the effect is shaded by the necessity of the satirical approach. How about contriving, at least once in each issue, an uncluttered picture of one or both of our heroines, without facial distortion?—*F.C., Calgary, Alberta, Canada*

A matter of taste

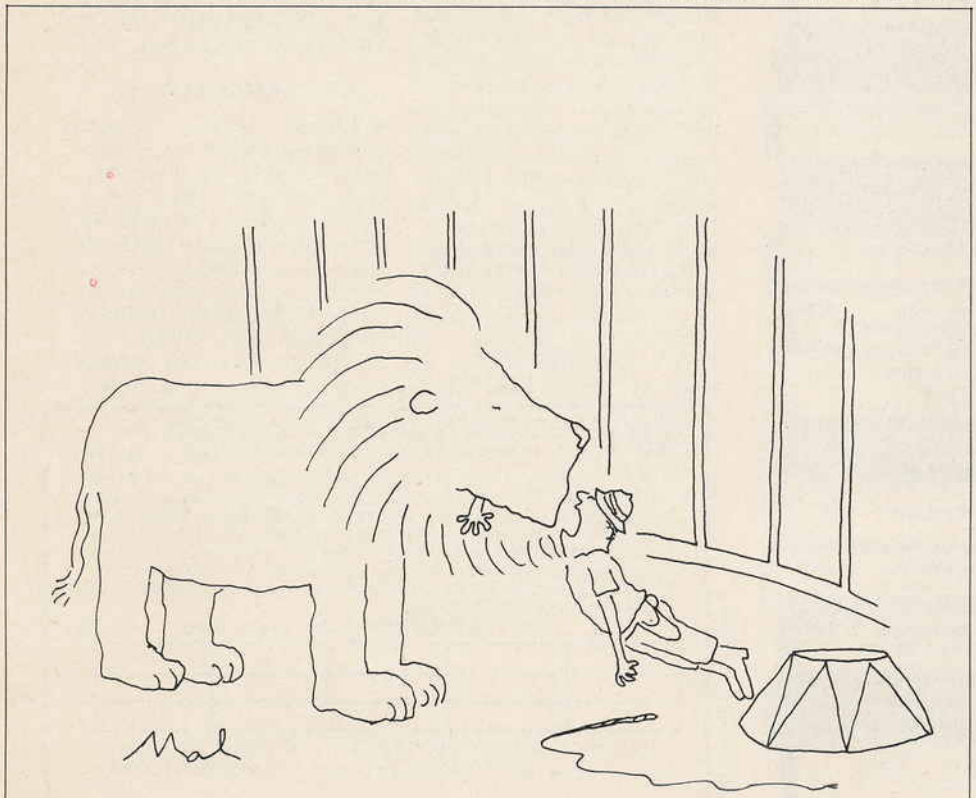
I'd like to answer a letter in the April Forum entitled A Matter of Taste.

This writer states that the camera lies in the photography of the female genitalia. He should know that a camera, in the hands of an expert photographer, captures all the natural beauty of the object being photographed.

What does he mean that the color, texture, sebaceous cysts, and other blemishes, hardly make the vagina an object to apply his or her mouth to? Are all vaginas like that?

The open vulva, with the labia minora, the labia majora, and the clitoris exposed, and the mons covered with a fine stand of pubic hair, is one of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16



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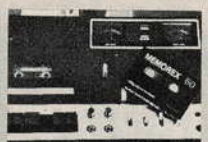

Memorex sings.

If anybody knows what Ella Fitzgerald sounds like, it's her old friend Count Basie.

So we set up a test. First, we put Ella in a soundproof booth and recorded her singing on Memorex with **MRX_2 Oxide.** Then we invited the Count into the studio.

He listened, but didn't look, as we alternated between Ella singing live and Ella recorded on Memorex with **MRX_2 Oxide.**

After switching back and forth a number of times, we asked the Count which was Ella live and which was Ella on Memorex.

His answer: "You gotta be kidding, I can't tell."

Now it just stands to reason that if an expert like Count Basie can't tell the difference between "live" and Memorex, you probably can't either.

But, why not buy a Memorex **MRX_2 Oxide** cassette and listen for yourself?

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the most beautiful sights God ever created.

Oral sex between a man and a woman is beautiful and adds variety and pleasure to both people. Many women reach their highest sexual release when their vagina and rectum are tongued by an experienced man.

Personally, I think that a healthy woman's vagina smells great and tastes like nectar. That guy degrades the beautiful organs of a woman, therefore insulting every woman. The stupid s.o.b. wouldn't be here if it weren't for a woman. God bless 'em, I love 'em all!

Keep up the good work, *Penthouse*, and the great photography!—*H.M., Cheshire, Ore.*

Coppola profile

Your profile on Francis Ford Coppola (May 1974) was very informative. After having seen *The Conversation*, I'm sure you've got an historical piece of writing to your credit.

If *The Conversation* is indicative of what Coppola will do as personal filmmaking, America has an answer to the European greats. Again, many thanks for a fine presentation of a greatly talented man.—*J.C., Pekin, Ill.*

Getting it on

As a former patient of Dr. Apfelbaum, of The Group for Social Development in Berkeley, I must congratulate your magazine for the fine article in your April issue, *Getting It On*. The research by Terri Schultz was most thorough and informative. I only wish you would have expounded more on the unique and successful form of treatment Dr. Apfelbaum utilizes.

When the Berkeley Group first came to my attention I was a desperate man who had not been able to have sexual relations with a woman in over four years. I could no longer even talk to women in a social setting. I had been in private psychotherapy for over three years with no results: I was still deeply depressed and had a growing desire to end my life.

In eleven days Dr. Apfelbaum, with the aid of a sex therapist, completely restructured my attitudes. Physically I look better, and I have a refreshed optimism for the future. And I'm "getting it on" as if I were a young stud again, but enjoying it more than I ever thought possible.—*Name and address withheld*

Human rights

I've been reading your magazine for five months now, and it's by far the most enlightening magazine here at Terminal Island Federal Prison.

The pictures of men and women together in the buff are beautiful and enjoyable, and we would like to see more of the same.

We have men and women inmates here in Southern California, but we are separated and only see each other during the course of the work week. We do have coed activities, but dancing is not allowed. Hopefully, in the future prisons will become healthier to live in than they are today, with forced family separation and no heterosexual relationships.

The prisons throughout America are changing, but they are still a long way from offering a climate of good health.—*Raymond K. Kubo, San Pedro, Calif.*

I would like very much to see *Penthouse* begin a column dealing with men's rights, especially in the field of domestic relations. The way our archaic laws are written, it's no wonder our divorce rate is so high.

I believe that your fine magazine, with its wide circulation, could do much to right the extreme injustice that is heaped upon men in our domestic relations courts.—*Jon Naef, College Park, Ga.*

Monopede mania

Several weeks ago my roommate was given a copy of *Penthouse* magazine with readers' letters entitled Monopede Mania. Since we are both amputees she called and told me about it. I was able to acquire several back issues and was quite interested in your readers' comments on this subject. Then I decided to write about my own experiences.

I lost both feet in an accident some time ago and, as can be imagined, was terribly depressed; doubly so since I was a professional dancer. However, life must go on and mine did. I was fitted with artificial feet and went to work with a large insurance firm. I shared an apartment with a coworker and gradually became very content with my new work. An advantage which a foot amputee has over other types of amputees is that we can walk on our stumps, and this I learned to do well.

I had formed the habit of removing my artificial feet when I got home from work if there were no visitors. One evening I was alone when the doorbell rang. I was wearing hot pants and an old shirt, so the man at the door, who was a salesman, couldn't help seeing my legs. When he noticed my bare stumps, he got an immediate and obvious erection. He became flustered and quickly left. I was perplexed by his behavior but didn't think too much more about it until a similar incident occurred several weeks later.

During that time I had been dating a friend of my roommate's boyfriend and decided to see what his reaction to my stumps would be. Several days later we had dinner alone in the apartment. After the meal I mixed some drinks, excused myself, and went into the bedroom to change. I removed my feet and put on a very short skirt and sexy blouse, and then padded back into the living room on my stumps. His eyes bugged out when he saw me and he couldn't take them off my legs. I sat on the far end of the couch and stretched my legs out so that they touched his thigh. He began stroking my stumps and we both became very aroused. I reached over and unzipped his fly and gently massaged his penis with the tips of my stumps. This was more than he could stand, and he took me into the bedroom for a very passionate evening of lovemaking.

I have discussed this with other women amputees and have found that sexual attraction for amputated limbs is almost universal. Most commonly, men say they are attracted to women for the usual reasons, but that a stump is extremely sexy, and being with a woman with an amputated leg heightens their sexual enjoyment. I am no longer sensitive about my feet and sometimes emphasize not having any. I had a pair of boots made that have small walking surfaces similar to flat ice-skate blades. When I wear these, it is certainly obvious that I don't have any feet. I also have a pair of boots that end in wide, round wooden pegs. And a man once gave me a pair of shoes with six-inch stiletto heels and I had special feet made so that I could wear them. I would not try to walk far in them but can get around well enough and men enjoy seeing me wear them.

We are hoping that *Penthouse* will begin printing photos of amputee girls. It would have great appeal to men, and would be a tremendous morale booster to amputee women everywhere who would learn that their amputations are a sexual advantage.—*K.A., Venice, Calif.*

For a long while I've been reading articles about love and women amputees. When are you going to print an article dealing with love and men amputees?

When I returned from Vietnam minus two legs, I thought it was the end of the world, much less my sex life. The girl I had been engaged to before

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

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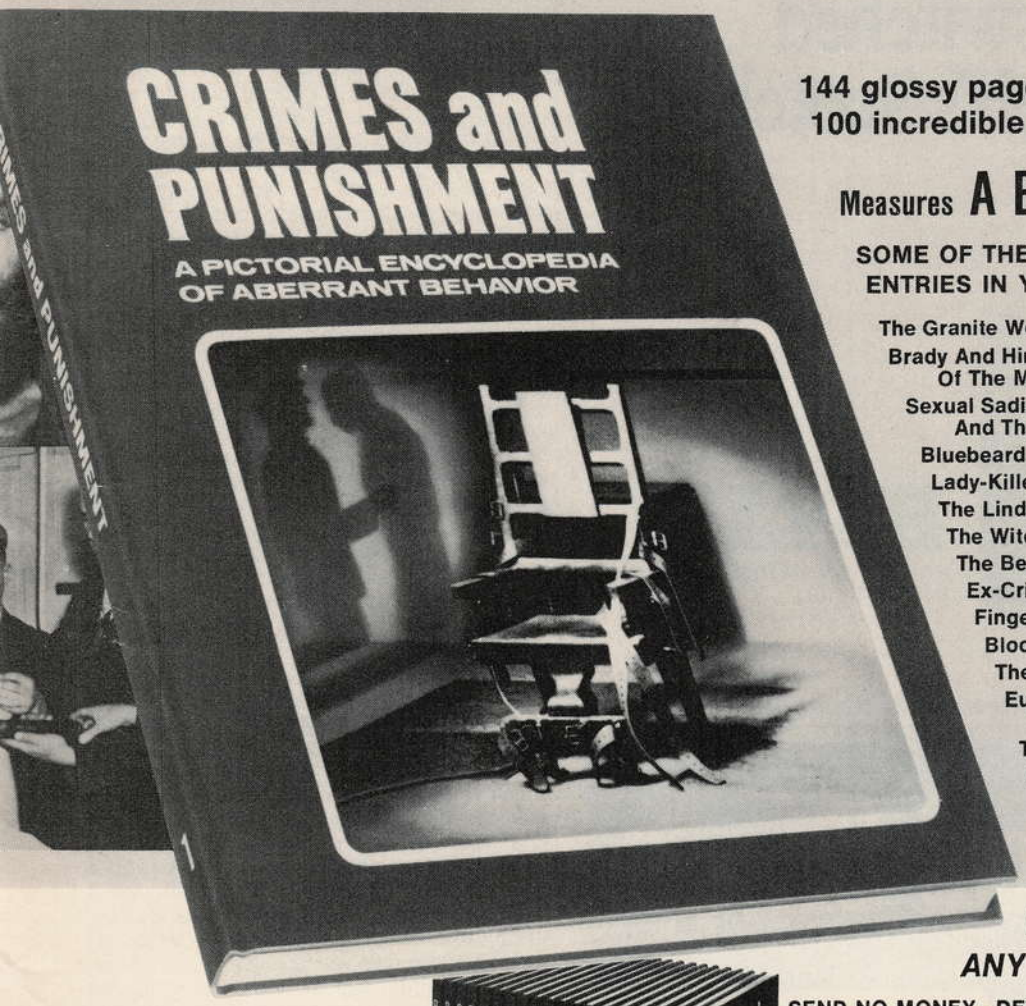

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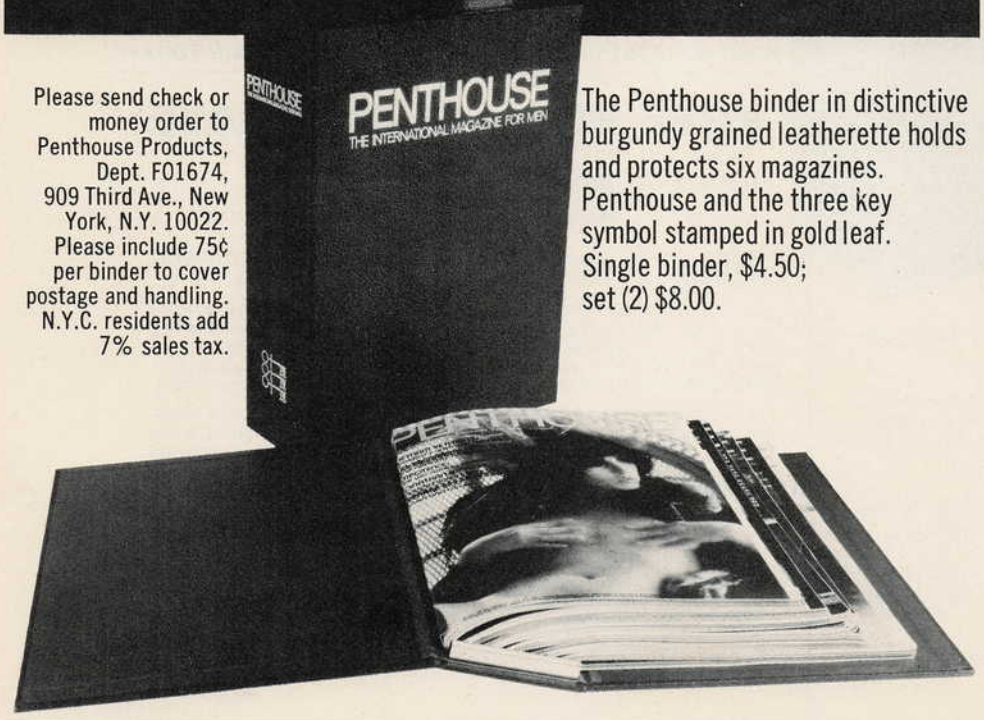

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leaving for Nam a year and a half earlier Dear-Johned me when she heard the news. I was down and out. While confined to a V.A. hospital back in the States, I couldn't see why I should continue living. I thought no one would ever consider dating me, much less living with me.

One afternoon, when I thought no one else was around, I indulged in some self-pity. My nurse, an attractive blond in her early twenties, happened to be checking out my medication at the time. She inquired what was wrong: I told her that that day was the day I was supposed to be married. She displayed a great deal of compassion. I never suspected that it could have been anything more serious, for who could love a man without legs?

The next day the nurse removed the bandages from my stumps. Was it my imagination? Was she just removing my bandages, or was she actually caressing my stumps? I glanced at her—she smiled. As she continued to feel up my stumps I developed an intense erection. I knew then that I wanted to make love to her—not so much with my penis, as with my stumps.

Our love developed quickly. She bathed my stumps daily—it gave her an excellent excuse to finger them. When our relationship developed further, she gave me what I consider to be the climactic experience of my sex career. She sucked my stumps, gently plying each bump with her soft, sensuous tongue. She loved to rub her crotch on my stumps, and occasionally bite them! Needless to say, we were soon married, and have since made out very well.

I am not ashamed of my stumps. They have helped me win the woman of my dreams.—*Name and address withheld*

I only recently started reading *Penthouse*, and have been interested to see the letters concerning female amputees. I am a thirty-two-year-old college graduate, and one of those men who find women amputees especially attractive. It was a relief to learn that this feeling is apparently much more common than I had supposed.

I date regularly and my taste in women varies considerably, but I would prefer an amputee. I have often hoped to meet an amputee socially, but have thus far not been so fortunate. If I found I had little in common with a woman, I would certainly not want to continue the relationship just because she was an amputee. But if we did prove to be otherwise compatible, the fact that she was an amputee would certainly represent a very delightful extra.

The knowledge that many men share this "mania" eliminates the nagging feeling that there was somehow something abnormal or wrong about it. Your magazine is to be commended for bringing such subjects out into the open.—*J.B., Washington, D.C.*

Breast implant

After reading about the flat-chested housewife in your February Forum, I had to write and tell her to be informed before rejecting an idea!

Give up your barbells, lady, and go see a good plastic surgeon. The initial consultation costs peanuts, but it can change your life—it did mine!

My bra used to fit on backwards. My scant 32A was the subject of much ridicule and jest among all of our married friends. I joked too, because I was so self-conscious about my lack of tits. Inwardly, I would resent it, and look to my husband for reassurance. He was wonderful, but he couldn't help gaping at the other braless foxes as they bounced by.

Finally, at age twenty-one, I found out about the Cronin Sylastic implant by Dow Corning. I went to see the most reputable plastic surgeon available in the Palm Beach area. With much opposition

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

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from friends, and to the horror of my family and in-laws (how dare I tamper with what nature gave me!), I had mammaplasty surgery.

I was in the hospital only three days. An incision was made where the fold of my breast was supposed to be. The implant was placed under my mammary glands and my own skin was stretched over the whole works. I am still able to nurse my babies without difficulty.

If it had cost $5,000, instead of only $1,500, I'd do it again! I am the proud owner of a pair of round, firm, full 32C's! I look like a woman now, instead of a fourteen-year-old boy. My husband is overjoyed, my family is relieved, and my friends tell me I look great. My clothes fit beautifully. My swimsuit clings instead of caving in, and my husband's mouth waters when I take off my shirt.

No woman deserves to feel as depressed as I and that pathetic woman in your February issue. Lady, do you have enough moxie to stand up for what you want, regardless of opposition, or do you want your husband to keep sighing over *Penthouse* Pets' jugs and not yours?—*Mrs. M.B., West Palm Beach, Fla.*

Pain and pleasure

I am an avid reader of the *Penthouse* Forum and am particularly interested in the letters about spanking. I think your readers will find my experiences interesting.

I am a teaching assistant at a large midwestern university. About a month ago I left some books in my office and had to return late at night to get them. When I got there I found two of my female students there copying a test. After surprising them I told them that either I would have to report them or arrive at some other form of punishment. They didn't want to be expelled, so they agreed to accept whatever punishment I prescribed. I decided on spanking. At first they protested, but they eventually accepted my terms. The terms were that they would be spanked in three installments on weekends when the office building was empty. Linda decided to go first, leaving Susan with a whole week of anticipation.

I got to the office early that Saturday and Linda was waiting for me. She seemed too much at ease for someone in her position; I couldn't figure it out. I got the hairbrush (which I procured just for the occasion) from my desk. She was all smiles as she crawled over my knees. Then I found out why she was so confident. I could see the faint outline of a magazine under her jeans! I pulled her off my lap and she immediately knew I was on to her. I told her that for such a trick she would receive all her spankings on the bare behind. She pleaded with me not to, but eventually submitted. She blushed from head to toe as she removed her panties. She was very careful not to expose anything as she once again crawled over my knees. I lectured her for five minutes on the evils of cheating, the whole time enjoying the view of her plump behind. Then I began spanking. I took my time, leaving four to five seconds between each swat. She maintained her composure for the first ten swats, then she broke down, lost all modesty and began kicking and crying wildly. Each time the paddle landed, her behind jiggled and she let out a loud yelp. As she wiggled and squirmed to try to avoid the blows, I saw everything she had tried so hard to conceal. When I finished the forty strokes her rear was a deep crimson. I stood her in a corner until she stopped crying. As she was dressing she said that she was sorry and deserved everything she got.

Next week Susan showed up fifteen minutes late. I used her tardiness as an excuse to spank her on the bare bottom too. When I told her to take off her dress I found that she didn't have on a bra. Susan was even more embarrassed than Linda as she stood there completely naked. I had her fetch the paddle from the desk and then bend over my knees. Her behind really turned red fast, and she seemed to be suffering more than Linda, so I set the brush aside and finished with a hand spanking. The difference was phenomenal. The hand spanking was much more sensual. I could feel the warmth and the quivering in her behind as I landed each spank. When it was over I couldn't resist rubbing her bottom. I continued until she stopped crying. After she was dressed she kissed me passionately on the mouth and then ran out.

Since then I have spanked each girl again and they have once more to go. I begin with the paddle and then use my hand. I am looking for ways to get more of my students over my knee in the future. Overall, I think spanking is fairer than expulsion for first-time cheating.—*Name and address withheld*

When I was a child I received the usual number of spankings and, until I reached the age of twelve, they were mostly unpleasant. But shortly after my twelfth birthday I committed some act (I have since forgotten what) that merited a good spanking. My mother took me into her bedroom and told me to undress. I was reluctant to strip down completely until she promised that she would only spank me with her hand. When I had taken everything off she gently pulled me across her lap and began the spanking. She was very easygoing at first but it wasn't too long until my bottom was getting quite warm. After a few minutes she began increasing the pace and it began to sting, but not badly. After what must have been about ten minutes she gave me a couple of real hard smacks and then put me back on my feet, telling me how good I had been to take it so well. And that was that. It wasn't until six years later that I thought about it again.

When I was a freshman in college my parents took a month vacation back East and they asked a neighbor lady to take care of the house. One weekend while my parents were still gone I went home to get some books I needed. As I was going through the living room I looked out at the pool, and there was the neighbor lady sunning herself in the nude. She was about thirty-five and in very good shape and I paused to stare, since she was the first completely naked woman I had ever seen. Well, when she turned over she saw me watching her. She knew me quite well and so she wasn't frightened, but she grabbed her towel and quickly wrapped it around herself as she came into the house. She didn't bother to get a bathrobe or anything, but walked right up to me, just barely covered by the towel. She asked me how long I had been looking at her and when I said about five minutes she got even madder, although I began to think she was acting. She said that if I were her son she would turn me over her knee and give me "the spanking I deserved." Then I remembered my last spanking and suddenly I wanted to have her spank my bare bottom. When I said that I thought she was right and that she should spank me, she pulled me over to the sofa and sat down. As I was standing in front of her, she unfastened my pants and pulled them down, followed quickly by my shorts. Then she had me lie across her bare thighs and the spanking started. It stung alright, but the feeling of my penis between her bare legs, her hand slapping my bare buttocks, and remembering she was naked except for a small towel, led quickly to a state of sexual excitement. The towel had fallen down around her hips and she was looking at me with what can only be described as passion. She said she was sorry to have spanked me and she quickly laid across my

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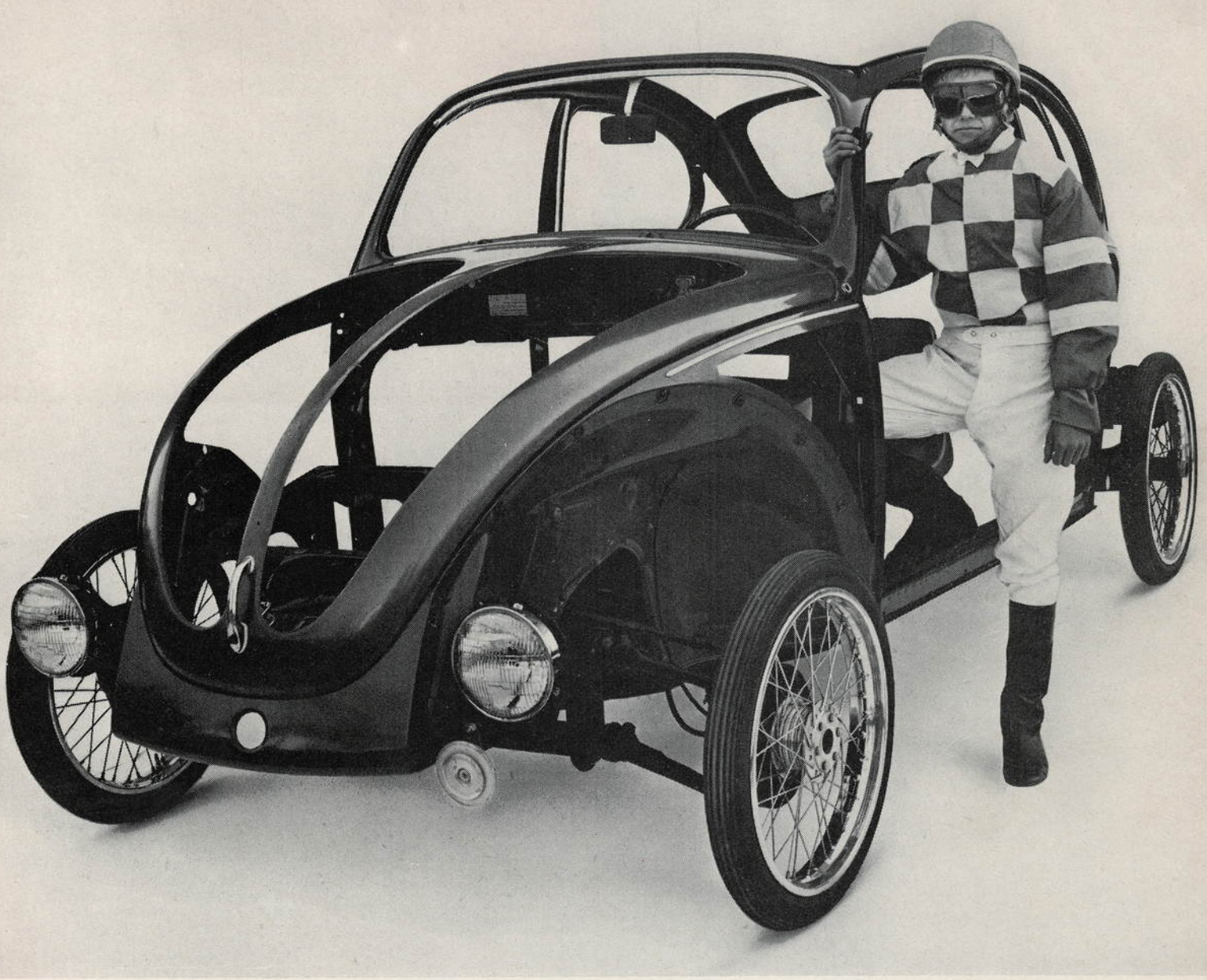

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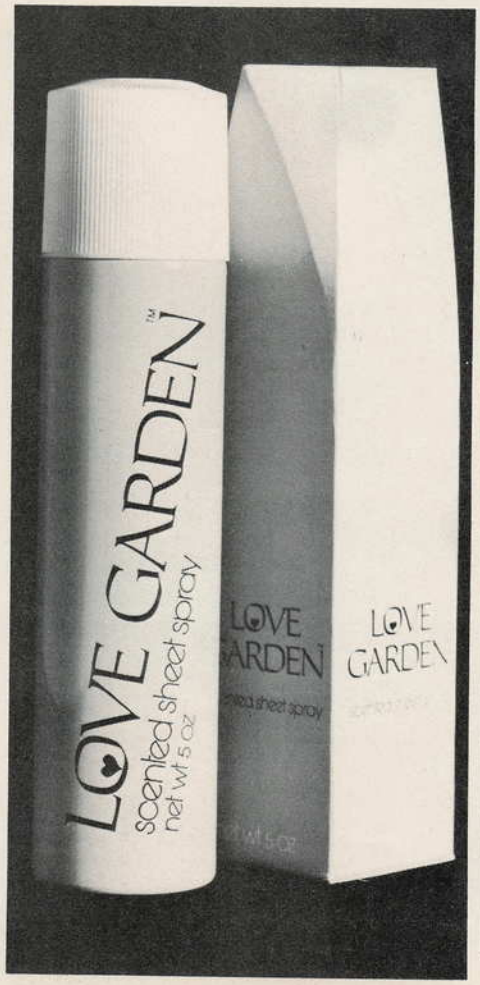

lap with her naked buttocks exposed and insisted that I spank her. Needless to say, I was in no mood to argue with her. I began spanking her and with every swat we each became more excited. As soon as her buttocks were pink she turned over, we rolled onto the floor and I was no longer a virgin.—*Name and address withheld*

Big mouth

I would like to preface my experience by saying that I am dying to hear other girls' comments, but I'm too embarrassed to inquire among my own friends.

I think I have a rather unusual hang-up and would like to know if other women can relate to me. I have an absolutely uncontrollable appetite for male semen. My boss is a twenty-seven-year-old corporate executive who I can't thank enough for introducing me to oral sex. Here's how it all began.

One rainy afternoon my boss took me to a late lunch, a few drinks, etc., and we decided to take the rest of the afternoon off to go see *Deep Throat*. While watching Linda Lovelace I got so turned on that I could hardly wait to get him to my car. By the time the show ended I was going crazy with excitement, imagination, hard nipples, sticky panties, etc. Prior to this particular afternoon the only experience I had was giving my boyfriend's cock a little lip service.

When my boss and I got to my car I gave him the keys and told him to drive. We just left the parking lot when I could no longer resist the temptation to suck him. As I unzipped his pants I unveiled the most gorgeous erection I had ever imagined. His flat stomach and thin legs made it look like a skyscraper. After he instructed me to give his cock a tongue bath I began to ease it into my mouth. When he came I was startled until I realized that this was what it was all about. I found myself in a world of ecstasy as the texture and taste of his sperm was the most sensational thing I had ever experienced.

Ever since that beautiful afternoon I have craved the taste of semen. I now give him head at least once a day in his private office. One thing I noticed since taking on a steady diet of semen is that my breasts have enlarged. Is this my imagination?—*Name withheld, Newport Beach, Calif.*

Recently, while experimenting in oral sex with my lover, we discovered a way to complete the act of fellatio without the anxiety of having to have to swallow the ejaculation of the male. Many women are put off by the thought of swallowing their husbands' or lovers' sperm. By simply placing an unrolled condom over the end of the penis, until it fits snug and tight just under the head, the entire emission can be caught and kept from entering the mouth.

Of course, many may prefer not to use a condom, and prefer to swallow the sperm, but for those who don't, this is an excellent solution. It allows for complete freedom on the part of both. The male can come without worrying about whether or not the girl will gag, and she can stay down until orgasm is complete. The taste of the condom is no problem, as my lover assures me that there is very little taste at all. If there is a rubber taste that is strong, a substance such as honey or jelly can be rubbed on it to give an added delight.—*B.L., Bloomington, Ill.*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Penthouse Forum** *magazine now on sale at your newsstand, or send $1.00 to* **Penthouse Forum**, *909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 for this month's copy.*

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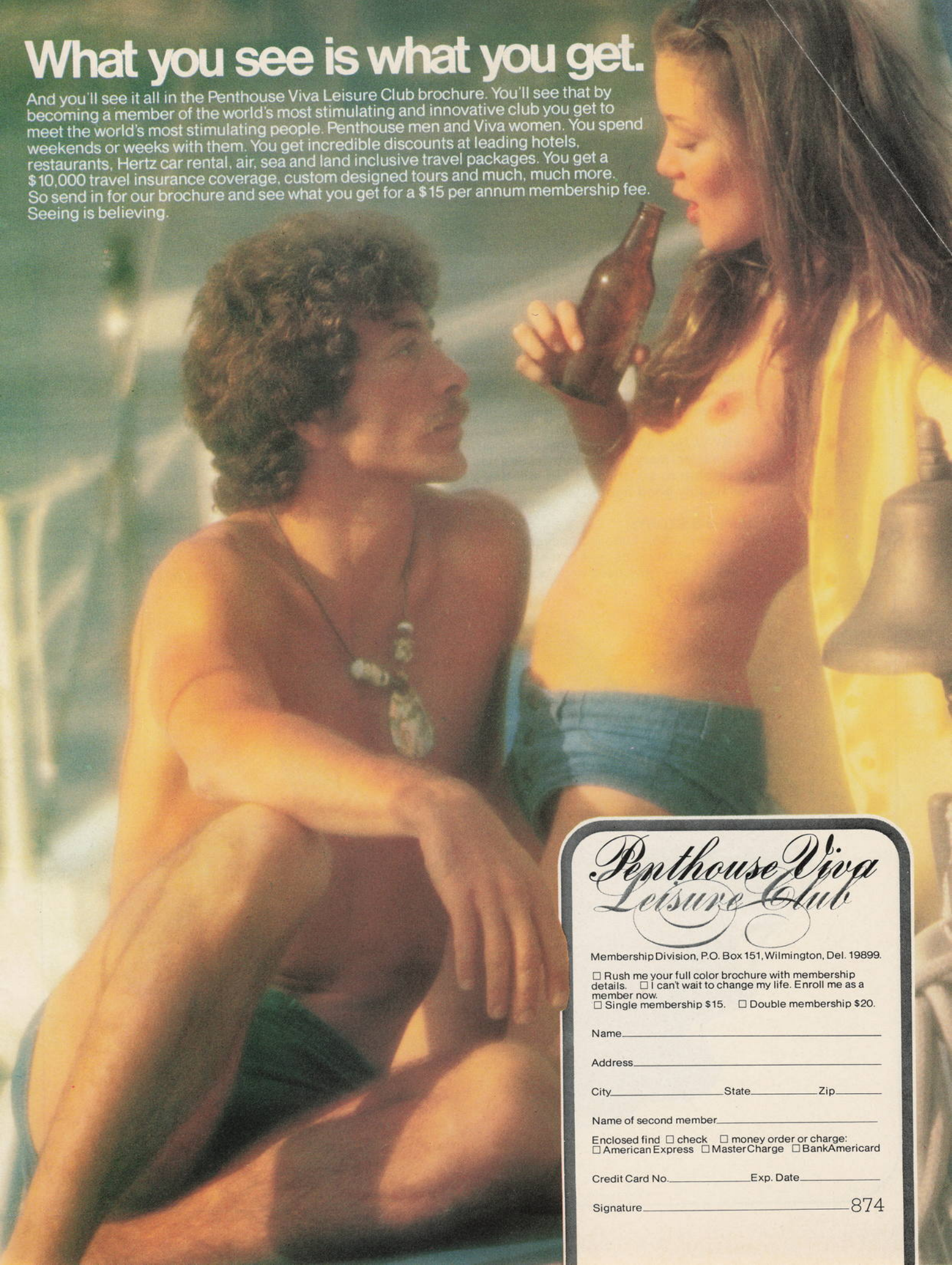

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COUPLES

This month *Penthouse* brings you another installment of "Couples," a searching series of interviews that attempts to uncover the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship. As analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist, these interviews provide a rare insight into man-woman relations. We invite couples who wish to be interviewed (and whose anonymity will be guaranteed) to write in confidence to The Editor, "Couples," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

JAMES W., age 32, 6′1″, 168 pounds. Brown hair, blue eyes. James is a truck driver and has a high school education.

MARY W., age 30, 5′6″, 125 lbs. Dark hair, brown eyes. Mary is a housewife. She has given birth to six children but still has a remarkably good figure.

JAMES'S STORY:

I've always been curious about sex. When we were just little kids, nine or ten years old, a bunch of the guys used to go down to the railroad cars and jack off. First, we'd do it by ourselves. And then in pairs. And then there'd be blow jobs. Usually I'd let the guy blow me and then I wouldn't want to do it to him. But I guess I did it a few times.

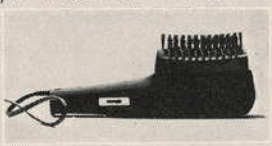
My first girl was Suzy. She was twelve and I was about fifteen. I did everything with Suzy. I *even* used to screw her in the ass. She was only in grammar school and I got her pregnant. Her mother and father took her to New York City to have the baby and then they had it adopted.

Next I started going with Mary, but it was

MICHAEL KANAREK

THE BEST STYLER DRYER YOU CAN BUY ISN'T A STYLER DRYER.

For years, the American public has been told that the styler dryer was the answer for just about every hairstyling problem.



And on the surface, the styler dryer seems like a good idea. Because a brush used with hot air is, in fact, the best way to style and dry hair.

The problem is, all styler dryers took this principle and did two things that destroyed its effectiveness.

First, they combined the brush and dryer.

If you've ever used a styler dryer, you know that this causes the hot air to blow in a different direction every time you turn your brush.

Second, they failed to make either an adequate brush or dryer.

The brushes that come with most styler dryers can't compare in quality with a really fine hairbrush.

TWO HANDS ARE BETTER THAN ONE

And most styler dryers don't even deliver enough hot air to dry hair effectively, let alone deliver enough to style it.

The only effective way to style your hair is with a good hair brush. And a good hair dryer.

A dryer that delivers plenty of hot air, while you handle the brush.

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The ConAir Pro Style delivers 950 watts of drying power. That's more than any styler dryer.

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Something the average styler dryer isn't too good at.

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nothing serious. I was sixteen and she was fourteen. Meanwhile, Suzy's family had moved away. But after I got my driver's license, I drove out to see Suzy once. She'd just gotten over her period, so I figured it would be okay to screw her.

Well, my mother gets a call from her mother. She's pregnant again! I couldn't believe it. I really didn't know how she could have become pregnant right after her period. Anyway, my mother told me about it and I denied it. I think my father got a lawyer because we never heard from her parents again. She had the second baby and that one was adopted, too.

So that's when Mary and I started going together for real. We used to meet in a phone booth in a back hallway of this tavern and we'd screw in there. I'd crouch down and she'd spread her legs and kind of lower herself on me. I don't know, maybe people saw us. We didn't care.

Also, around this time, I started hanging out with an older guy in the neighborhood. He used to let me drive his car if I'd let him blow me. I thought it was a terrific deal. He couldn't wait to get me and I couldn't wait to get his car.

I used to go up to his house about two or three times a week and I'd let him stick his cock between my legs, from behind. I fooled around with him for maybe six months, but I never went down on him. In those days if you went down on a guy, it was like going down on a girl. You didn't tell anybody.

Anyway, Mary and I were screwing all over the place, but then I got *her* pregnant. So her mother took her and got an abortion. My mother took me to a priest to find out what was the matter with me. The priest asked me questions and I told him, well, I just like to screw. So he told me it was wrong and said to my mother, "I don't know what to tell you."

Well, hell. I had to learn everything out on the street. Nobody taught me anything and I was curious about sex. Always was.

After her abortion Mary and I kept going together and, sure enough, my mother gets another call. Mary is pregnant again! My mother says, "You're getting married. You must *want* to get married because you got to be crazy to keep doing this. This is your fourth time!" Christ, my poor mother. And she's so religious. Why she didn't drop dead on the spot I'll never know.

So Mary and I got married. I was eighteen and she was sixteen. I didn't even have a job. All I had was eight hundred dollars in the bank because I was a good saver. But all that money went for doctor bills.

We got married and had one baby a year for seven years, except for the one year we skipped. When I was young, swinging never entered my mind. We had sex. We had good sex. And we still do.

Only once in our early years of marriage did I think about screwing around. There was this guy I'd fooled around with when I was a kid, and I knew he had a big cock. He suggested maybe he could do it with Mary. So, I asked her one night and she said okay, if I wanted her to. But then I thought twice about it. If this guy screwed my wife, he'd tell everybody on the block and everybody would start getting friendly, you know, and I don't think I could have handled it at that age. So nothing ever came of it.

But later on, after we'd had our sixth and last kid, I got involved in this business where I had to make collections. Never mind what kind of business! One of the people I collected from was this black prostitute. She was in her forties and was a real nice person. I used to get her to tell me stories about different things because I was still curious about sex, see?

So I asked this woman did she ever do it with couples. I thought I was being real casual because I thought other people weren't doing this sort of thing, but I guess I was really dumb about it. I asked her if she'd go down on Mary and me, and she said sure.

So then I had to go to Mary and talk her into it. She finally agreed and we made a date. I was in heaven. Mary was very nervous even getting undressed in front of somebody else. But she did it and the woman went down on both of us and worked on Mary's tits, and then I screwed her from behind while she was eating Mary.

We went to see her several times but, as I say, she was in her forties and we wanted someone younger. She got us together with this young girl, a nice girl, who charged us fifty dollars. The first time we did it, she was going down on Mary when suddenly she whipped around and sat on her face. I thought, holy shit, and I ducked down because I thought Mary would think I'd planned it. But she didn't seem to mind. And soon she learned to like it.

Well, we saw this girl several times and must have paid her $200 in all. Then we asked her about getting us with another couple. And she did. I didn't know how I'd react to another guy fucking Mary, but I wanted to see. So she got us together with this nice couple—very attractive people. They turned out to be real wealthy.

The girls went down on each other and the other girl was there, too, so we had five in all. We were all licking and sucking each other. When we took a break, this other guy rolled over on his back with his cock sticking straight up in the air. So I motioned to Mary to go over to him. I wanted to see how she did with another guy. I wanted to see if he could screw as good as me, I guess.

She went over and sat on his cock and he came right away. Then his wife and this other girl blew me and that was it. We didn't see them again because they were into all this domination and leather and stuff.

We were tired of paying for sex though, so we went to a big Christmas party at a swingers' club in New York. We met this nice couple there. She was beautiful and he was quite attractive. We made a date and went to their place the next week. Mary balled the guy and I tried to fuck the girl, but I couldn't get it up! It was really terrible. Then I tried to fuck Mary and I still couldn't get it up. I guess I was intimidated by the girl. She was so beautiful that I felt I had to give her a real

great screwing. There was just too much pressure on me.

We met a second time and the same thing happened. It was terrible. I still don't know why I couldn't get it up. It was embarrassing.

Then we answered this ad by a black couple: "Husband long lasting, well hung. Wife, buxom . . ." or something like that. So we drove an hour and a half to their house and we were very nervous because we'd never answered an ad and we didn't know what we were getting into. But when you're horny, you'll do anything.

We found out when we got there that they weren't planning to do much, I guess. They just wanted to meet us for the first time. Mary grabbed the girl but she was having her period. So Mary said to the guy, you know, we answered the ad and we want to see your cock. Let's do something.

I mean, it was an hour and a half ride. So we got undressed and the other girl and I just touched a little, but the guy screwed Mary for about an hour. I have to admit he was pretty good.

Lately, we've gotten away from couples. We've answered some ads for threesomes with guys. It turns me on to see Mary screw with a guy who can really make her feel good, who can make her come. She comes good all the time and always has since we were married, except at first it took her awhile. But not now. Man, she comes like a faucet!

We really like having threesomes with girls, too. We had this one girl, Doris, who lived with us for two years in an upstairs apartment I have in my house. God, we used to make it night and day with her. We did everything. We had dildos, vibrators, everything. It was great while it lasted. But eventually she went back to her husband.

We're really into sex and we really dig new experiences. We've had old and young partners. We had a guy in Atlantic City once —fifty-nine years old. He was amazing. That guy could really screw. It turns me on when older people can do that. I like to go to a porno movie and see an older woman of fifty or sixty getting into what's happening on the screen. It means she's alive.

MARY'S STORY:

When I met Jimmy I was fourteen and I was going with his best friend. I didn't pay much attention to him at first, but then somehow, I don't know exactly when, I suddenly found that he attracted me. I just noticed how cute he was physically. And I went after him, he didn't go after me.

My boyfriend became very upset when I started seeing Jimmy because they were still good friends. I'd started going with him —his name was Tommy—when I was only twelve. During this time I knew that Jimmy was going full steam with Suzy and I knew she'd gotten pregnant and everything because Tommy told me all about it. Tommy and I started out kissing and then, little by little, we finally got around to trying it. In the beginning it hurt a lot. It was a big hassle before Tommy was finally able to get inside me. He was pretty big for a little guy. But

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

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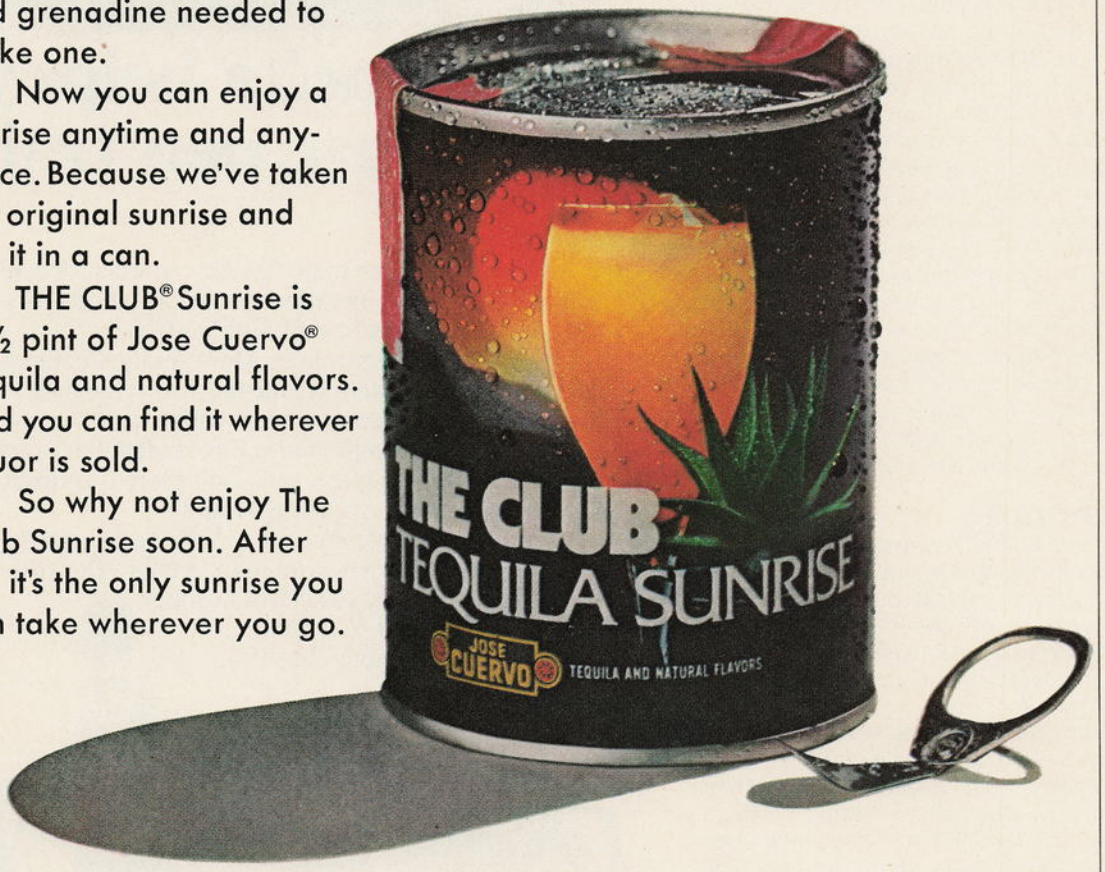

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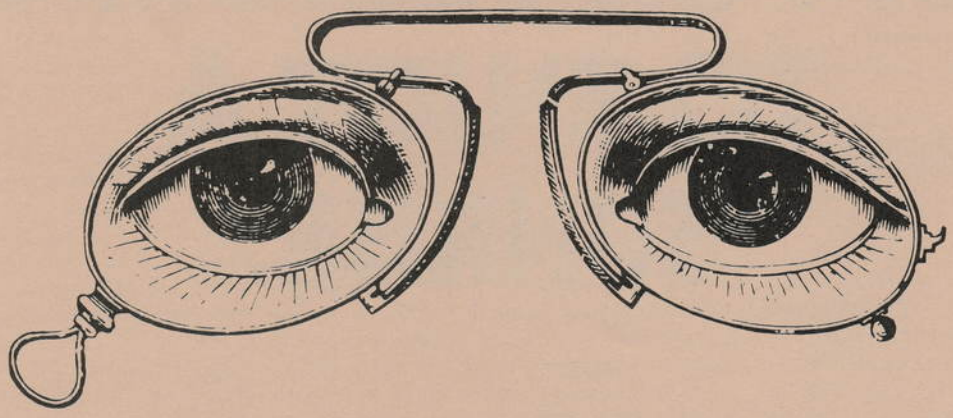


SCOOPING IT UP

"Good evening, news fans. This is Ron Newsman with the WDOG-TV Six O'Clock Roundup. Dismalville's most complete report with the city's happiest integrated news team. All the day's developments from around the world and wherever else news is happening. First a peek at the headlines with my co-anchorman, Don Sidekick. Don?"

"Right, Ron. Tonight we'll be leading off with a heartrending tale straight from the files of the Police Department Tragedy Squad. The full agonizing story in just a moment. Now over to you, Juan."

"Right, Don. In sports a major switch just announced by one of America's most lovable, misunderstood athletes. I'll have complete details. Incidentally, Don, I love your new beard. It's very distinguished looking. . . ."

"Well thanks——"

"But not on you. Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha! And of course we'll have the weather word from our ace meteorologist, Connie Cloudburst. But I can tell you now, the word is: no relief. Ron?"

"Right, Don. And we'll be back with all this and more after this important message. . . ."

[FILM] "Well, by Jove! Cheerio, and all that rot! I'm Robert Sorely, the famous actor. And as you can see, I'm *ted*dibly British, don't you know. In fact, if I were any more British, you couldn't understand me at all. And I *do* wish you'd decide to pop over to my country this summer on *our* airline, Anglophile Airways. It's *so* dashedly British! You know, we *love* you Ameddicans and your dollars and we do so *much* want you to love us. We'll take perfectly *mah*velous care of you. Hip, hip, and all that!"

"Right. Now for the top story in today's news, here's our black female reporter, Bonnie Djibarrh. Bon?"

"Well, Ron, here you see all that's left now of what—until last night—was the pitifully modest little newsstand on the corner of Main and Elm Streets run by eighty-four-year-old Lon Skragley, a blind World War One veteran with palsy and recurrent jungle fever. At approximately 11:48 P.M. last night, as he was about to close for the evening, Lon was savagely attacked, robbed, and sodomized by a band of street urchins known as the Rotten Saints, who have been terrorizing the district lately. Other merchants in the neighborhood have already begun organizing a drive to raise $5,000 to build a clubhouse and recreation hall for the Saints, in the hope of keeping the group more constructively occupied and off the streets. Don?"

"Thanks, Bon. Now this message from our sponsor. . . ."

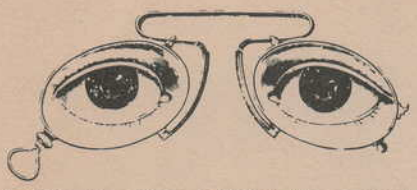
[FILM] "Hey, Mon! This here's Charlie Calypso speakin' to you. You lookin' for some fun in de sun, Mon? Why you don't come down here to my sunny little Caribbean island on my funny little Caribbean airline? We got it all here, Mon. Sandy beaches. Gamblin'. Pretty little brownskin broads. Quaint little marketplaces. Golf. Now, don't you listen what nobody tells you about restless natives down here, and how some rich white Americans is gettin' ripped off. Ain't so. All we got down here is sunshine and pretty little broads. I'm tellin' *you*, Mon!"

"Right. Now let's go right over to Juan Hispanic for his fearless coverage of the world of sports. Juan?"

"Well, Ron, the tension is all but unbearable in that nip-and-tuck race to see who will be Golfdom's money-winningest pro on the tour this year. Brad Waspish, at just under four million bucks, is favored to take this week's Alice Cooper Open at Burning Bush. If he does, he'll overtake the leader, that feisty little Irishman, Sean Begorrah, who's been sidetracked by a severe case of late-blooming acne. And now for that scoop I promised you: It's official. Right at mid-season, believe it or not, baseball's money-earningest pitcher, Sal Southpaw, has decided to switch—to a new stockbroker. In an exclusive interview with this reporter, Sal said, 'Loyalty, schmoyalty. Success is the only thing that counts in this world. And I coulda done better than that bum I had pickin' stocks for me with a goddam hatpin.' Don?"

"Right, Juan. Weather and a wrap-up right after this. . . ."

[FILM] "Hi, there! I'm Sally Anne Delphi, speaking for Junta Airlines. I'm one of their incredibly cute, sexy stewardesses. Why not fly *me* for a wild week—or weekend—at one of our sunny Mediterranean dictatorships? It's such fun! And everything is so cheap! We have to restrain the passengers from 'swing-



ing' in the aisles. Get it? Never mind, just remember: I'm fascist, fly *me*!"

"Right. Now the weather. Con?"

"Well, weather fans, that stationary high is still sitting there, right over us—ha, ha! So it looks like we'll continue to swelter for as far ahead as we can see. There's a cool air mass up there in Canada, but—ha, ha!—that high will keep it out of our area. There is absolutely no relief in sight! By the way, the air quality today was unacceptable. And the pollen count is—ha, ha!—outa sight. That's it, I'm afraid. Ron?"

"Thanks, Con. And now, rounding out the news: We hear there's another war in the Middle East, Russia is threatening to break off relations with the U.S., and there's talk of new scandals in Washington—this time involving the Supreme Court. Till tomorrow, then. Good night, gang!"

"Ha, ha! Good night, Ron!"—*Fred Darwin*

HAPPENINGS

ZOU (THAT'S ZOO) YOU

Anyone who maintains that nightclubs exist only in old Astaire/Rogers movies has never spent a night in New York's new club, The Blue Angel. While most other nightclubs are either dead or dying, The Blue Angel is packed nightly. Perhaps one reason for this phenomenon is the fact that the club's owner, Paul Sapounakis, an architect by trade, designed The Blue Angel as a nightclub from the floor up. Instead of a remodeled room with some art deco furniture and a worn dance floor, The Blue Angel is a total environment. "It's an environment that works for an entire evening out," says Sapounakis. "People come here early and they have cocktails, dinner, or waltzes, see an outrageous show, and dance disco-style until the late hours of the morning."

The entrance to the club is softly lit, with sprays of white fronds encased in large lucite rectangles. The bar is carefully glassed off from the main room so that the noisier drinkers don't disturb the customers who want a little quiet conversation with their dinner. There is a lounge area furnished with low tables and long, exotic couches for gracious reclining. The main room is both spacious and intimate, gleaming with hints of chrome and black tabletops in a soft blue and red-lit haze, where the reigning sounds are music, muffled conversation, laughter, the clink of ice cubes in glasses, and the soft thud of hundred-dollar bills being dropped on bill trays. The Blue Angel is not only elegant, it is expensive. It is also immensely popular and a large part of this popularity derives from the club's spectacular nightly revue, *Zou*.

Zou is another of Sapounakis's innovations. He first saw a French version of the revue in Paris several years ago and knew it could be a hit in New York. He hired Peter Jackson, the French director, to produce, direct, and stage an American adaptation of the extravaganza.

The show is, as Sapounakis puts it, "a contemporary cabaret. It has fun with camp and drag. It spoofs sexuality. It has great visual range. It's full of dancing, noise, and decadence. It also has the innocence of real, honest-to-goodness unisex. And finally, people love it because it's a show that includes them. It doesn't subordinate the audience to the actors. It encourages their participation, their enjoyment." Sapounakis is right on all counts. *Zou* is not only outrageous and risqué, but it exudes a spontaneous charm that's infectious. It's about the only hard-core drag show that you could take your lover, wife, or even your mother to with the assurance that you will have nothing but good, slightly kinky American fun.

Zou is a series of sketches that run from the absurd to the ridiculous, with stops at the irrational and the silly in between. Through the miracle of tape recording and lip sync (along with wigs, eyelashes, pounds of hopeful makeup, appropriate costumes, etc.), Marlene Dietrich, the original Blue Angel, appears through a chorus line of high-kicking waiters performing various Greek dances. Now, of course, this Marlene is a man. But if you assumed every female you see in *Zou* was indeed a man, you would miss the point. Some *are* women. Then again some of the women are not really women. There is even one woman who was once a man, and for good balance, some of the men really are men. This confusion of gender is the central charm of *Zou*. In the spirit of camp, nothing in *Zou* is what it appears to be—except sometimes, and even then one is never sure.

The Blue Angel: *Zou*'s Marilyn.

After Marlene, *Zou* soars and gallumphs its way through tableaus, sketches, mimes, and blackouts. The most overwhelming member of the cast, an aging, 250-pound transvestite, appears as Brünhilde, complete with breastplate and horned helmet. This person appears in several cameo roles throughout the evening, ranging from a passable Mae West to a triumphant Shirley Temple.

The show goes on. Somebody throws a pack of live chickens onto the stage in a cloud of feathers. The Andrews Sisters appear, then the Divine Miss M, then five (count 'em, five) Marilyn Monroes grind out "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend." Glittering pasties emerge out of purple smoke and lavender lights as two women caress each other on a table—except that one of them is certainly a woman and the other is—well, questionable. Young men in jeweled leather jockstraps with silver boots leap out of the smoke.

Zou rages on until you can't keep track of it anymore. Some of it is flat; some of it is very sharp. Some of it just drags. (*Really* drags.) The finale—you have to have a finale—is a balls-out cancan number with leaping dancers, endangering life and limb as legs whirl, and skirts fly, and soloists throw themselves into running splits, and then. . . .

Then, the ceiling opens up. Hundreds of balloons float down, confetti bombs explode, bracketing the entire club as the whole cast, in high, high drag (except for the girls, of course, who are merely "dressed"), parade down a large staircase that descends from the ceiling. The cast fades into the audience; the audience fades up onto the stage to dance. The music goes on, and the waiters get back to waiting tables.

Paul Sapounakis surveys the room with a slight smile. He's here almost every night and never seems to tire of the chaos he has created out of order. "It's not a drama or even really a show we do here at the Angel," he says. "It's merely an entertainment . . . where the sexuality is presented with humor and without vulgarity." Play it again, Paul.—*Gerard Van der Leun*

FILMS

FALSE CLUES

Francis Ford Coppola actually conceived *The Conversation* several years ago, and the time it took for the movie to get made is more an indication of the difficulties facing a personal project than of any lack of enthusiasm in the filmmaker. But now it has opened, and to rave reviews—almost penitential rave reviews, as if this were enough to compensate for his having directed the vulgar box-office whammy of *The Godfather*, or even for having written the screenplay to *The Great Gatsby*. *The Conversation* is serious and modish, and, with Watergate, God knows it is topical. It's an American movie constructed after the most impeccable European models—only a cad would disapprove. That I am, and so I do. And Coppola begins to seem as distinctly a mere technician, though a little less honorable, as the mere technician who is dissected and condemned in his film.

But the technique is sometimes prodigious. The movie opens high over San Francisco's Union Square. A lunch-time crowd. Slowly the camera descends. The crowd seems thinner now, a collection of individuals—strolling, sitting in the sun. Through bits of static we pick up music, portable radios, a band of bongo drums. A young street mime in garish whiteface and black tails captures our attention as he dances a few steps and then, with insolently exaggerated gestures, begins to mimic a passerby. But our attention is misplaced. It is not the mime but the passerby—middle-aged, harried, utterly nondescript—who will occupy our minds. And so we have been introduced, lead with a voyeur's concentration, into the casual, nearly anonymous life of the square—and then pointed, as if by way of a mistake, to the almost no-account who is the hero of our story. The theme of the film is surveillance, eavesdropping, tape recording. But its vital principle is the false clue.

Actually, Union Square is a sound-systems stakeout. A couple, man and woman, are being watched and expertly recorded by a team of specialists, masterminded by the colorless man—one Harry Caul (Gene Hackman), who always wears a translucent plastic raincoat (like a caul), lives alone behind three locks and a burglar alarm, and is preeminent in his unspeakable field. "I don't want to know what they're talking about; all I want is a nice fat recording," says Harry.

But as he sits in his shop at his three Uher recorders (only the best for Rose Mary Woods and Harry Caul), constructing a complete tape out of imperfect fragments, he begins to want to know. The couple are young, attractive, troubled, in love. Harry, a paradigm of loneliness, yearns toward their endangered completeness. Some sinister and cold force has hired him to do this job. A hotel room, a date, and a time for a meeting have been mentioned. And, as he twirls his dials with consummate skill to penetrate the last bit of street music covering the voices on the tapes, he hears the man say to the woman, "He'd kill us if he got the chance." Together with Harry we have stumbled into the opening of a murder mystery.

The Conversation is, then, a murder mystery, though a very fancy one to be sure. But fancy or not, in murder mysteries as in everything else, a certain code of conduct comes with the territory. In mysteries the code contains the rule that you may play with your audience as much as you like, you may dazzle them or terrify them with false hopes and fears, but you may never actually lie to them or really change the ground rules of the mystification. But *The Conversation* does lie. In effect, it even doctors a tape recording, so that what gets said with one emphasis at the beginning gets said with a different emphasis at the end—and the difference gives away the whole story.

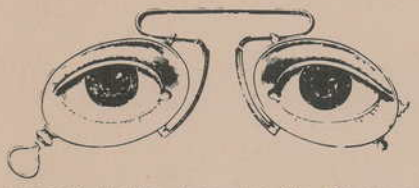
This may seem minor (to me it seems terribly major on the sound track) but I think it is pretty important. I also think it is a cheap trick. The movie happens to be full of cheap tricks—flashy symbolic ones like Harry's last name or his plastic raincoat, or clumsy circumstantial ones like a guilty incident in Harry's past (some people killed because his bugging of a corrupt union leader was so good that nobody could believe it had not been a case of inside betrayal), which helps motivate his special anxiety about the present. Sometimes Harry, supposedly America's leader in surveillance, seems too dumb to tap a telephone. And sometimes, as when he sits alone in his barren apartment, playing his saxophone with only a phonograph record to keep him company, he seems just too pathetic to try.

Hackman: Inner Scars.

Gene Hackman's performance as Harry goes a long way to make the character creditable. Hackman, who has been overrated for everything from *Bonnie and Clyde* to *The French Connection*, is probably now beginning to justify his reputation. But Harry isn't an especially complicated character under his protective membrane. He's just a collection of suppressed vulnerabilities. Hackman combines those inner scars into the semblance of a plausible human being. There is a good supporting performance by Allen Garfield as Bernie Moran, Harry's chief rival in the bugging business and still famous in the trade for having years ago told Chrysler that Cadillac was planning to drop its tail fins. And there is something like a minor coup in casting earnest, innocent Cindy Williams (the sock-hop girl in *American Graffiti*) as the woman of the young couple who are the bait in their own trap for the unsuspecting Caul.

Yet Coppola is less concerned with character than with style and mood, and these he takes with almost slavish imitation from the works of Michelangelo Antonioni. Everyone has noted that the central device, the improved tape recording, recalls another central device, the enlarged photograph, in Antonioni's famous *Blow-Up*. There is, however, a crucial difference. The photograph, which is also evidence of a possible murder, inevitably becomes less distinct the more it is enlarged. The tape recording, on the other hand, becomes clearer. Antonioni intensifies ambiguity; Coppola uncovers a near certainty—which he then insists that you misinterpret for his movie to make sense.

The debt to Antonioni goes much deeper. A stylistic gesture, a habit of cutting to an empty room, to a wall, or to a fragment of architectural detail—which a character will then occupy or approach in some uneasy, timidly hostile manner—is repeated by Coppola with diminished effect. For both directors, the gesture signals alienation. But where Antonioni leaves it mysterious and open-ended, because alienation is virtually the first cause of his world, Coppola always explains it with a key from the past or the psychoanalyzed



present. In the long run *The Conversation* isn't so much about the invasion of privacy as about misplaced trust. That's potentially a deeper and more interesting subject, and one that also haunts Antonioni. But Coppola keeps slighting the subject by pushing the style while subverting the reasons for it. He doesn't even show us our anxieties. He shows us only an imitation of the forms of despair.

A hopeful recommendation: The last movie by the greatest figure in the history of world cinema, *Le Petit Théâtre par Jean Renoir*, made for European television in 1969, has finally gone into American release. It is a film of brief vignettes: a small comic opera, a little pathetic tragedy, and a charming rustic comedy in the manner of *Picnic on the Grass*. It won't be an easy movie to find, and for many people it won't be an easy movie to like.

But Renoir is so important that you are probably better off seeing an obscure and puzzling work by him than in seeing all the ten best movies for the next five years. I won't tell you why just now, but I'll tell you a story: Early in Truffaut's *Jules and Jim*, Jim asks Jules what it is that he learns from his capricious and demanding mistress, Catherine. "Shakespeare!" answers Jules. In this, let's say that Jean Renoir is like Catherine. We bring him our love, and in return he teaches us everything. He teaches us "Shakespeare."—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

BIBLE WITH BALLS

Truckers across the United States, Canada, and Mexico accept *Overdrive* magazine as the bible of their trade. But this bible is different—it has balls. You have to have balls to reach an audience of truckers, especially the independents whose entire lifesavings are tied up in their rigs. These men have been fucked over by highway patrols, local sheriffs, greedy state legislatures, crooked contractors, profit-hungry equipment manufacturers, the oil companies, and the big-daddy fucker of them all—the Teamsters Union.

Every time a long-haul trucker rolls his rig out of the terminal he puts it all on the line. With guts, skill, and a little luck, he'll make it back in one piece—and show some profit. About twelve years ago trucker Mike Parkhurst got fed up with the job's constant harassment and quit. To reach and organize drivers across the country, he started *Overdrive* and dedicated the magazine to "The Man Behind the Wheel—America's Professional Trucker."

Unhampered by prior magazine experience, Parkhurst came up with a novel editorial policy—"just tell the truth." Most magazine publishers chuckled and gave *Overdrive* about two months to go broke. But the chuckling stopped long ago and today twenty thousand truckers pay thirteen dollars a year to have the magazine mailed to their homes and around thirty-seven thousand more pick it up at truck stops across the country.

One of the prime reasons truckers have learned to rely on *Overdrive* is the magazine's blunt, no-holds-barred special reports on equipment. When a manufacturer announces a new model, the magazine's staff goes over it with a magnifying glass and issues a report.

The September 1973 issue dissected the new Freightliner Powerliner tractor produced by White Motor. Less than happy with the tractor, the *Overdrive* team headlined their story, "New Breakthrough For Freightliner: Powerliner Has More Bugs Than Any Other Single Truck Built In The Past Ten Years!"

Even advertisers get their lumps if the equipment doesn't measure up to the drivers' needs. *Overdrive*'s only ad salesman—Roberto Giuseppe Francesco Panizza—makes it clear that an advertiser's product or service will be checked out by the editorial staff before the ad is accepted.

One issue of *Overdrive* detailed the case of Bill Weiner who had joined the Teamsters before Jimmy Hoffa. After putting in thirty-eight years as a dues-paying member, Bill retired about the same time as Jimmy. Nearly four years of persistent battling netted Weiner thirty-one dollars a month from the pension fund. The article points out that Hoffa had much better luck; he walked away with approximately $1.5 million in pension benefits.

Another exposé was headlined "How Ed McMahon, Johnny Carson's Sidekick on the 'Tonight Show,' and Nick Torzeski, Organized Crime Figure, Misused $1.5 million of Teamster Funds." The story details how America on the Move Productions, Inc., with McMahon as president, received $1.8 million to improve the Teamster image. America on the Move's activities consisted of equipping and operating a red, white, and blue tractor-trailer to visit fifty-five cities throughout the U.S. and deliver a public service message on ecology, the drug problem, and patriotism. An essay contest for children was held at each stop and cash prizes were to be awarded. America on the Move Productions also put together a one-hour TV special with McMahon as host.

But it seems that America on the Move, with Torzeski as secretary-treasurer, loaned $1.5 million to Sabra Productions, whose vice-president happened to be McMahon. Sabra was supposed to produce a film unrelated to the Teamsters, called *Sabra Command*. Within nine months America on the Move had stopped paying its bills. The project dragged on for three more months using funds—about $40,000—supplied by its public-relations agency before being killed by the Teamster brass. The article goes on to detail how everyone was left holding the bag.

When America on the Move finally ground to a halt, the public-relations agency was owed approximately $40,000 for expenses plus another $20,000 in fees. The tractor-trailer driver and the show's hostess had three months salary due. America on the Move also owed Sam Goldwyn Studios back rent and the production people for the TV special are still trying to get paid. With $1.5 million already invested, the film—*Sabra Command*—is uncompleted and reported to be a bomb. In addition Sabra Productions reportedly left the Bank of America with a large unpaid loan and an overdrawn checking account.

About the only group that seems satisfied with the whole deal is the Teamsters. When queried by *Overdrive*, Teamster Secretary-Treasurer Murray Miller said: "We made a contract with America on the Move. We paid our monies to them and they completed their services to us." Asked if he knew that most of the $1.8 million was used for a motion picture unrelated to the Teamsters, Miller said, "Yes, we're aware of that."

The final note of irony is that the kids who won the essay competition, on their belief in the United States, had not received their awards months after the contest ended. *Overdrive* sums up this disclosure by stating: "Welcome to the American way of life, kids."

Next time you pass a truck stop, drop in and buy a copy of *Overdrive*, even if you're not a bible fan. You may get religion.—*Joe Kelleher*

PEOPLE WHO NEED PEOPLE

People are more fun than anybody. So if you have to start a new magazine, why not come right out and call it *People*? The people in the building labeled Time-Life (what's left of them) did just that. They had to restore life to their time.

This qualifies as a brilliant business decision if the readership surveys for *Time* magazine show that its casual feature section called "People" outdraws the cataclysmic news of the world. (I have never seen a *Time* readership survey, understand. But if I decide to call myself a "New Journalist," I can say, "Fuck the facts, I'm writing this story.") Actually, *People* publisher Richard J. Durrell denies that his magazine is an extension of the *Time* feature. Businesswise, no one knows how it works except the corporation's most creative writer, its treasurer. This is the same pair who share the secret of the cost of *Life*, but Durrell claimed a million "basic" circulation after four issues of *People* had leaped off the newsstands.

At the furthest remove from the cost of *Life*, *People* couldn't cost much more than scissors and paste, since the PR profession, unlike the MD profession, will make house calls —free. (A minor measure of the economy lavished on *People* is that color appears only in ads—that is only color *printing*. If the statement also is true of the writing, we're sorry.)

Readerwise, what happened to a lot of us was a nasty shock. *People*, it turns out, *ain't* more fun than anybody. If we are to salvage our childhood cliché, we are forced, after another hard look, to conclude that (a) this magazine isn't about people, or (b) it isn't written by people, or (c) both. I think (c).

People is peopled with celebrities—public egos, hybrid-bred and force-fed by publicity machinery. The trivia they excrete is merely measured out in *People* by the same machinery. It is a closed system in which there are no people called writers, who could care why their subjects or their actions might be significant, writers whose insight or compassion could restore these biological sports to our common humanity.

Lest their crop be devoured by its weekly mill, *People*'s editors have prudently included a feature called "Lookout—A Guide to the Up and Coming," in which new dragon's teeth are sown. However, they can't breathe life into people who aren't presented whole in the reality of their time.

But as Dylan says, "The times, they are a-changin'." *New Times* was launched less than a year ago—yesterday in the magazine business—by George Hirsch, the founding publisher of *New York* magazine, which scared the kneebritches off the *New Yorker*. He thinks—to oversimplify—that magazines nowadays have only three things to offer: news, sex, or service (how-to). He's aiming *New Times* for the first, but by publishing every two weeks he's offering no direct challenge to the newsweeklies. After six months, he could guarantee 150,000 circulation compared with *Time*'s four and a half million. He's groping for readers who need no summary of events covered by the dailies, but want new food for thought about them, fresh food heated with news, with the hottest features served almost as fast out of the kitchen as *Time* does. (His closing dates allow only one day more than *Time*'s fabled cliff-hangers.)

Hirsch, who began with Time-Life, and his editor Jonathan Z. Larsen, who is literally a second-generation Time-Lifer, are seeking more than anything to loosen up the slick, impersonal cool of *Time*—to get behind, below, and above the news with writers permitted to be unabashedly part of their own stories. They're hoping to bring the anti-bullshit liveliness of the underground press to a responsible, professional news medium. The result can be schizophrenic. A recent issue had a solidly commonsense analysis by the historian Henry Steele Commager, reassuring us that we need not fear the process of impeachment, which was written into the Constitution as a routine part of the balance of powers. It is designed to preserve order, not to precipitate crisis. In the same issue was what seemed to be an inanely elaborate piece of detective work—tracking down a rumor that Bob Dylan's famed "Blowin' in the Wind" was a plagiarism.

The most frenetic features are the products of some remarkable youngsters, such as Johnny Greene, who was still in journalism school when he contributed a recent cover story on bisexuality—not, we were assured, his normal scene, but nonetheless described as "participatory journalism."

The magazine has made the most it could of established names in New Journalism by listing them as contributing editors, which makes the masthead rather heady with originals such as Jimmy Breslin, Pete Hamill, Murray Kempton, Joe McGinniss, Mike Royko, and Studs Terkel.

However, "contributing editor" at *New Times* does not signify what it means at most other magazines, where poor scribes contribute to practically every issue. Hirsch assured me that each contributing editor had produced at least one piece for *New Times*, but thereafter his name is lent for something vaguely having to do with stock options. So don't expect a "name" in any given issue; a hard man nowadays is good to find whenever and wherever.

In one issue, Jimmy Breslin put the whole Watergate caper in its proper criminal prospective with a street-talking comparison of the Joey Gallo and Dick Nixon gangs, both revealed as comically inept, and both shown to come up with the same old gangster answers when they found themselves busted.

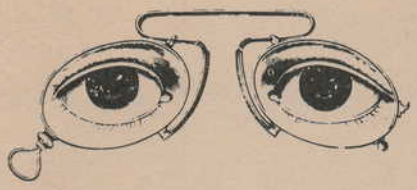
Hirsch feels our "culture is up for grabs," that nothing has emerged in the Seventies, and of course, he wants to grab whatever is coming. I hope there's something more for magazines to offer than news, sex, or service—or even nonpeople.

RECOMMENDED READING:

Your Sparkle Cavalcade of Death by Robert Shiarella (Viking, $7.95). To say that this is a zany and sexy novel is merely to describe the commonest genre of novel today. To tell how it is different—and how stunningly different —would require a discourse worthy of something more like *War and Peace*.

Don Fernando by Fernand Fournier-Aubry (Putnam, $7.95). Remember the old personal accounts of lone, freebooting adventurers in the most outlandish jungles of the world? This may be the last. It's certainly the best I can recall, both for the believable adventures and for getting to know a guy you'd like to spend an evening drinking with.

Working: People Talk About What They Do All Day and What They Think of While They Do It by Studs Terkel (Pantheon, $10). Terkel doesn't interview people in any sense that the word has been used before. He has developed a unique art of getting people to talk and of putting together what they say. It all adds up to a closer acquaintance with the subject than you feel you could get from anyone else.—*Norman Hoss*



SOUNDS

GETTING INTO MOZART

Mozart is playing pool. He lines the shot up carefully. He is hot—he is always hot. Around him, his host and the other guests stand, holding their sticks, waiting for him to shoot. He is nervous—a lot of money is riding on this shot, money he doesn't have, money he's going to have to divide up with the wind ensemble that had played at dinner. His host thinks Mozart is a great musician, but when it comes to billiards, he is a stone turkey.

Click.

I really cannot believe this, Mozart thinks. The ball glides into the pocket as if guided by a divine hand. He is hot, his temples are pounding. He dabs at his forehead with his kerchief, reaches behind him for the cognac. Crash. Shit, he thinks, and giggles. So much for trying to appear unconcerned. His host's hand is on his shoulder. "Never mind, Wolf—that was a fine shot. I think we have more cognac on the way—thank you—and here . . . twenty, thirty, fifty. A fine shot."

"Owing more than a little to the hand of fate," says another voice. It is the baron with the hawk nose, he who talks endlessly about Jews. "Herr Mozart will, of course, stay for a rematch."

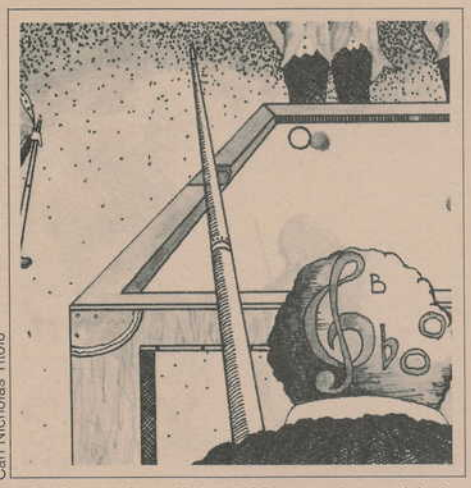
"Herr Mozart has an orchestra to pay, Klaus," his host interjects quickly. "And something for my brother-in-law to play on his bassoon yet to write, am I correct, Wolf?"

"Nonsense," Mozart says quickly. "What has been done once with effort can be done twice with half as much effort." He takes a slug of the cognac and picks up his stick. "Come, Klaus, let us get on with it."

His host was already talking to a servant to make sure Herr Mozart would have a carriage back to his house. It was cold out, and it would be humiliating for him to have to walk home again for want of a coach.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart is one of those figures in the history of music who seemed to have been born with a roadmap all his own. Nearly everything he did went against one rule or another of human activity—he sassed kings and archbishops, wrote his operas during their rehearsals, seemed to have learned Italian spontaneously one afternoon, composed music that sounds like it had been dictated by angels, loved to regale mixed company with toilet jokes, bet huge sums on his terrible billiards playing, and died of unknown causes at the age of thirty-six. Of course, everybody knows that he began playing music at age four and composing it at age six, but few people know that he proposed marriage to the Austrian princess Marie Antoinette at the age of seven.

All in all, it is pretty fruitless to wonder whether Mozart's genius was mostly the product of something inborn or the result of his father's hustling. Leopold Mozart, his father, was a pretty well-known musician himself. He played in a number of prominent orchestras and wrote a respected violin method. Leopold and his wife had several children, but only two of them survived—Maria Anna (called Nannerl) and Wolfgang Amadeus, who was born in 1756. Nannerl was five years older than her brother, and had been receiving music lessons from Leopold ever since he had noticed that she seemed to have considerable talent. And as soon as little Wolfgang began showing what *he* could do, it didn't take Leopold long to figure out the next step—go on tour.



Carl Nicholas Titolo

And tour they did—1762 started out with the troupe visiting the court at Munich where Leopold was miffed that the entire court didn't worship at his kids' feet. But they hit their stride in Vienna, where the Empress Maria Theresa herself sat Mozart down in her lap and kissed him.

The tour continued: London to Lille, Holland, Versailles, Switzerland, Munich, home to Salzburg, off again to Vienna, back to Salzburg. There, the archbishop appointed Mozart *Konzertmeister* (without a salary) and let him study and compose as much as he wanted to. Leopold, meanwhile, was scheming to get an Italian tour going—he knew what a hit his kids would be down there.

The tour went better than anybody had a right to expect. The Pope awarded Mozart the Order of the Golden Spur, musicians and royalty all along the line were blown away by his talent and, since Italy was where its roots were, the musical grapevine as far away as Paris was soon humming with the news. Italy's top opera composer went on record as saying that the kid would be more famous than *he* was. (True, ever hear of Johann Adolph Hasse?) On his return to Salzburg, Mozart had almost more work than he could handle.

But Mozart was seventeen years old now, hardly the novelty he had been, even if his talent was shining brighter than ever. His job in Salzburg was threatened by the archbishop's death. For the next few years, Leopold carried on a delicate juggling act involving keeping himself in the new archbishop's good graces, trying to drum up a better situation for Wolfgang, and attempting to pull off one last tour. Eventually the archbishop made Leopold agree to stay at home, and Mozart's last tour, to Paris, was in the company of his mother. Not only did Paris totally ignore him, but his mother died there.

From Paris he went to Mannheim, taking a room in the house of Fridolin Weber, an opera coach and prompter with four daughters. Mozart, of course, immediately fell in love with one of them, Aloysia, who was on her way to becoming a star in the local opera company. Leopold, learning of this, hit the roof—the Webers, whatever their spiritual qualities, were dirt-poor, and Leopold was damned if the genius he'd raised was gonna marry into a family like that. He ordered Wolfgang home immediately. Tail between his legs—not only had he pissed his father off, but Aloysia wasn't exactly showing any interest—he slunk back to Salzburg.

By his twenty-fifth birthday, Mozart had already gotten the word that the archbishop was anything but pleased with him. Mozart decided he'd give him another chance after he'd cancelled his benefit concert for musicians' widows (which got put on anyway after Viennese society registered their shock at the cancellation), but after getting beaten up and thrown out of the room for arguing with the archbishop, Mozart told him to take a leap. On his own, and pretty poor, he went to Vienna and moved in with the Webers, who had also moved there. He'd apparently gotten over Aloysia, because he and Aloysia's younger sister Constanze were married soon after he'd moved in.

On Christmas Eve 1781, Emperor Joseph II thought up some good entertainment for a couple of Russian visitors: have Vienna's two top musicians in for a cutting contest. So he invited Muzio Clementi, the most noted pianist of the day, to have it out with Mozart. Toward the end of the contest they performed a duel/dual-piano improvisation on a theme the emperor had chosen, and at the end of it, Mozart was declared winner. True to form, he took the occasion to denounce Clementi's skill. For the record, Clementi enjoyed the whole thing immensely, praised Mozart, and

took his defeat quite well.

Now a pattern began that was to mark the rest of Mozart's life: one composition following another, each better than the one before it, the great operas taking Viennese society by storm, and Mozart's genius coming into full flower. At the same time, Mozart seemed more incapable than ever of holding on to what money he was making and from all appearances, the more he made, the more he spent. Constanze gave birth to six children, four of whom died in infancy. To meet the bills, Mozart borrowed money.

For all that, this was the period when Mozart's greatest work was done, sometimes at an astonishing rate: his last three symphonies were written between June and August 1788. The story is that he needed money, but they are still his three most brilliant symphonies. The opera *Don Giovanni* was written partially at rehearsals, its overture two nights before the opening, with Constanze helping Mozart stay awake to write it by making him punch and chattering away at him.

In July 1791, a man dressed in gray stopped by Mozart's house and ordered a Requiem Mass to be composed for the man in gray's employer, on the condition that Mozart not know who he was. Mozart's health was already wrecked, thanks to touring and, in his last years, wild parties, but this seemed like the ultimate omen. Instead of getting to work right away, Mozart tossed the incident around in his head until it obsessed him. But money was money, and he accepted the commission.

Mozart had begun to believe that he had been poisoned and drove himself harder than ever. Writing from his bed, he worked on the *Requiem* with help from his friend, Franz Xaver Süssmayr, and he was with Süssmayr and some other friends, working out the vocal part of the "Lacrimosa," when he died on December 4. Constanze had a nervous breakdown, and all his friends suddenly seemed to be elsewhere, with the exception of an old patron, the Baron van Swieten, who dropped by to tell Constanze that a "funeral of the third class" was available for next to nothing from the town authorities. And that was what Mozart had, his bones being dumped into a hole with a number of other recent decedents on December 6. Nobody knows for sure where he is buried.

Listening to Mozart is easy. Hearing Mozart is a little more difficult. Most of Mozart's music is bright and cheery, bubbling along like champagne, but, like champagne, it all seems pretty much alike unless you know what you're looking for. Like every other composer, Mozart wrote second-rate stuff, and if you're listening to some of it you might not hear anything good at all. Mozart also wrote some amazingly dense material which is more complex than somebody without previous experience might want to try.

But that makes it sound like more work than it is. Basically, Mozart's music is deceptive because it is so simple. He uses the same set of chords as country and western music, "Louie, Louie," or "In the Still of the Night." He also uses formulas a lot—there are specific formulas to get out of nearly any harmonic or melodic situation he sets up—and it is in the spaces in between these formulas where he does his work. A striking way to catch this is to find what is called a "pedal point"—a note that is held for a long time, usually in the bass, around which the rest of the ensemble plays. If it helps—it does for me—you should hum the pedal-point note and listen to what you hear outside it. Another thing you can catch pretty often is a repeating figure in the bass, and you can do the same with that.

Very often, I've found that a good start toward appreciating a composer is to sort of sneak in the back door—start listening to lesser-known or less-ambitious works and once you've got the style down move on to the big stuff. Mozart wrote so much that he never intended as particularly serious music, that it's easy to do. *Serenades*, for instance, were just intended as background music, although the general quality of writing in them is just as high as in the rest of Mozart's stuff. You can tell what a *divertimento* is for just by looking at the word. A *cassation* is another name for a *divertimento*, and a *rondo* is just a tune played several times.

Of course, the big stuff is also fine: the last three symphonies are hard to beat for drama, lyricism, and overall grandeur; the piano concertos were written so Mozart could show off, so it's no wonder that they're breathtaking; the big choral works—the *Requiem* in particular—amply demonstrate Mozart's skill in turning his art toward a more solemn feeling. The string quartets and quintets are naturally a bit harder to penetrate if you aren't used to the string ensemble sound, which is very subtle, but some of his most thoughtful moments occur in them. I myself don't care at all for opera, although I own two of Mozart's, and, along with my back-door theory, I find that I can't hear *Marriage of Figaro* at all but that an early work called *La Finta Giardiniera* is to my liking. (It's available on Phillips 6703039, three records.)

At any rate, here, is a short, extremely biased, and somewhat random list for the prospective Mozartophile:

FOR BEGINNERS:
Symphonies #35 ("Haffner"), 39, 40, & 41 ("Jupiter"), Szell/Cleveland (Columbia MG 30368): The big symphonies, in their greatest recorded form, at a bargain price. An unbeatable combination and a fine introduction.

Concerto for Two Pianos & Orchestra in E-flat, Concerto for Three Pianos in F, Sancan, Pommier, Silie; Lamoureux Orchestra/Chorofas (Nonesuch H-71028): Good, lighthearted Mozart with some spirited playing and the added sonic interest of three pianos.

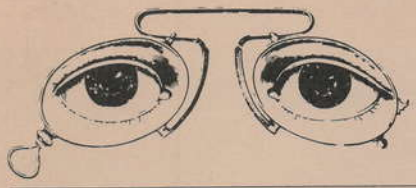
Serenades #11 & 12, Wind Ensemble of the Collegium Aureum with original instruments (BASF/Harmonia Mundi KHB 29312): A real authentic treat—the instruments *sound* old—and the music is top-drawer.

Clarinet Concerto/Sinfonia Concertante in E-flat for Violin & Viola, soloists, Bamberg Symphony/Kertesz (Nonesuch H-71074): Two excellent concerto-type pieces on one disc, a fine introduction to the form at a good price.

DEEPER INTO MOZART: A few recommendations for the seasoned ear.
Complete String Quintets, Heutling Quartet & Heinz-Otto Graf (Seraphim SIC 6028): String quartets with an added viola (Mozart's favorite instrument), written for Mozart and some friends to play. Very nice indeed.

Sacred Music, London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, BBC Symphony Orchestra, John Alldis Choir/Colin Davis (Phillips 6707 016): Includes the Süssmayr-completed *Requiem*, the great masses, and some little-known but excellent smaller pieces. Available on individual discs as well in this fine set.

The Four Horn Concertos, Alan Civil, Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields/Marriner (Phillips 6500 325): The horn concertos are big concert favorites. I like this set mainly because the sound is good—others go for the Dennis Brain mono classic on Angel 35092.
—Ed Ward



SHORT TAKES

BAD KNIGHTS FOR THE GRAMMY

Gladys Knight and the Pips picked up two Grammies this year. As with the Oscar, the Grammy acts as a marketing device for anything with the artist's name on it. Two new Gladys Knight albums have been released almost simultaneously, and they will need the Grammy PR. The first release is the soundtrack album from the James Earl Jones/Diahann Carroll film, *Claudine*. Although this album, *Claudine* (Buddha BDS 5602ST), was produced by Curtis Mayfield, it is a great disappointment. The album lacks a great song and is forced to limp along on home-and-hearth lyrics ("Make Yours a Happy Home") and weak sociology ("Mr. Welfare Man").

Almost as pallid is a new collection of old Motown masters that were previously rejected by both Knight and record company. But since the group has moved to Buddha Records, Motown is ready to make a grab at the Grammy action. The album is called *Knight Time*, and while it contains better material than the soundtrack LP, the production is feeble and Gladys's performance is spotty. One song, "Master of My Mind," makes up for some lost ground, but not enough. All in all, neither album matches the quality and the energy that captured the Grammy awards for these recording artists.

CURRENT RELEASES

Court and Spark/Joni Mitchell (Asylum 7E-1001). This is the album that contains "Raised on Robbery," a gem of a single and Miss Mitchell's long-sought hit. Not an album standing on the merits of one song, *Court and Spark* winds through an armload of stunning material. With the possible exception of *Blue*, this is her best album to date.

Pretzel Logic/Steely Dan (ABC Dunhill ABCD-808). Steely Dan has managed to pull off each of their albums with one hit single. This album is true to that tradition. They have even won a grudging respect among critics who don't generally take to hit makers. Listen to *Pretzel Logic* and hear why. A fair dose of sophistication, and some respect for the past as in Duke Ellington's title, "East St. Louis, Toodle-Loo."

ST11261/Brewer and Shipley (Capitol ST11261). The intricacies of Brewer and Shipley's harmonies have not suffered at the hands of producer John Boylan, who is best known as a country rocker. Brewer and Shipley's first album for Capitol is true to both their past and their fans' expectations. The new songs are light and lovely ("Ooh So Long"), or ripe with clenched-teeth humor ("Eco-Catastrophe Blues").

Gladys and the Pips: Grammy PR.

If We Make It Through December/Merle Haggard (Capitol 11276). Haggard's newest release is not any more or less Merle than his previous string of gold albums: he has not set off in new directions as others like Willie Nelson have. Nonetheless, this is a worthwhile album, loaded with the experiences of everyday country living. A good country record by a solid country loyalist.

Chicago VII/Chicago (Columbia C2-32810). Chicago made jazz-rock an established genre of music. *Chicago VII* is a double-album of fine and quiet listening, but here the group seems less determined to set the pace—their musical conviction has been watered down. On particular tunes, such as "Lifesaver," some new ground is overturned, but as an album you've heard *Chicago VII* before.

Here Comes Inspiration/Paul Williams (A&M SP3606). Paul Williams is one of the first stringers in the current league of songwriters. A new Williams album is met with the same anticipation as a new one by lyricist Randy Newman. That anticipation comes primarily from singers who desperately need songs; the public has yet to get the message. This new Williams album is not for the boogie market, but it is full of beautiful and sometimes sentimental love songs.

What the . . . You Mean I Can't Sing?/Melvin Van Peebles (Atlantic SD7295). MVP believes in himself—intensely. He not only has great conviction in his movies and books but also in his music. With this album Van Peebles has set out to prove that he is a recording artist. He can sing, but the album's real strength is in the songs that reach out past conventional format and concept into humor and pathos.

On the Border/Eagles (Asylum 7E-1004). The last time out the Eagles produced a finely wrought concept album—a full-blown Western called *Desperado*. The album had its fans but it was noticeably lacking in major hits. The Eagles weren't going to make that mistake twice. This time they concentrate song by song: Tom Waits's brilliant "Old Fifty-Five" cut, a high-pitched tribute to "James Dean," the sad indictment of "You Never Cry Like a Lover." Nothing has been lost in the group's close vocal harmonies, and the band's performance is charged with precision and imagination.—*John Gibson*

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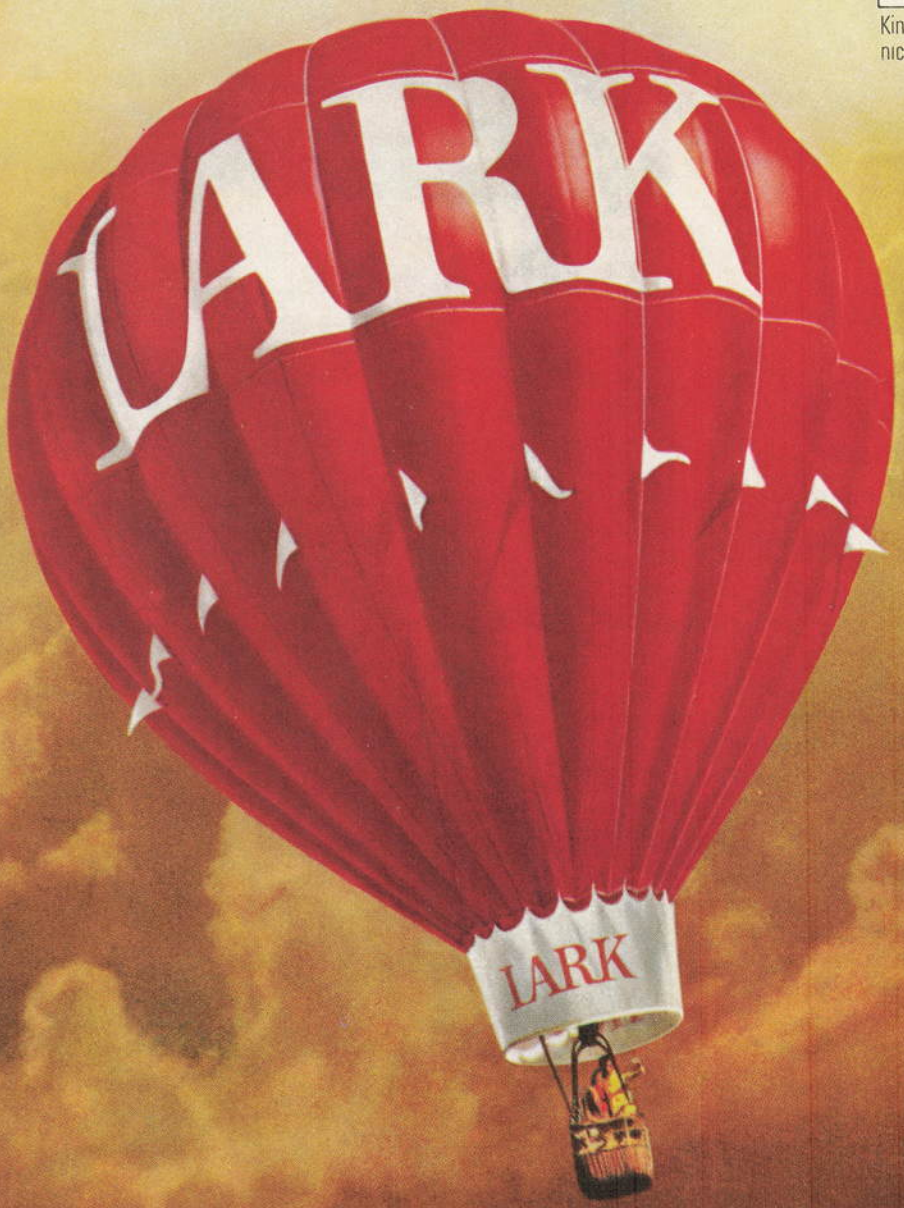

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THE SYSTEM HAS FAILED

With 34 million bureaucrats and only one million self-employed persons, no wonder nothing works!

BY KARL HESS

Politics has been dead for many Americans, for many years.

It has been replaced by rooting, the sort of rooting that we do for our favorite sports teams. People root for a winner and they assume that no matter who wins, nothing much will change. We don't try to change things anymore—there is a resigned feeling that nothing *can* be changed. And so, politics becomes just another form of being a fan, a rooter, part of a sidelines cheering-section for someone whose style—or color or powerful roaring motor or smooth hum—pleases you best. As with automobiles, we all understand that the differences are superficial. So we root for favorite cars—or favorite leaders.

The course of political life, meantime, is unchanged. More power flows to Washington. More debts flow to the people. Life becomes a bit seedier for most people. The leaders become more flamboyant, if not in social style, at least in the exercise of power. Humble looks cannot hide that imperial fact. Ford or Cadillac—they both have more accumulated power under their hoods than ever before.

But most importantly, it all *does* become a matter of leaders. Who wins or loses the various leadership contests is what counts. Because nothing else seems to change—except to get worse, flatter, more troublesome, costlier, less fun, more tense, less convivial, more compartmentalized, less together, more fragmented.

Real politics, in the classical sense, is the negation of all that. Politics should be the way in which people in a social setting make regular adjustments in their relationships in order to make orderly changes in the way they live together. If all people practice politics there is said to be a democracy. If only one person or a special group of persons practices politics it is said to be a monarchy or dictatorship. The practice of politics that uses the rhetoric of democracy simply to institutionalize the practice of monarchy or dictatorship is exactly the sort of development in which the politics of the public becomes simply the practice of the cheerleader, the spectator. Everyone has a right to root. Only a few have the right, or the access, to rule.

When politics withers into a spectator sport, it dies in a special way: what replaces it is leadership autocracy. Some people are relieved about this: the "silent majority" may well find silence a comfort. It certainly is undemanding. For some, obedience is easier than initiative and self-reliance. Erich Fromm refers to obedience as an "escape from freedom," which is often preferable to that hardest of all social work—being a free, responsible, and fully political person; a participant, not a spectator. It is so much easier merely to have opinions and exercise free speech, than to have

freedom of action and have to exercise real choices and to be responsible for them.

This is the most basic political issue that exists today. It is basic because it asks simply whether people will manage their own affairs or whether their affairs will be managed for them. It is actually more basic than what is done in the political process. It defines the process itself. The means, in politics, *are* the ends.

The problem really isn't—or wasn't—Richard Nixon or Lyndon Johnson or John Kennedy at all. The problem is the presidency itself and the sort of totally dependent, top-down, kinglike sort of politics that the office has come to embody and that the country has had to endure.

To a terrible degree the heavy weight of this sort of politics has already obliterated the ancient urge to "be yourself." Conformity and obedience are the values that for some have replaced the old-fashioned American value of self-reliance.

For millions of Americans, loyalty to the president has become a full measure of their identity. Loyalty to a ball club, a brand of automobile, or even a deodorant is seriously used as a point of identification by other Americans whose grandparents would never have settled for any lesser identifying traits than honesty, craftsmanship, tenderness, and so forth. But those values come from inner sources. People today who are colonized by the steady drone of political rhetoric, the fantasies of television, and the by-the-book drills of schoolwork always appear to look outside themselves for values. That is where, they are always being told, the values originate.

Of all those outer sources, the presidency is the most visible. From the presidency comes the definition of the national will. From the presidency comes the vicarious glory of the nation. For many, basking in the light of the president has become what is actually meant by citizenship. Even those who oppose the president during elections contrive a handy excuse for joining the loyal throng after the election. Now, they say, we must all rally behind him. Notice where he is and where we are. We are always behind.

But what happens when the area behind the president is not resplendent with glory? What happens when it is a place of confusing tides and eddies, of vicious little whirlpools and even quicksand?

Some say that what happens is disaster. Better even a corrupt president, they say, than any confusion that would weaken the presidency. Without the power and strength and glory of such great institutions, they say, we the people would be lost.

But there is another view. Without the great institutions, this view holds, the people would have to start to rely on themselves, and this would result not in confusion and chaos and collapse, but in the rebirth and reconstruction of the original American dream of a self-reliant people, freely cooperating with their neighbors to enhance the general welfare and make life worth living.

Usually, this type of discussion seems far from practical. Only in the most extraordinary of times would things be so bad that we might actually have to face up to such seemingly shattering issues as whether we need a president, whether we have to choose not just who is going to boss us, but whether we want to be bossed at all!

We may be living in such a time

Everyone must be their own researcher at such a time, carefully noting the signs at hand, not trusting earthshaking statements without local verification, without common sense.

Today, the local verification, so to speak, is growing increasingly apparent. People are becoming fed up not just with details of the way they live, but with the entire fabric of their lives, including the way they work, play, relate to other people, live, eat, sleep, learn, and grow.

The most telling evidence of this is the

public discussion of the presidency. It is not just a particular corruption that is of concern: this time the concern is far more basic.

One place to observe it is in the mail being received in Congress, mail that is both increasing in quantity and narrowing in the focus of its concerns.

And there is no better summary of those concerns than in a statement earlier this year by the senator from Idaho, Frank Church.

"I have never seen the mail so sour," he told an interviewer. "People have no more faith in the administration or in Congress —they feel they have nobody to look up to."

How revealing! Naturally enough, a senator would feel that having someone to look up to would be the most important need of an American. Others might have thought that being the sort of honest and loving person to whom others could look with love and respect would be good. Or best of all, and most ancient of all, it could be said that *self*-respect would be a cardinal virtue. But no. To a proper member of the class of people who deal in power, to a senator, the lack of someone to look *up* to is a reasonable explanation for the growing discontent of Americans.

But the sour mail is evidence of deeper pains. Perhaps it is the beginning of the end for the system of top-down pyramids of power and the beginning of a time when people will stop looking up to others and start looking to themselves. At least now there is the possibility of raising basic questions about the way we live. And there is evidence that increasing numbers of people are doing just that.

The basic question is whether the way people live will grow from their own actions and communities or whether it will continue to be dictated to them from on high.

This question filters through every part of our everyday lives: are we going to let someone else live our lives, define our choices or our terms, situate us in relation to our neighbors and the world, and even form our dreams?

Young children face this problem everywhere. Most are thrust early into schools that treat them as either prisoners or wild animals. Public schools tend to enforce the prisoner role, with rules and regimentation being the education offered. Supposedly innovative private schools mostly take the wild-animal position, internally organizing around the proposition that children, like little foxes, should be encouraged to live as in a jungle, totally without the intervention of older members of the species and with as little relationship as possible to any sequential thinking involving a history or duration of more than six seconds. This so-called permissiveness is as confining and as stultifying as the rote regime of the other schools. The one says that the child must yield absolutely to higher authority. The other says that the only authority is other children. Neither permits participation in reality, which includes the give-and-take of human community and the experiences of human diversity. Both start the process of screening the world down to the one-and-only-way-to-do-things sort of clockwork mechanism which inevitably is wound by the key of some single authority.

The ex-prisoners of the public schools may favor and fanatically support the single-authority of some "official," probably the president (either of the U.S. or of the company that he serves). The permissively brought up young animals, turned to larger beasts, will continue to chase manifestations of their peer group. Rock stars can be such manifestations. So can gurus. The real peer group for both of the sects actually is the same: all those who see life solely in terms of leading or being led.

Working-age people, certainly including those who go to university-level vocational schools, experience new dimensions of the problem. The almost daily crises in their lives, crises of work and wages, are never

subject to real solution but only to circumspect compromises with "the system."

The system, in turn, is nothing less than the problem itself: the assumption that the possibilities of human life are strictly limited to either giving or taking orders. In short, the right of the boss to give the order is never questioned, or at least not seriously. The only thing questioned is whether, in the exercise of that apparently inalienable right, the boss can be forced to bend a bit.

Every aspect of very modern American culture screams for obedience to this proposition. The highest praise reaped or sought by most people is to be a "team player." And every man, woman, and child knows full well that every team has a coach. The team player, when all is said and done, is not the player who cooperates with the other players. The team player is the player who simply takes orders.

Productive life, like political life, is organized almost everywhere in the world—in both capitalist and socialist states—in a strict pyramid-shaped structure. Increasingly, that structure is composed of compartments in which individual workers not only are powerless to control their own work but are even powerless to see the whole process. The pyramid is rigorously and deliberately divided into smaller and smaller task compartments, not for the purpose of making better things, but for the often explicit purpose of assuring better control.

Control, as a matter of fact, has become a galloping symptom of the herding of people into dependent roles. More people, particularly in America, are being employed simply to watch over, control, supervise, or otherwise manipulate other people. In effect, they make nothing but rules.

There are thirteen million government workers in America. That means that more than one out of every five working Americans has a government job and those jobs, in turn, are overwhelmingly—almost exclusively—concerned with controlling, rather than producing for, citizens. On top of that the number of foremen, supervisors, clerks, and policemen in private industry and business is obviously increasing, as administration becomes one of the major "work" categories of our time.

For instance, in 1950 there were fourteen million persons classified as clerks, managers, officials, or proprietors, while twenty-two million were classified as people doing real work—producing things, growing things, fixing and maintaining things. In 1970, the clerk-managers had risen to more than twenty-one million while the number of productive workers fell to eighteen million. And just in case there is some notion that the rise in the number of supervisors somehow reflects a rise in good old Yankee independence, with more and more people becoming their own bosses, forget it. The number of self-employed people declined from about five million twenty years ago to just about a million today. That, too, is part of the spread of dependence in the population.

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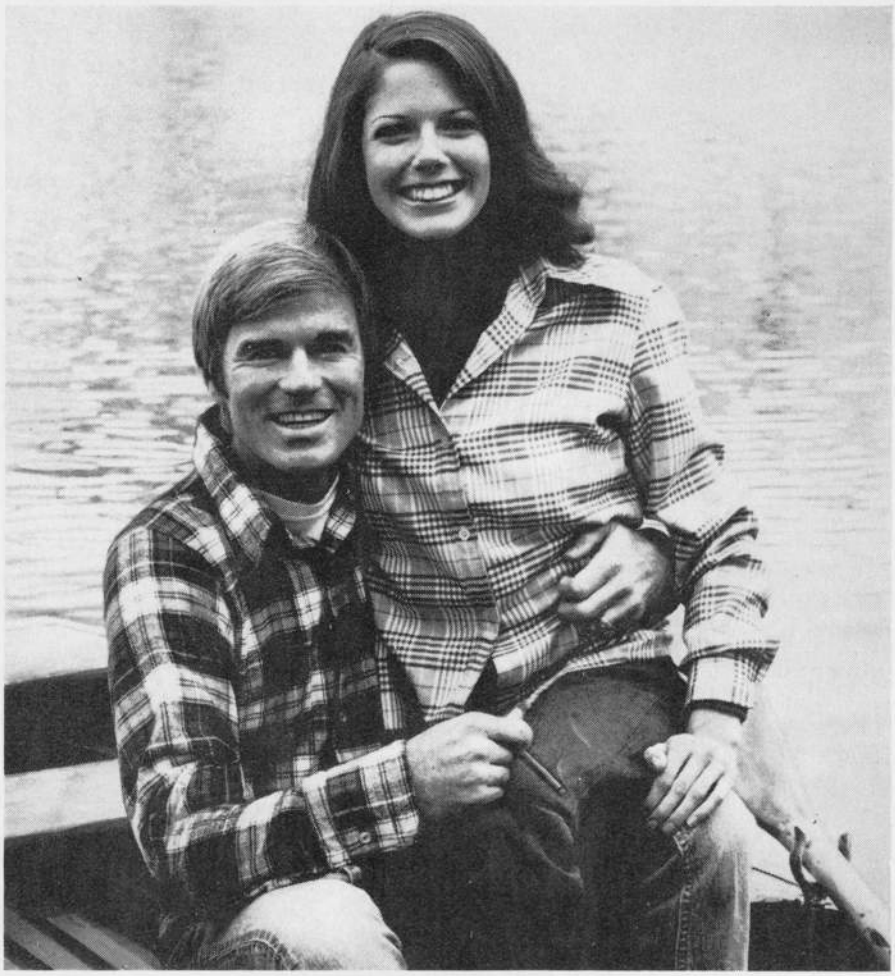

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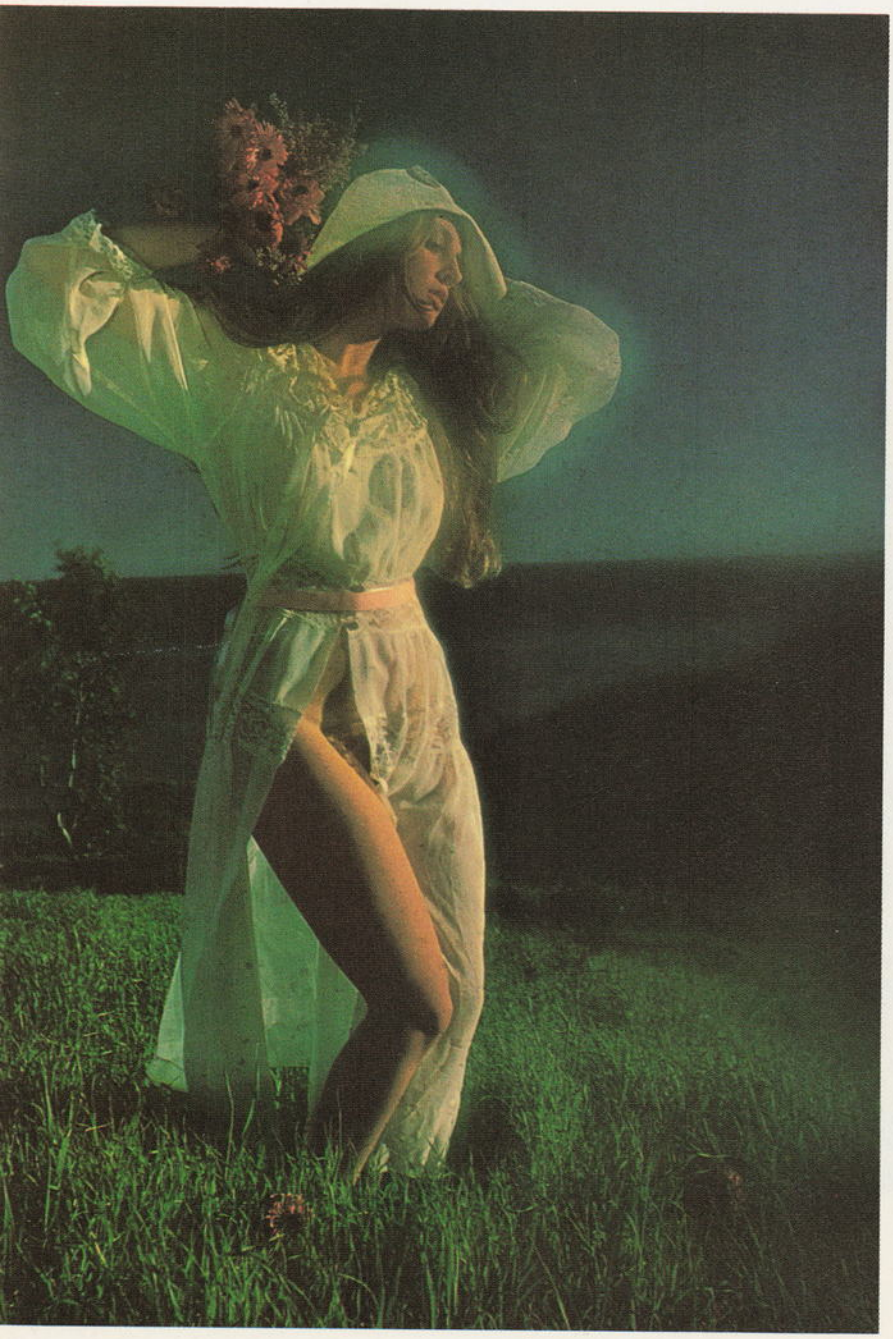
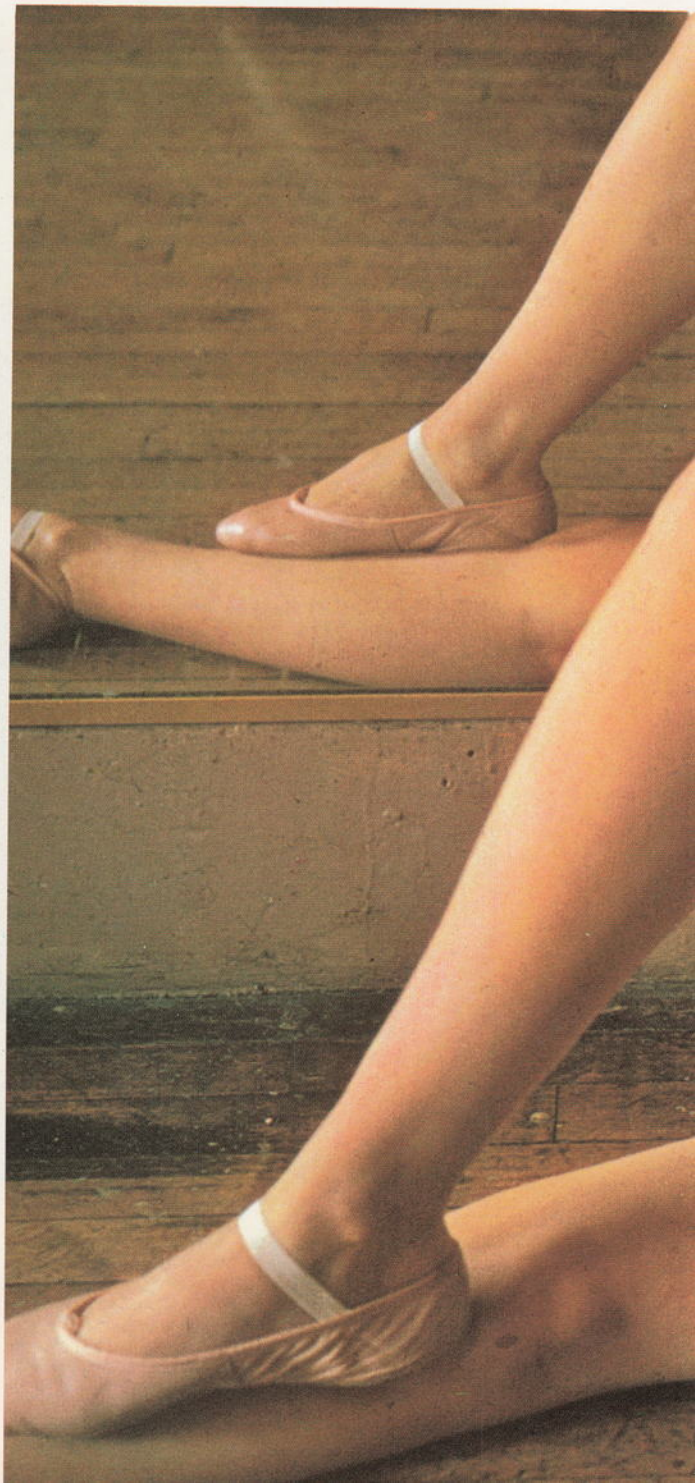
CLASSIC FORM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL BRISKER

Few people discover their life's work at age nine, but Kathy Moore did. That's when she started taking lessons in classic ballet—and it's still her main interest now that she's twenty-four. "I love to perform on the stage and ballet is an inspiring art to watch. There's constant communication with the audience and between the dancers. And as I become a better performer, I'm even inspired in outside situations... I'm more sure of myself because I know what my purpose in life is."

Miss Moore is so sure of herself, in fact, that she's not afraid of any-





thing—least of all people with different ideas and points of view. "I love talking to people and getting to know them. When I meet a man for the first time, I try to get him to talk about himself...to find out where he's at. And even if I don't agree with what he says, I don't try to change him. When you start to argue about personal opinions and philosophies, the other person shuts off. You might lose a friend, and keeping a friend is more important to me."

But there are two kinds of people Kathy objects to. "I don't like those who know what they should do with their lives and then go and do something else that's easier or pays better or something. And I can't stand people attacking others who do a lot of good in the world."

Just as ballet has a freshening effect on Kathy's mind, it's obviously left its mark on her 34-24-35 body. "All the exercise and practice really keeps me in shape, and I've dis-

covered something very interesting—if I stop working out for a while, I don't enjoy sex as much... my body becomes less responsive. I like sex as often as possible, whenever I'm willing and able.

"I have all the normal drives, but I've never felt the need to masturbate. There's just never been any reason to. And I've always believed that sex between women is not a truthful thing. I'd never consider that sort of relationship. I couldn't get into group sex either. It's not that I'm prudish. I firmly believe that whatever individuals feel to be truthful and meaningful for them really *has* truth and meaning. A person should hold to his own code of honor and not compromise his own reality. I love sex, but I only enjoy the fullness of it with a man I really love. The joy of sex basically comes from love."

And while she can be friends with anyone, Kathy's lover must be someone really special. "My man has to be sure of himself and strong within himself. He has to be a spiritually oriented person, and he has to always be there—ready and willing to receive my communication." Kathy, we've got the message.

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THE VIETNAM VETERAN

Paul Giovanopoulos

BRANDED BY THE NUMBERS

By MICHAEL POUSNER

Project Consultant, Carl M. A. McCarden
Project Editor, F. Joseph Spieler

"In their own way,
bad papers are the most insidious
of all the veterans' problems."

In July 1967, Thomas Aiken, an impoverished seventeen-year-old, enlisted in the army because, as he explains, "I wanted to better my life."

Aiken, a gangling black youth from New York City, arrived in Vietnam just in time for the 1968 Tet Offensive, in which 4,285 American soldiers were killed and 12,985 seriously wounded. He served as an infantryman in the First Cavalry Division, fighting to relieve the siege of Khe Sanh. He had already received a recommendation for a Bronze Star and several other medals when shrapnel from a Viet Cong booby trap wounded him in the right eye, arms, and chest. Eventually he was evacuated to a Massachusetts army hospital for a three-month recovery.

While he recuperated, the piece of shrapnel that remained in his right eye continued to trouble him. Nevertheless, he was transferred to Fort Gordon, Georgia, to await further orders to return to Vietnam. Like many other wounded veterans, Aiken discovered that his "profile," an army designation recognizing his injuries and prohibiting him from hard work, was more a bother than a help. Sergeants kicked his bunk and pulled him out of bed, accusing him of "dogging it." Officers, he says, challenged him, knowing he wouldn't strike them.

After several months, Aiken, his eye still bothering him, had had his fill. "After a while," he remembers, "I felt like I was losing my mind, and that if I didn't get away from the army and that kind of life, I was really afraid that I would go crazy, hurt somebody, or myself. So I had to leave and get back to my family in Queens so I could get my mind back together."

Requests for leaves were refused, so Aiken went absent without leave (AWOL) three times. After being court-martialed, Aiken reluctantly accepted, in July 1970, an "undesirable discharge" that would allow him to leave the army early. The vision in his right eye had already begun to deteriorate.

For the next two years, he applied repeatedly for medical treatments and benefits to the Veterans Administration office in New York. He was rejected, he was told, because of his undesirable discharge.

Lacking proper medical treatment, Aiken lost his right eye in March 1973. Meanwhile he was finding that his undesirable discharge was also turning off potential employers. He says he has looked "everywhere" and still has no steady job.

If Aiken's experience were unusual, it could perhaps be dismissed as yet another unfortunate footnote to an unfortunate war. But hundreds of thousands of other Vietnam veterans were also discharged with what they have ruefully come to call "bad papers"—less-than-honorable and even honorable discharges that contain bad code numbers, called Separation Program Numbers (SPNs). The SPNs may reveal adverse information about a man—for instance, whether he was a "homosexual" or a "bed wetter."

Most experts agree that the number of bad papers awarded by the armed forces to Vietnam veterans is unprecedented. According to the Defense Department, more than 500,000 men, roughly 6 percent of the 8.2 million Vietnam-era veterans, have other-than-honorable discharges. "More than 286,000 of these troops were discharged in the last four years, during one of the rockiest employment periods in American history," says Congressman Edward I. Koch (D–NY), who has introduced legislation to alleviate the bad papers problem.

Vietnam veterans with less-than-honorable discharges include about 275,000 with general discharges ("under honorable conditions"), 191,000 with undesirable discharges ("under conditions other than honorable"), 33,000 with bad-conduct discharges, and 3,500 with dishonorable discharges. Thus, more than half a million young men are bearing millstones that will weigh heavily on them through their lives. The only "papers" that afford a Vietnam veteran an even break in civilian society is an honorable discharge with a benign SPN.

Altogether, 888,000 Vietnam-era veterans, by Defense Department estimates, carry discharges with "adverse" SPN codes. The codes were awarded by their commanding officers at their last duty stations before discharge, allegedly as a reason for their separation from the armed services. Some experts contend that the number of adverse SPN victims is actually much higher than the Pentagon's estimate of 12 percent of Vietnam-era veterans. There are, after all, more than 500 SPN numbers (see next page for a listing of SPN codes), and every veteran has one. "Who knows what 'adverse' is from the Defense Department's point of view?" asks Koch, who estimates the adverse SPN total to be "comfortably higher" than 12 percent of all Vietnam-era veterans. Adversity is, after all, in the eyes of the beholder, and if the VA or a potential employer, lender, or school thinks a SPN code is adverse, it *is* adverse.

Certainly, many so-called nonadverse SPN categories are potentially harmful. Some, like "homosexual," are plainly negative, while others are couched in dangerous bureaucratic Newspeak that could turn off a potential employer. SPN 243 is one example: "Resignation in lieu of board action when based on unfitness." Others are ominously ambiguous: SPN 288, "Habits and traits of character manifested by antisocial and immoral trends"; SPN 480, "Personality disorder."

The Defense Department has moved belatedly to eradicate the SPN system, but questions remain about the procedure and how it will help previously victimized men.

In their own way, bad papers are the most insidious of all the veterans' problems. Modern medical technology repairs shattered bodies, time may heal devastated souls. Addicted veterans kick their habits or die. But the veterans bearing bad papers are like the character "Joe Btsfplk" in the "Li'l Abner" comic strip—there's always a dark rain cloud hovering over their heads.

These veterans find the VA and other government agencies unsympathetic to their problems, job doors slammed in their faces, and benefits of all sorts denied them. Most know of no procedure that would help solve their problems with bad papers. Many of these veterans, particularly those with dependent families, wonder where their next meal is coming from. They question incessantly their lack of acceptance by friends and families they left behind when they went to Vietnam, and by a civilian society that considers their bad papers the kiss of death.

Why the unprecedented number of bad papers? While World War II statistics are "in the process of being compiled," the Defense Department does have comparable bad-discharge figures from the Korean War. In Korea, 142,634 veterans, only 2.5 percent of the 5.7 million who served, received other-than-honorable discharges, as opposed to 6 percent of Vietnam-era veterans. (The SPN system was initiated in the mid-Fifties, after the Korean War.)

One probable reason for all the bad papers awarded Vietnam veterans is that our troops did not "win" the war. The fault must have been theirs—not their commanders' or the war's itself. It's always easier to blame the troops.

Carl McCarden, former head of the New York Mayor's Office for Veterans' Action, has his own explanation for the bad papers: "It's probably all part of the failure of leadership, the badly reported internal dissension in Vietnam. Lifers were administering bad papers to draftees, careerists to dissenters. It was the ultimate weapon one group had over the other."

The actual number of victims of bad papers does not reveal the total number of casualties they cause. The continuously festering wounds manifest themselves in fractured families, depression, raging frustration, alcoholism, drug abuse, and suicide.

Ernie P., a young veteran who loaded bombers at Ton Son Nhut Air Base in Vietnam, relates: "I was released from the air force with an undesirable discharge. The reason for this was that I was involved with another serviceman. I need not tell you the extent of the situation. I live every day as a prisoner within myself and it's finally getting to me. I don't want my wife and children to

suffer for my mistake, but they are, because I can't get a mortgage loan from the VA. I live in fear that one day my family will find out what my SPN says about me."

For months, Eddie Aldarondo of the Bronx couldn't decide which had hurt him more —the drug habit he picked up while in the army or the bad discharge he received as a result of the drug habit and subsequent AWOL offense. Now he knows. Once and for all, Eddie has kicked his drug habit, but his bad papers linger on to impede his civilian life.

Eddie's bad papers are an undesirable discharge ("Under conditions other than honorable") with an adverse SPN code, 246, "Discharge for the good of the service."

Determined to escape from the South Bronx neighborhood where he grew up, an area rife with drugs, gangs, and crime, the short, muscular Puerto Rican youth enlisted in the army at the age of seventeen, immediately after his high school graduation. After one year of training at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, Eddie was legally old enough to be sent to Vietnam, and after September 1971 he served as a medic in the Seventh Regiment of the First Division.

For one long month, Eddie saw action at Ben Hua, Fire Base Mace, and "in the brush" near the Cambodian border. He smiles proudly as he recalls the wounded men he helped. "No one ever died on me."

Eddie caught malaria while on patrol, however, and developed chronic hepatitis while recuperating in Japan. In December 1971, he was sent to St. Albans Military Hospital in Queens to recuperate further and await orders to return to Vietnam.

Growing up, Eddie had seen drugs on the streets all around him but had never really smoked grass until he was sent to Fort Sam Houston. "The drugs were everywhere man, everywhere I went in the army," Eddie recalls, and he began smoking grass. In Vietnam, when he joined his unit on patrol, he was introduced to his fellow platoon members and "their belongings"—pure Laotian heroin that most of the men smoked incessantly. Eddie joined them.

In Japan, he snorted heroin and at St. Albans Hospital, as Representative Mario Biaggi (D–NY) later charged, drugs were everywhere. Eddie realized he was rapidly developing a deep drug habit. He would get up in the morning and immediately begin thinking about a fix. But turning himself in meant sure punishment, he felt, not to mention inadequate treatment.

Visiting Eddie at St. Albans, a friend who was a former army drug addict told him about the DMZ, a drug-treatment facility for addicted veterans located in the South Bronx. At the DMZ, his friend said, no questions were asked. In April 1972 Eddie went AWOL from St. Albans to enter the DMZ. During his five months at that facility, Eddie remained an AWOL and successfully kicked his drug habit.

Eddie was one of five AWOLs at the DMZ, and a program director arranged for the young men to turn themselves in at Fort Dix.

SEPARATION PROGRAM NUMBERS (SPNs)— AND WHAT THEY MEAN

21U — Failure to demonstrate adequate potential for advancement.
28B — Involved in frequent incidents of a discreditable nature with civil or military authorities.
28F — Established pattern showing dishonorable failure to pay just debts.
28I — Unsanitary habits.
41A — Apathy.
41E — Obesity.
46A — Apathy, defective attitudes, and inability to expend effort constructively.
46B — Sexual deviate.
46C — Apathy, obesity.
46D — Sexual deviate.
201 — ETS (expiration of term of service).
202 — Expiration term of enlistment.
203 — Expiration term of active obligated active service.
205 — Released from active duty, transferred to reserves.
213 — Discharge for retirement as an officer.
217 — To accept armed forces commission.
219 — Erroneous induction.
220 — Marriage.
221 — Pregnancy.
222 — Parenthood.
225 — Minority (under age).
226 — Dependency.
227 — Hardship.
229 — Sole surviving son.
230 — Retirement after 20 years but less than 30 years active federal service.
231 — Retirement after 30 years active federal service.
240 — Unconditional resignation.
241 — Resignation in lieu of reduction for misconduct or ineffioiency.
242 — Resignation for the good of the service.
243 — Resignation in lieu of board action when based on unfitness.
244 — Resignation in lieu of board action when based on unsuitability.
245 — Resignation in lieu of separation for disloyalty or subversion.
246 — Discharge for the good of the service.
247 — Unsuitability—"multiple reasons."
248 — Unsuitability.
249 — Resignation (homosexual).
250 — Punitive discharge, Class I homosexual—general court-martial.
251 — Punitive discharge, Class II homosexual—general court-martial.
252 — Punitive discharge, Class I homosexual—special court-martial.
253 — Homosexual (board action).
255 — Punitive discharge, Class II homosexual—special court-martial.
256 — Homosexual, acceptance of discharge in lieu of board action.
257 — Unfitness, homosexual acts.
258 — Unfitness, "multiple reasons."
260 — Unsuitability, inaptitude.
261 — Inaptitude.
262 — Unsuitability, enuresis (bed-wetting).
263 — Enuresis
264 — Unsuitability, character and behavior disorders.
265 — Character disorders.
270 — Physical disability retirement.
271 — Unsanitary habits.
280 — Misconduct, fraudulent entry (enlistee concealed criminal record).
281 — Desertion.
282 — Prolonged unauthorized absence for more than one year.
283 — AWOL, trial waived.
284 — Convicted or adjudged a juvenile offender by a civil court.
285 — Adjudged juvenile offender.
286 — Repeated military offenses not warranting court-martial.
287 — Unclean habits, including repeated VD.
288 — Habits and traits of character manifested by antisocial and amoral trends.
289 — Alcoholism.
290 — Desertion (court-martial).
291 — Alcoholism.
292 — Other than desertion (court-martial).
293 — General court-martial.
294 — Special court-martial.
311 — Alien without legal residence in U.S.
313 — To immediately enlist or reenlist.
314 — Important to national health, safety, or interest.
316 — Release, writ of habeas corpus.
318 — Conscientious objection.
319 — Erroneous enlistment.
361 — Homosexual tendencies.
362 — Homosexual tendencies, desires, or interest, but without overt homosexual acts.
367 — Erroneous enlistment.
368 — Antisocial personality.
369 — Cyclothymic personality.
375 — Discharge, not meeting medical fitness standards at time of entry.
380 — Desertion.
383 — Criminalism.
384 — Drug abuse.
385 — Pathological lying.
386 — Established pattern of shirking.
387 — Habits and traits of character manifested by misconduct.
388 — Sexual perversion, including but not limited to lewd and lascivious acts, indecent exposure, indecent acts with assault upon a child, or other indecent acts or offenses.
411 — Early separation.
460 — Emotional instability reaction.
461 — Inadequate personality.
462 — Mental deficiency.
463 — Paranoid personality.
464 — Schizoid personality.
469 — Unsuitability.
480 — Personality disorder.
488 — Unsuitable (general-discharge separation).
489 — Disloyal or subversive.

"Veterans with undesirable and bad-conduct discharges are often informed that they are due no benefits until their discharges are upgraded. This is a lie."

Eddie was given the impression that he would be granted a general discharge from the army, leaving him eligible for veterans' benefits. He found himself faced with an unanticipated choice, however. He could remain in the army and fight a proposed undesirable discharge, or take the undesirable and "freedom."

"I was doing too well at the DMZ to go back into the army and start getting into trouble all over again, so I took the bad discharge," Eddie says.

A month after he received the discharge on October 30, 1972, Eddie applied for VA benefits. Months later, a letter from the VA matter-of-factly informed Eddie of conditions entitling a veteran to receive benefits. Although Eddie met all these conditions, the letter concluded that "your claim has been disallowed because the evidence on your record indicates that you were separated from the service under conditions which preclude entitlement."

"It's a contradiction," Eddie complains. The French statesman Georges Clemenceau said it differently many years ago: "Military justice is to justice as military music is to music."

Legally, the VA can forbid benefits only to conscientious objectors, deserters, and the 3,500 dishonorably discharged veterans. Veterans with undesirable and bad-conduct discharges, however, are often informed they are due no benefits until they get their discharges upgraded. This is a lie. It is up to a VA review board to decide whether the offense was sufficient reason for denial of educational benefits, pensions, home loans, medical and dental assistance, and even certain burial rights. But the VA review boards seldom rule in favor of the veteran.

A Ralph Nader study group found that only 91 of 1,305 applicants with bad discharges surveyed during a five-month period in 1972 were approved for education benefits. Of the nearly 100 veterans with bad papers *Penthouse* interviewed, only twenty said they were approved. No wonder so many former troops steer clear of the VA altogether, accounting perhaps for the low number of applicants seeking to upgrade their discharge papers.

This VA authority seems patently illegal to Robert Wilson, a lawyer and discharge-upgrading counselor for the New York Mayor's Office for Veterans' Action. "I'd love to challenge the VA in court," says Wilson, displaying Subsection 3103(A) of Title 38 of the U.S. Code. Approved by Congress in 1971, the subsection lists the following as "Certain Bars to Benefits": "The discharge or dismissal by reason of the sentence of General Court-Martial of any person from the Armed Forces or the discharge of any such person on the ground that he was a conscientious objector . . . or a deserter."

Most veterans with bad papers do not fit into any of these categories and Wilson asks: "Congress gives the VA the right to administer the law, but where does it give them the right to change it?"

Other federal, state, and local government agencies perpetuate this discrimination against men with bad discharges. The rule seems to be that many "generally" discharged veterans (the great mass of bad-papers recipients) and just about all veterans with bad conduct, undesirable, and dishonorable discharges are not eligible for federal civil-service jobs, social security, or even unemployment compensation. According to the Nader study, over the five-month period surveyed in 1972, the U.S. Labor Department approved only 600 of 4,000 applicants with bad papers for unemployment compensation. Moreover, many states and cities have specific ordinances barring veterans with less-than-honorable discharges from government jobs.

In the private sector, jobs are the most common problem for veterans with bad papers. Most potential employers routinely ask to see the veteran's "Report of Separation from Active Duty" (DD214), issued to each veteran upon discharge. It's a harmless-looking bureaucratic form with thirty-four categories of personal information. Some information, like name and place of residence, is indeed harmless.

But camouflaged on the DD214 are all kinds of negative signals to the potential employer, signals of which the veteran may be unaware. The certificate reveals whether the discharge was less-than-honorable, the veteran's SPN number, whether he is considered worthy of reenlistment, and any offense he may have committed while in the service. Each negative entry is also a potential stumbling block to home loans, life and medical insurance, mortgages, bonding, and consumer credit.

For example, Stanley Days of Bridgeport, Connecticut, would seem to have more than his share of problems, with three small children and no job. What he considers his biggest problem, though, is the general discharge and negative reenlistment code he received from the navy.

Days enlisted in the navy in 1965 and served for seven months in 1966 as an aviation structural mechanic aboard the aircraft carrier *Kitty Hawk* in the Gulf of Tonkin. He served meritoriously in the Seventh Fleet and had no real problems with the navy, he says, until he was transferred to his next duty station, Sanford Naval Air Station in Florida, in 1966.

"I just couldn't get along with the dude in charge of me at Sanford," says Days. "He only had one stripe on me but he was always getting on me. I don't want to use this as an excuse, but he was a real cracker and I don't think he liked blacks. Of course, whites had trouble there, too. Sanford was really full of petty stuff."

Days became increasingly disgusted with the navy and what he considered the harassment he was receiving. When he discovered that the girl he had been dating (later to be his wife) was pregnant and his request for a leave was denied, he went AWOL. After two months AWOL he was arrested and taken to a Brooklyn naval facility where he was busted from seaman to recruit, fined, and confined to a Brooklyn brig for three months.

To Days, the penalty seemed so out of proportion to the offense that he just "gave up all my hopes of ever being anything in the navy and got determined to get out as soon as I could." A few weeks after he left the brig, he went AWOL again.

When he returned to the Brooklyn base, Days chose to receive a general discharge rather than stay and face a court-martial hearing. He was given the impression by his counsel that the general discharge wouldn't hurt him as a civilian. He wasn't aware of the negative reenlistment code on his record.

Unlike many other Vietnam veterans, Days had what seemed to be a marketable civilian skill. A veteran capable of repairing planes and helicopters should have been in demand as the war continued to heat up. But Days was turned down for jobs at many firms because, he says, personnel people told him they were leery of hiring veterans who had less-than-honorable discharges. They feared it might endanger their heavy load of government contracts.

The severe consequences of bad discharges contrast sharply with the comparative casualness with which they are often awarded. The navy, marines, and coast guard will automatically administer a general discharge to any man who doesn't measure up to certain standards of proficiency and conduct, and the serviceman has no opportunity to appeal while in the service. The army and air force may give general discharges to troops whose "characterization" is deemed "unsatisfactory."

"The general discharge was given in a lot

HOW TO APPEAL BAD PAPERS

The process of appealing a less-than-honorable discharge is complex and lengthy, and almost all experts on veterans affairs agree that veterans should consult a counselor in discharge upgrading before initiating their appeals. Counselors are available at local veterans offices, veterans self-help groups (see page 64), and many old-line veterans organizations, such as the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

With the counselor's assistance, the Vietnam veteran should write to the General Services Administration in St. Louis, Missouri, for a copy of the sheet listing the specific charges that led to his bad discharge. On the basis of the charge sheet, the counselor can advise the veteran on the best path for successful upgrading. The counselor may note, for instance, potential mitigating circumstances on the charge sheet that might aid the veteran's case.

Further affidavits and materials are necessary for every appeal. These include: the veteran's own statement of his military service from the day he joined until his discharge, including any medals or commendations; a clearance sheet from the local police department, indicating that he has been crime-free since his discharge; notarized character references, from an employer if possible, and three other persons, such as teachers or others who have known the veteran since his discharge or all his life (but not members of the veteran's family); notarized affidavits from any officer or enlisted man at the scene of the alleged offense that might help the appeal; and, if necessary, notarized affidavits from a doctor, hospital, or clergyman that can attest to mitigating circumstances.

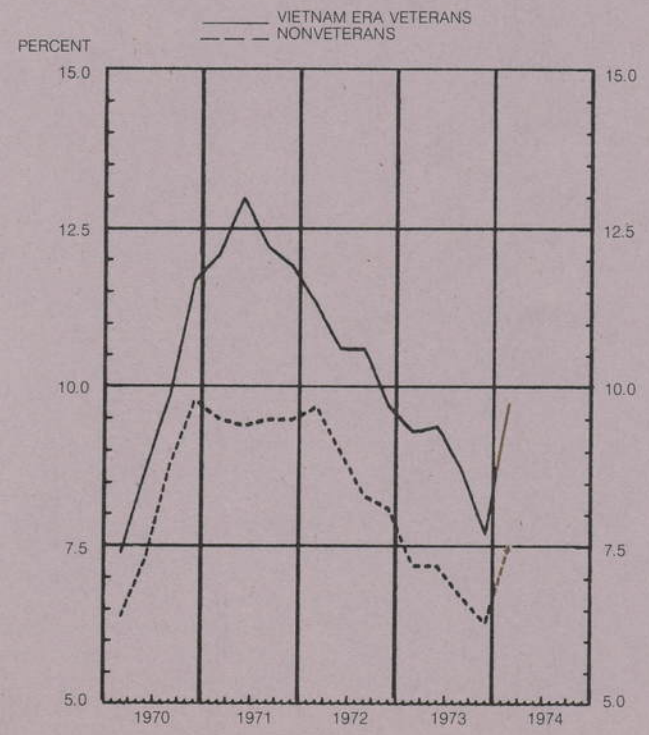
For example, a veteran bearing a bad discharge based on an AWOL offense might contend that he went AWOL to visit an ailing relative in the hospital. An affidavit from the hospital could help.

Most counselors will do additional legal research for the veteran, checking to see if he was afforded due process and a fair hearing. Then the counselor should attach a Petition Form, DD Form 293 (in the case of a veteran convicted in a general court-martial, DD Form 149 is used), and send the entire brief to a Washington organization that will help plead the veteran's case before the Review Board. Such organizations include the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the American Legion, the American Red Cross, the Disabled American Veterans, the Jewish War Veterans, and the American Civil Liberties Union. These organizations routinely review the brief, adding any further legal information that might help the veteran, and forward it to the Review Board of the veteran's branch of service. About thirty days before the hearing is scheduled, the Review Board will return the brief to the organization and attach to it his entire 201 file, the veteran's record of service.

Almost all experts in veterans' affairs agree that the veteran has a much better chance before the Review Board if he goes personally to Washington to plead his case. Even if his appeal is denied there, the Washington organizations will help him file an appeal to the Discharge Correction Board of his service, the veteran's last opportunity for military appeal.

If he is turned down there, the veteran can turn to civilian courts for redress for his grievances, but at this stage he must hire private counsel to represent him.

UNEMPLOYMENT: FROM BAD TO WORSE



In our June issue, *Penthouse* documented the bleak employment opportunities for Vietnam veterans. Soon after that issue went to press, the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics reported that the situation had worsened seriously during the first three months of 1974. According to the Bureau's report, joblessness among Vietnam-era veterans was "back up to year-ago levels, losing the decided over-the-year improvement registered in the fourth quarter of 1973." Sixty-three thousand nonwhite and 285,000 white Vietnam-era veterans were out of work in the first quarter of 1974, compared to 27,000 nonwhite and 178,000 white Vietnam-era veterans out of work in the last three months of 1973. Thus, by April 1974 the unemployment rate had jumped *52 percent* for white veterans and *125 percent* for nonwhite veterans. This dramatic jump can be seen in red on the accompanying graph, which also shows how much higher the unemployment rate is for Vietnam-era veterans than for nonveterans. All the gains in veterans' employment made during 1973 were wiped out during the first quarter of 1974, and the trend appeared to be continuing.

"Computer and human error are inevitable in the complex SPN system, where codes are bandied about casually and changed frequently."

of cases where there is no real offense involved, but where the soldier just doesn't measure up to certain standards," says Gordon Jenkins, chief of armed forces claims for the Veterans of Foreign Wars. "Although general and undesirable discharges are not supposed to be punitive in nature, they certainly are in the sense that they scare off potential employers once the man is a civilian."

In Vietnam some general and all undesirable discharges (both termed "administrative" by the armed services) were awarded at battalion- or division-level administrative hearings. Bad-conduct and dishonorable discharges, termed "punitive" by the armed forces, were meted out at courts-martial. The difference is significant because experts on veterans affairs insist that the soldier confronted with an administrative discharge has fewer rights than once facing court-martial, although by definition his offense was much less serious.

As Congressman Koch said: "At an administrative hearing in Vietnam, the accusers could establish guilt solely by preponderance of evidence—not by the 'beyond a reasonable doubt' rule of courts-martial and civilian criminal courts." This means that if a soldier is charged with possession of three sticks of marijuana, he can be found guilty at an administrative hearing solely on the basis of circumstantial evidence.

And while courts-martial decisions and sentences can be appealed, there is no provision for appealing the findings of an administrative hearing within military courts after military review.

There is something so ominous about the term "court-martial," however—bearing, as it does, connotations of prison sentences and stiff fines—that many soldiers in Vietnam elected to have administrative hearings when confronted with the possibility of a court-martial. Many others waived their rights to hearing and counsel altogether, and took whatever bad discharge the hearing served up.

Harry Espada, a veteran from Spanish Harlem, found himself in such a situation, took the "easy way out," and regrets his decision. After serving honorably in Vietnam, Harry ran afoul of his superiors at Fort Gordon, Georgia, where he was biding time while awaiting discharge from the army. There were many problems in Harry's family, not the least of which was his mother's frequent hospitalization for a colon disorder, and Harry repeatedly requested an emergency leave. When it was denied, he finally went AWOL.

After he returned to base, he received an Article 15 (an administrative punishment) and spent time in the stockade. Things went from bad to worse. His family's problems continued, and Harry went AWOL twice more. His company commander gave him a choice between "an undesirable discharge" or "worse"—a court-martial. Harry might have been acquitted, given his family situation, but he chose the undesirable discharge and an early out from the service. Now he wonders how he's going to feed his two small children. His wife got fed up with his job problems and left him. So now it's just Harry, who is twenty-seven but looks ten years older, the two small kids, and the coffee he absentmindedly stirs in a Times Square coffee shop.

Harry is angry, ready to explode—but at whom? At what? "I get the big runaround from everybody—the VA, companies, banks. They either turn me down right off the bat or give me the runaround. Sometimes I get angry enough to rip someone off, but I try to control it. That'll get me nowhere faster than I'm heading there. But the other guys —they're into ripping off now."

Certainly this kind of frustration often explodes into crime. By 1973, according to *Penthouse* research, 32 percent of the federal prison population were veterans, 11 percent of whom had served in Vietnam. The Vietnam-era Veterans National Resource Project estimates that 20 to 35 percent of *all* prison inmates (local state, *and* federal) are Vietnam-era veterans with less-than-honorable discharges. In California, 25 percent of the penal institution inmates are Vietnam-era veterans with bad papers. In Newark, New Jersey, the figure is 35 percent.

Many veterans have bad papers because they swallowed one of the biggest lies of the war in Vietnam, a rumor so common that even the *Army Times*, a newpaper that often reflects army views, editorialized against believing it: that after six months, general and undesirable discharges would revert to honorable. The rumor was absolutely false, but for their own reasons—to prune down units, to unload "troublemakers," to get rid of troops with low IQs, perhaps because they swallowed it themselves—many officers and psychiatrists perpetuated it.

"That's what the army shrink told me," recalls Artie Fishman, an otherwise sophisticated New Yorker who served as an artillery gunner in the Fourth Army Division near Dak To. Fishman was referred to a battalion psychiatrist after he began exhibiting signs of "antisocial" behavior.

His symptoms included subscribing to *Ramparts* magazine, having the temerity to discuss the validity of the war, and not always aiming his mortar at a town he knew to be occupied by civilians.

Fishman accepted the psychiatrist's offer of a general discharge in exchange for an early out from Vietnam. His discharge has yet to revert to "honorable." Three years after he came home, he applied for a job as a taxi driver in New York and was told to account for his "bad military record." Fishman got the message: he'd been screwed.

But veterans with less-than-honorable discharges aren't the only ones to suffer with bad papers. Representative Koch estimates that in the last five years more than 90,000 *honorably* discharged veterans have received negative SPN numbers. In fiscal year 1973, 17,196 honorably discharged veterans received arbitrary, negative codes.

Why? What's the purpose of stigmatizing a man who managed to keep his nose clean against all odds in Vietnam? Lt. Gen. Leo E. Benade, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense, in a letter to Congressman Koch, wrote: "The specific nature of the service may have been honorable but the potential for future services is limited by the reason for discharge."

And what offenses might an honorably discharged veteran have committed to merit a negative SPN? Probably nothing more serious than alienating a unit commander somewhere along the line. But the consequences can be serious. One veteran wrote to Koch that he was "discharged under honorable conditions but as 'unsuitable for further military service.' This has actually proven to mean unsuitable for civilian employment as well."

Computer and human error are inevitable in the complex SPN system, where codes are bandied about casually and changed frequently, and many honorable dischargees have suffered unjustly as a result. Foul-ups are easily made and hard to correct.

In theory, SPNs are confidential. But until recently, they were readily available in published armed forces regulations and widely distributed by newspapers and in manuals of groups like the VFW and even the Red Cross. Some employers have obtained SPNs directly from the Defense Department, although the Pentagon denies this.

According to the *Washington Post*, 85 percent of the personnel departments of big corporations surveyed throughout the country have SPN lists. To avoid this situation, the Defense Department has periodically revised the SPN listings. But this has only complicated matters further. One veteran

"The bad-discharge system gives the volunteer army an excellent opportunity to unload 'low-quality' recruits—particularly blacks."

with an "early out" SPN was shocked to find a personnel interviewer confusing it with a "homosexual" SPN on a new listing. His job application was rejected.

Koch and Wisconsin Representative Les Aspin have been exerting pressure on the Defense Department over a three-year period to have the SPN codes dropped, pressure increased by a federal court ruling earlier this year. On March 23, 1974, Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger reacted: Henceforth no SPNs and reenlistment code numbers would be affixed to discharge certificates; and further, veterans could request eradication of past SPNs.

But there is reason to doubt Schlesinger's ability to do away with SPNs. Since many veterans aren't even aware of their own codes, it's unlikely they would request eradication. And reviewing the SPNs of a possible 8.2 million Vietnam-era veterans would involve enormous expense. At this time, Schlesinger has not answered some important questions: How and where will SPNs be eradicated? How will veterans be contacted? Will only SPNs on administrative discharges be affected, or all SPNs?

By April, when this article was written, Schlesinger was playing his cards close to the vest, promising some clarification by early May. But many experts are leery of a Pentagon staff proposal that SPNs be eradicated arbitrarily from Washington. "Eradication would be left in the hands of the same people who propagated the SPN system for years," says former marine colonel William Corson, who has written extensively about the treatment of returning veterans.

There is another reason to doubt Pentagon sincerity, given veterans' experiences with an earlier gesture of "good will." In January 1971, Melvin Laird, then secretary of defense, responded to press reports of increasing drug usage in Vietnam with a dictum that was widely praised in the press. All bad discharges for drug usage, Laird announced, were to be "reviewed for recharacterization." It was a great idea, but a failure. Nationally, only 19 percent of drug discharges have been upgraded, according to the VFW. Until recently, veterans like Tom W. were still being spewed out of the army bearing SPN 384, "Drug Abuse," on their DD214s.

Tom spent thirteen months on a destroyer off Vietnam during the Tet Offensive of 1968, receiving enthusiastic performance evaluations by all his superiors. Since his discharge, however, he has been denied jobs by six firms and had to drop out of college when he discovered that he probably could never be accredited as a teacher.

Once, while on leave, Tom, who was not a regular drug user, experimented with marijuana and LSD. He later felt guilty and reported it in confidence to his chaplain and base psychiatrist. That confidence was broken, Tom says, and he ended up with SPN 384 and an undesirable discharge.

When he finally discovers his problem, the veteran tagged with a bad discharge or an adverse SPN code is apt to find himself lost in a Kafkaesque maze. There is no one to turn to for an explanation, no one to offer help, indeed, no one even at whom to lash out. "You feel like slugging someone," explains Harry Espada. "But who? A counselor? It's not his fault. The VA? That won't accomplish anything. The whole army? How can you do that?"

For Harry and the others, changing bad papers is an almost hopeless task. (See box, p. 61.) Experts in discharge upgrading say that by mid-1973 they began to have more success in their efforts. But in 1973 there was only a 16 percent success rate for veterans with bad discharges who applied to have them upgraded. Of the 16 percent who were successful, only 19 percent were veterans with drug-related discharges, and only 11 percent held other than less-than-honorable discharges. And the 16 percent success rate applies only to the several thousand Vietnam veterans with the desire and wherewithal to go through the entire upgrading process. For nondrug cases it can take up to eighteen months, involves the securing of numerous character references and endless army documents, as well as going to Washington.

The great majority of veterans with bad papers, counselors agree, don't even know that their discharges can be upgraded. Many others, when informed of the problems involved, never return to their counselors. They fear yet another bureaucratic merry-go-round.

All kinds of hidden expenses are involved. In New York; the veteran must pay ten dollars to the police department merely to secure evidence that his post-Vietnam crime record has been spotless. Then, for the veteran unable to secure representation from one of the old-line veterans organizations, there's enormous legal fees. The going legal rate in New York, including the trip to Washington, is $1,500.

For a West Coast veteran, the cost of coming to Washington and facing the Discharge Review Board (the navy's board is called "Board of Correction of Military Records") is usually prohibitive. And it's all for nothing in 84 percent of the cases. For years, the Defense Department has been talking about regionalizing the review centers. So far, it's been nothing but talk.

Because their government is failing them, veterans themselves are moving to cope with the discharge-upgrading problem. An evolving network of coast-to-coast veterans' self-help organizations has given discharge counseling a high priority in solving veterans' problems (see page 64 for list of organizations offering discharge counseling). So far, however, these projects have succeeded in doing little more than increasing the backload of cases awaiting appeal.

In the meantime, the armed forces continue to issue an increasing number of bad papers. One general-discharge category, "For the good of the service," rose from 450 men in fiscal year 1969 to 25,000 in fiscal year 1973. According to the *Army Times*, bad discharges of all types rose as the armed forces began pruning down to the volunteer army in 1972.

The bad-discharge system gives the volunteer army an excellent opportunity to unload "low quality" recruits, particularly blacks. Congressman Koch has written that "if the military pursues aggressive recruiting of the poor to meet its recruitment quotas and then blithely gets rid of those who can't measure up through unfair administrative procedures, more unknowing men and women will be sent back to civilian life worse off than when they came in."

Many veterans experts say that the solution to the bad-papers problem is a system in which all veterans would receive a simple certificate that notes only where and when they served and for how long. Whatever adverse comments the military wanted to make would be kept within the military. There would be no DD 214s.

Under such a system, the veteran would be assured that once he reentered civilian life, his service record would be kept completely confidential, a system employed by almost every other country in the world.

But veterans need immediately a significant change of attitude on the part of the Pentagon and the Veterans Administration. Instead of hiding behind bureaucratic excuses and refusing to deal affirmatively with the bad-papers problem, instead of applying negative labels to those who fought the war in Vietnam, they should be rewarding them for fighting in it at all. One conclusion is inescapable: there will be no peace for those who served in Vietnam until the destructive effects of bad papers are eliminated.

ORGANIZATIONS OFFERING DISCHARGE COUNSELING

CALIFORNIA

Veterans Education Training Service
7815 S. Vermont Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90044

Veterans Outreach Program
929 North Bonnie Beach Place
Los Angeles, Calif. 90063

Discharge Upgrade Project
4919 Telegraph Ave.
Oakland, Calif. 94609

Center for Servicemen's Rights
Box 2016
San Diego, Calif. 92102

G.I. Forum
430 University Ave.
San Diego, Calif. 92103
(714) 299-3390

Demilitarized Zone
Modulux #45
c/o Associated Students
S.C.U.—S.F. 1600 Holloway Ave.
San Francisco, Calif. 94132

Discharge Upgrading Project
3067 24th St.
San Francisco, Calif. 94110

COLORADO

Rocky Mt. Military Project
1460 Pennsylvania St.
Denver, Colo. 80203

Veterans Opportunity Center
847 East Colfax
Denver, Colo. 80203
(303) 573-7673

CONNECTICUT

National Fraternity of Veterans
Box 3927
New Haven, Conn. 06525
(203) 389-4533

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

American Veterans Committee
1333 Connecticut Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036
(202) 293-4890

Military Rights Project
410 First Street, S.E.
Washington, D.C. 20003
(202) 544-0447

FLORIDA

Vietnam Veterans Against the War
14470 S.W. 285th St.
Homestead, Fla. 33030
(305) 247-2148

GEORGIA

Central Committee for
Conscientious Objectors
848 Peachtree St., N.E.
Atlanta, Ga. 30308
(404) 881-6666

Veterans Outreach Center
135 Whitaker St.
Savannah, Ga. 31401
(912) 232-2681

ILLINOIS

Veterans Service Center
321 East Broadway
Alton, Ill. 62002

Chicago Veterans Project
630 North LaSalle
Chicago, Ill. 60610
(312) 744-8118

Vietnam Veterans Against the War
827 West Newport
Chicago, Ill. 60657

Veterans Service Center
234 Collinsville Ave.
East St. Louis, Ill. 62207
(618) 875-1800

INDIANA

Indianapolis Area Draft & G.I. Center
1505 North Delaware St.
Indianapolis, Ind. 46202
(317) 253-1905

MARYLAND

"Highway 13"/Ft. Meade Project
1590 Annapolis Rd.
Odenton, Md. 21113

MASSACHUSETTS

Draft and Military Counseling Center
University of Massachusetts
Amherst, Mass. 01002

Boston Veterans Service Project
355 Boyleston St.
Boston, Mass. 02116

Western Mass. Legal Services, Inc.
193 Main St.
Holyoke, Mass. 01040

University Counseling Service
Old Amherst Rd.
Sunderland, Mass. 01375

MINNESOTA

Blue Door Counseling Service
3104 16th Ave. South
Minneapolis, Minn. 55407

MISSOURI

Student Union/Vector
Florissant Valley Community College
Florissant, Mo. 63135

Washington U. Military Law Project
Skinker and Lindell Blvds.
St. Louis, Mo. 63130
(314) 863-0100 Ext. 4902, 4501.

NEW JERSEY

National Fraternity of Veterans
Rutgers U./Newark
Newark, N.J. 07102

NEW YORK

Mayor's Office for Veterans Action
90 Myrtle Ave.
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201

Veterans Club
Box E. Norton Union
State University
Buffalo, N.Y. 14217

Queens College Veterans Assoc.
Queens College
Flushing, N.Y. 11367

Episcopal Peace Fellowship
61 Gramercy Park North
New York, N.Y. 10010
(212) 673-7610

Fund for Human Rights
112 East 19th St.
New York, N.Y. 10003

Servicemen's Fund
44 Greenwich Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10006

Vietnam Veterans Against the War
135 West Fourth St.
New York, N.Y. 10012

Workers Defense League
150 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y 10011

Fellowship of Reconciliation
Box 271
Nyack, N.Y. 10960

DEROS
42 Warburton Ave.
Yonkers, N.Y. 10701
(914) 963-1315

OHIO

Veterans Education Training Service
2905 Chester Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio 44114
(216) 431-7080

Vietnam Veterans Outreach Program
40 South Main St.
Dayton, Ohio 44039
(513) 225-5400

OREGON

Draft and Military Counseling Center
633 S. W. Montgomery
Portland, Ore. 97201

PENNSYLVANIA

Ed Kopanski
5 East Pennsylvania Square
Philadelphia, Pa. 19107
(215) GE 8-2266

Central Committee for
Conscientious Objectors
2016 Walnut Street
Philadelphia, Pa. 19103
(215) 568-7971

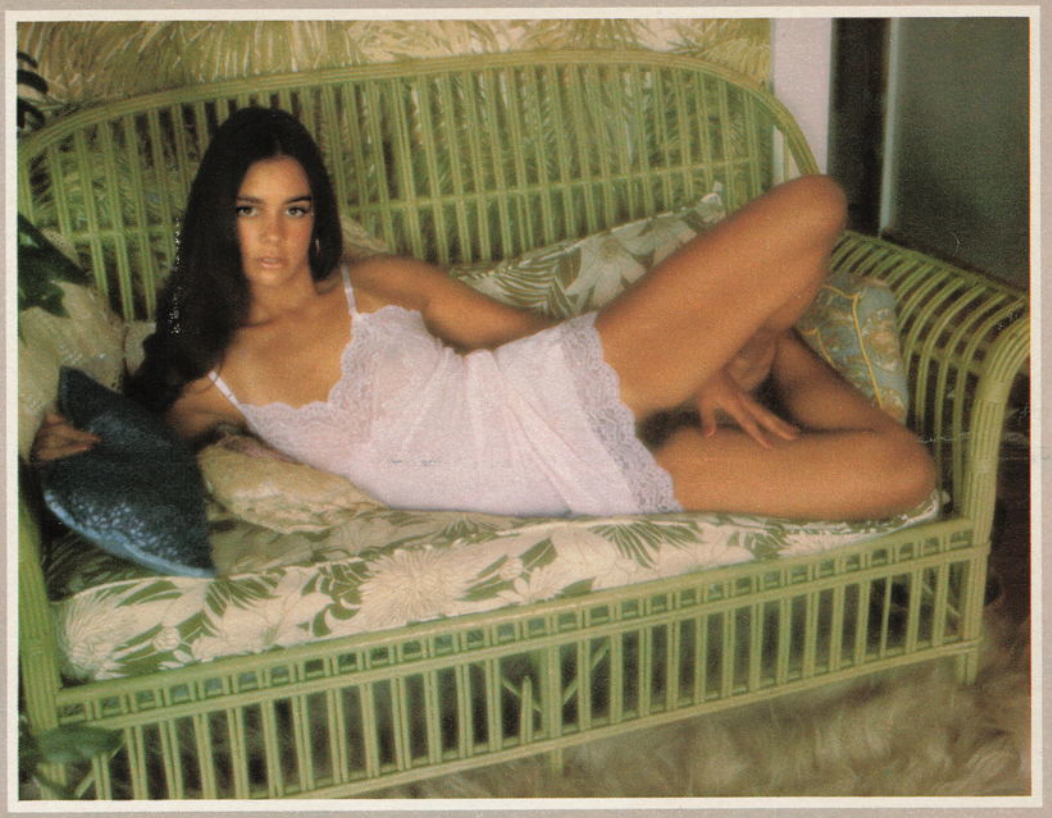
TEXAS

Vietnam Veterans Against the War
2912 Wentworth
Houston, Tex. 77005
(713) 644-3916

WASHINGTON

Seattle Veterans Action Center
1300 Madison St.
Seattle, Wash. 98122
(206) 583-6595

Tacoma Veterans Action Center
1301 South K Street
Tacoma, Wash. 98405
(206) 383-4008



STACEY

"A Frenchman has too much of the old world morality. Screw him once and he thinks he owns you."

CALIFORNIA DREAMER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED ENKE

When a Chicago girl like Stacey Cameron moves out to Los Angeles, the odds are that the California mood will take over. "I've become a lounger, admits twenty-year-old Stacey, "I can spend the whole day just doing nothing. It relaxes my mind as well as my body. If I wake up and the sun is shining, I just want to stop right there and enjoy the world. I don't even feel the need to get dressed. I suppose you could call me a nature freak—nature is beautiful and nudity is part of nature. I've come to love nakedness, and I can't understand why so many people seem to equate it with dirtiness. The beauty of the body is something to be enjoyed... it's not something that should be kept secret, covered up, or confined." It's obviously a state which only enhances Stacey's 36-22-35 assets, and if she wants to flaunt it, well, why not?

But for a self-confessed lounger, Stacey's moved around. She's been all over these United States and has traveled in Europe, lingering long enough in France to become a confirmed Francophile. "It's the lifestyle that gets me over there," she says. "Europeans travel at a slower pace than we do. In France there's a sense of settled order in both the cities and the countryside. Rural life there has hardly changed in centuries. The people are earthy, they really belong to the land like

their forebears did, and to be with them is like taking a trip back into the past. I love their speech. It's sensual and melodic, like the sound of music."

And how does she find French men? Do they live up to their much vaunted reputation as great lovers? Certainly not in Miss Cameron's *cahier*. "When it comes to sex, Frenchmen have too much of the Old World, double-standard morality. You screw a Frenchman once and he thinks he owns you. I like a one-to-one relationship, but I like a little variation as well. Love and sex are separate entities to me. If I love a man, I don't want him to put chains on me. If I screw someone else, that doesn't mean I love him less. It's

just variation, and it can even make me love him more. Sex is a physical need; love is an emotional need. I'm just not ready to settle down with one man yet, and I certainly haven't met any man that I'd want to stay with forever . I want to move around and enjoy myself."

On most weekends Stacey leaves Los Angeles to relax in more comfortable surroundings "...Yosemite, the High Sierras, California lakes. I love the outdoors and I love outdoor sports—just as much as I love lazing around. But I love my body, too, and there's nothing like sailing, horseback riding, or skiing to keep my body in shape and my head together. I like to take off with a guy I really dig, just the two of us, and achieve the fantastic sensation that we're the only people left on earth. Once I went hiking with a guy and we made love on the top of the mountain just as the sun was setting. It was one of

those flaming orange and red and purple sunsets, and I felt like we were setting the world on fire with our love. It was a great experience."

It may have been that desire to share herself and her love which led to Stacey's selection as our Pet of the Month. "I had never modeled in the nude before, and when a photographer friend asked me, I said 'Why not?' What's more, I thoroughly enjoyed it. It's a kind of exhibitionism I guess, and I just love being the center of attention. But somehow I felt sure the pictures wouldn't come out right, or that my body wouldn't be good enough, so I was surprised and happy to hear I was chosen. Everybody reads *Penthouse* these days. It's so lavish and beautiful and tasteful and I'm really thrilled to be part of it."

Stacey is now modeling in California and hopes to break into TV commercials. But she's well aware that it's an insecure profession, and Stacey's a born Sybarite. "I love

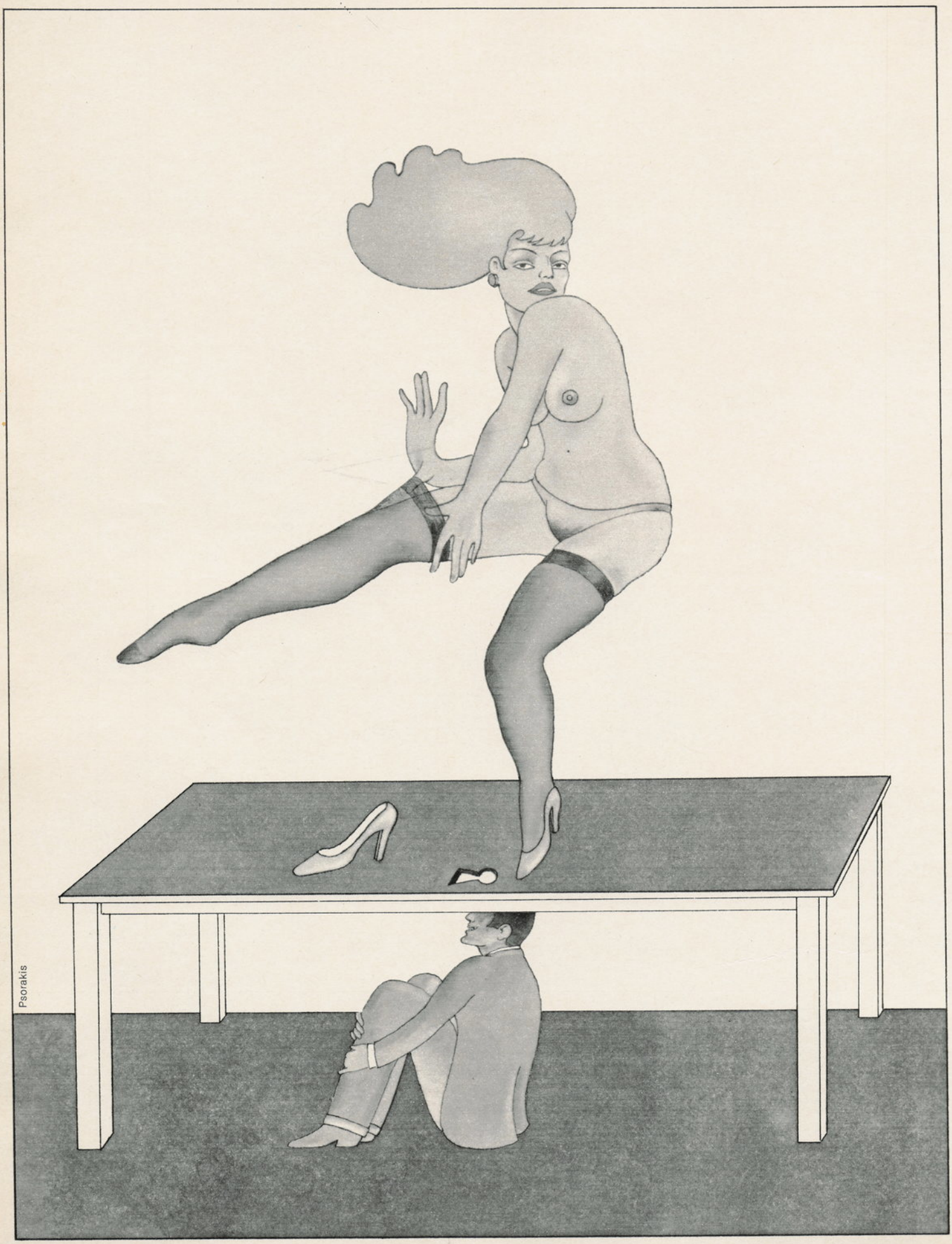
luxury," she says. "What woman doesn't? I like to be pampered and showered with gifts, but only to a point. No one can buy me. At times I find myself fantasizing about what it would be like to have all the money in the world . . . then I remember who I am and bring myself back down to earth. I would rather make my own career and be accepted on my own merits anyway."

So, between modeling assignments, she's studying nursing at UCLA. "I need to know that I can always support myself. Nursing is a good way to serve other people, and it's something to fall back on if my modeling career doesn't work out.

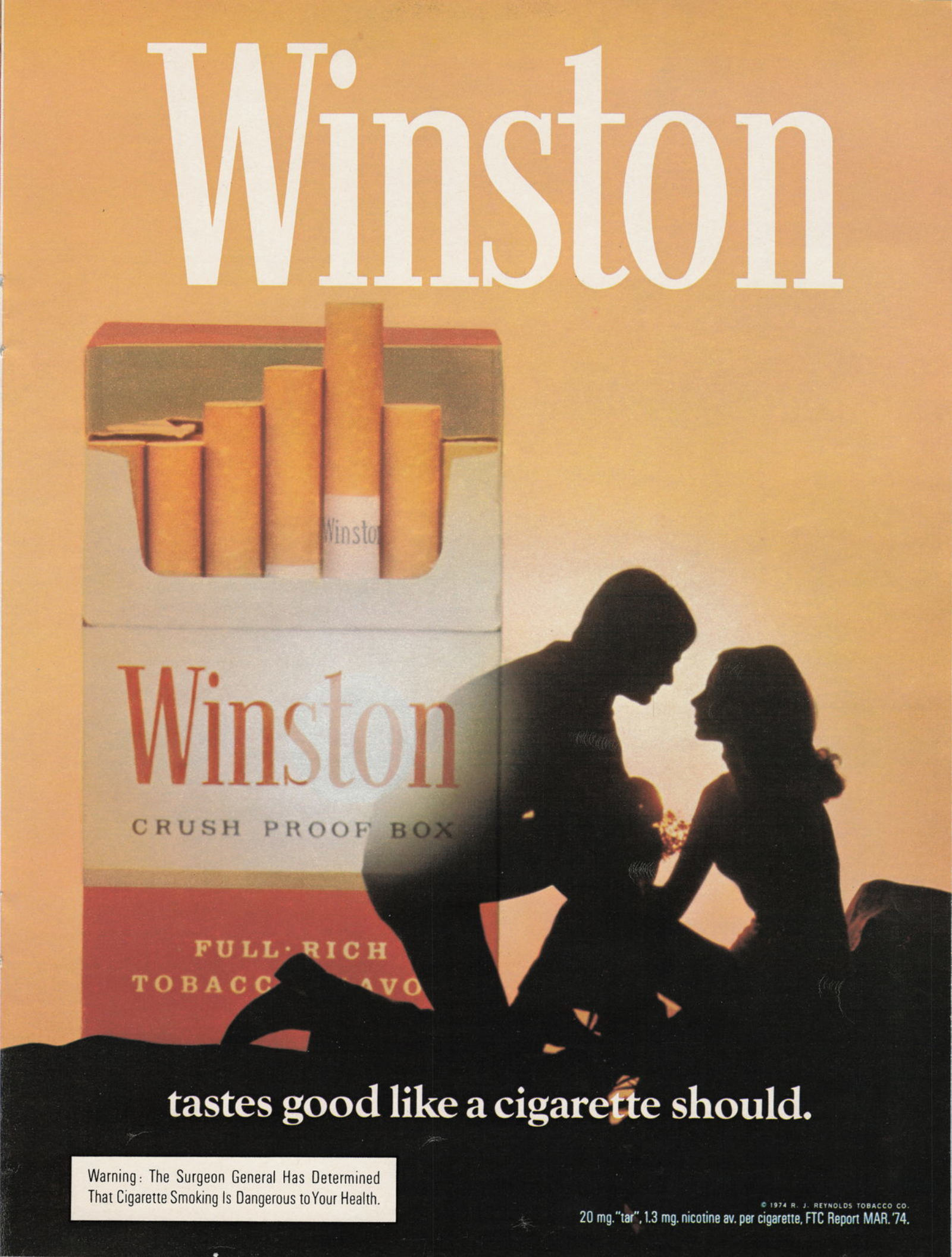
"You can never get rich being a nurse, of course, but there are lots of other rewards, like young, good-looking, well-to-do doctors."

Physician, steel thyself.

MISS STACEY CAMERON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH


Psorakis

Winston



tastes good like a cigarette should.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.

BRUCE
david cassidy

THE (MADDAFFI) PRESIDENT'S DIARY

By HENRY MORGAN

Saturday. May 3, 1984

Well, about a hundred million vote-persons seem to be counting on me to make some kind of overture to Israel's Birdie Wexler. She's been in office two years and already the old bag wants to swap me Crete for Cuba. Who, as Birdie would say, needs it?

This morning one of the "guards" came in to ask me some stupid question or other and I got terribly red in the face trying not to laugh. He's one of those old-time *machismo* types and he's added a revolver to his right side. He stood there with the two of them dangling, trying to look rugged and powerful. It's a howl. There he is with his two limp little guns, his plastic epaulets, his half-cape, and a goddamn plume in his silly hat—and he's protecting me! Probably goes home at night and tells his wife that I suffer from pistol envy.

Sunday.

A bitch, broad, a bitch. I did the church bit for the papers, as usual, and the rector, that old mother, looked me square in the eye and had the chutzpah, as Birdie would say, to talk about equal rights. Christ, *I'm* the one who's making life easier for the men! There's no way I can just walk up to that rector mother and tell *him* to go out and find a male who can type a decent letter. Made me think of my last secretary, Ralph. Poor dumb bastard. Twelve thumbs. No, fourteen. Gad, I remember the morning when the poor little bugger (would-be) picked up the RED phone and wondered why the grocery clerk couldn't understand his order. (Did I tell you, Diary, about the day he came in with the false codpiece? He was trying to make time with Sophie, my Chairperson for Whale Preservation, and couldn't understand why every fruitcake in the Ministry was following him around as though he were a bitch in heat. I think I told you.)

Monday.

Wouldn't you just damn know it? Tonight's the dinner for Mme. Ting, Godperson of New China, and I've got the cramps. I'm going to be sullen as hell and I know it. I'm sullen two damn days every damn month and the damn papers make a big thing out of it. The rotten part of the whole damn thing is that I always get that damn hickey on my face so they'd know it anyway. The *Times* keeps a chart, for Christ's sake. Even if I didn't get cramps, all I'd have to do would be to pick up the goddamn *Times* and I'd get them anyway. Well, my only hope is that it isn't time for Ting, too. (Great song title in there someplace.) I can just see the two of us sitting there glowering and every damn paper in the world having it on page one. Back in the days when they had boy presidents it would have been enough to start a war.

Reminder: Get Lizzie to see that her committee gets the rest of the fat out of that defense budget. Her subcommittee on Insult Hurling shouldn't need more than two grand a year.

Tuesday.

That Ting is a love. She knew right away, of course, and that China doll had a big smile on her kisser every time a flashie went off. (Must tell Adela to make the photographers use the infra-reds more. Why are we still using that old stuff?)

I don't care what they say, I'm getting me a new Attorney General. Beth is an ass. When she said to Ting, "How you likee soupee?" I could have slit her mother throat.

Elsa? No. She's got that thing going with Anne what'shername, who is a lousy admiral anyway.

Funny, when you come to think of it. We've all managed to get rid of our fleets (except those stupid Moon broads), but we still have the admirals. Have to get the Congresspersons to vote them the hell out, that's what.

Geez me beads. Forgot to ask Ting where she had that *gorgeous* jumpsuit made. Probably some lezbo slant she's got stashed away in Peking. I'll drop her a note.

Wednesday evening, eightish.

Had a long talk with Ms. Lumbala. I told her about having my ass acupunctured to bits to help the cramps and she gave me a swell prescription. She says she found an old native remedy painted on acacia bark by her great grandmother, who was born in Uganda but raised in Johannesburg. You just take a pinch of umadilla root, a handful of scawbricca leaves, and steep a donkey in a kettle of bat's blood, adding the other things in about an hour. If she'll just send me the ingredients, I'll throw Arnold Braunschweiger in the kettle. Even that's too good for Arnold, that mother donkey. It's funny how some men haven't gotten over their "quaint" little ways. Yesterday when we were driving to the Bulgarian embassy, some clod cut us off. Arnold said, "Wouldn't you know it . . . a woman driver!" Must remember to cut his balls off before I stick him in the kettle. (If he has any.)

Elevenish: Whee! Just signed the bill abolishing the Boy Scouts, Odd Fellows, Shriners, and Elks. Four down and plenty to go. Maud, the darling, has the entire American Rifle Association in jail, but she says it will still be a Supreme Court fight.

My new chief secretary has a big ass. Now the question is, CAN HE TYPE? I gave him a little love-pinch a while ago and he didn't shriek, but is it because he's attracted to me or is it the Office?

Funny, I find myself conjuring up pictures in my mind of Brian. Dear Brian. He's so different from all the rest. *There's* a mind for you! He handled that White Power case so beautifully. What gets me most about him is that he really thinks just like a woman.

Friday, May 9.

Just haven't had time to keep up my notes, old dear. Harry's found out about Brian and he's furious! I think Harry's main problem is that being the President's husband is too big a job for him. *He* says that the trouble is that I'm around the house all day, always underfoot. I sent him and the kids to Key Largo for the week, hoping that he'd get over his snit but it doesn't seem to have helped. It's probably because he misses Elspeth. Ever since she's been Czarperson for Energy, Harry's been a mattress for her. Everybody told me I was marrying beneath me, but how could I help it? Every time I looked down, the thing beneath me was Harry.

Thursday.

Had a note from Svetlana Karenina. She enclosed it in about a mile of sables! It's true enough that she led the fight for the reunification of Germany (but not to hear Eva Krause tell it) and that she got rid of the Ukraine, but I'm still not satisfied. Anyway, I have the trump card. I know in my bones that I can get her to give back Estonia. All she wants for it is two free shots at David Cassidy. These things can be arranged.

Saturday, May 17.

Those Men's Libber's are at it again. Now the bastards are demanding the right to wear their hair short in the office! Sometimes I just can't help but feel that they're, well, not second-class, but they're certainly *different*. Gad, if a toilet doesn't flush, right away they form a committee.

They say that behind every successful woman there's a man. Maybe. But they're usually not far *enough* behind.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 145

Sheer Delight

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Treeka Delight is—as her surname implies—a freewheeling, free-thinking, unfettered child of the Seventies. A product of Motown, a city not unknown for its classic bodywork (in this case,a 34-23-34 chassis), she flowered in the heady, sensuous climate of the San Fernando Valley. "I like to flow with whatever happens,"says Treeka. "I discipline myself only in the areas of the ballet and the belly, but otherwise I follow my intuition and stay free of the material matter of the world." Ballet is her first love, and her ambition is to become a great

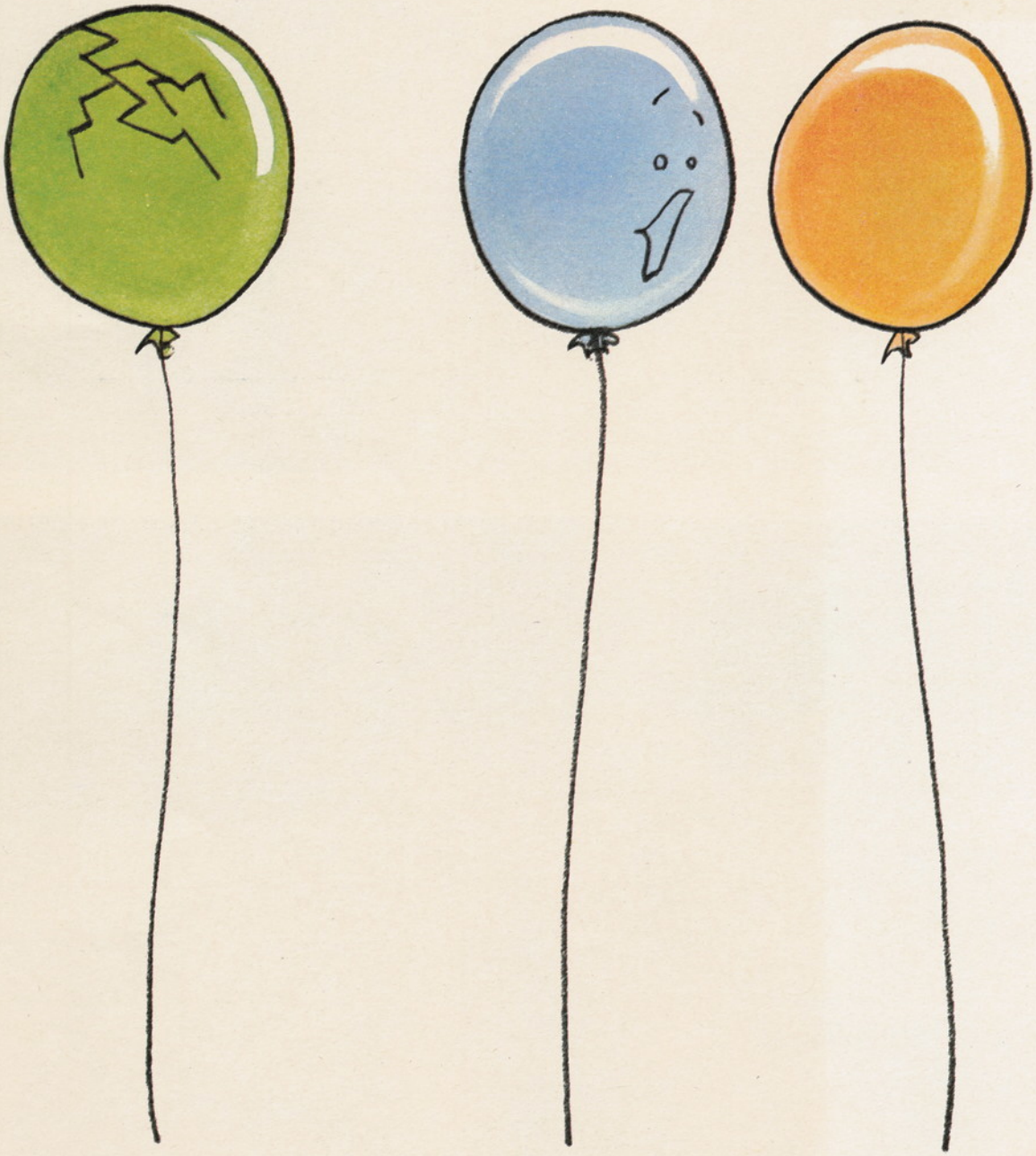
dancer. Lessons with Gene Marinaccio of the American Concert Ballet Company in Los Angeles and the steady practice of Yoga are helping her to this end. But between meditation, entrechats, and chanting, she doubles as a seamstress—making what she calls "special clothes for special people," mostly designs inspired by the Renaissance period, and shoes and moccasins made from velvet, tapestry and upholstery materials. "That's how I make my living... making people look beautiful." As might be expected from a Yoga buff, nineteen-year-old Treeka has meditated many times on the subject of love, concluding that it is indeed a sublime state. "Most people get off because they're horny, and that's it. But two people in love focus all their energies on each other, and their lovemaking is on another plane... free and high, released from the world." She has equally specific ideas about men. "I like very thin, tall men.

Aesthetic, perhaps. I just don't go for the heavy, hairy types. My prince has to be handsome, almost feminine in appearance, yet determined enough to sweep me off my feet and carry me away. The man of my dreams has to be naturally compatible with me. He has to have his head in the right place."

For a young lady who obviously has *her* head—along with everything else—in the right place, it figures. Treeka's strength is in believing in people and sticking to her first impression, which, she says, is usually right. It's an impression we'd love to stick to, given half the chance. Sheer Delight, you might call it.

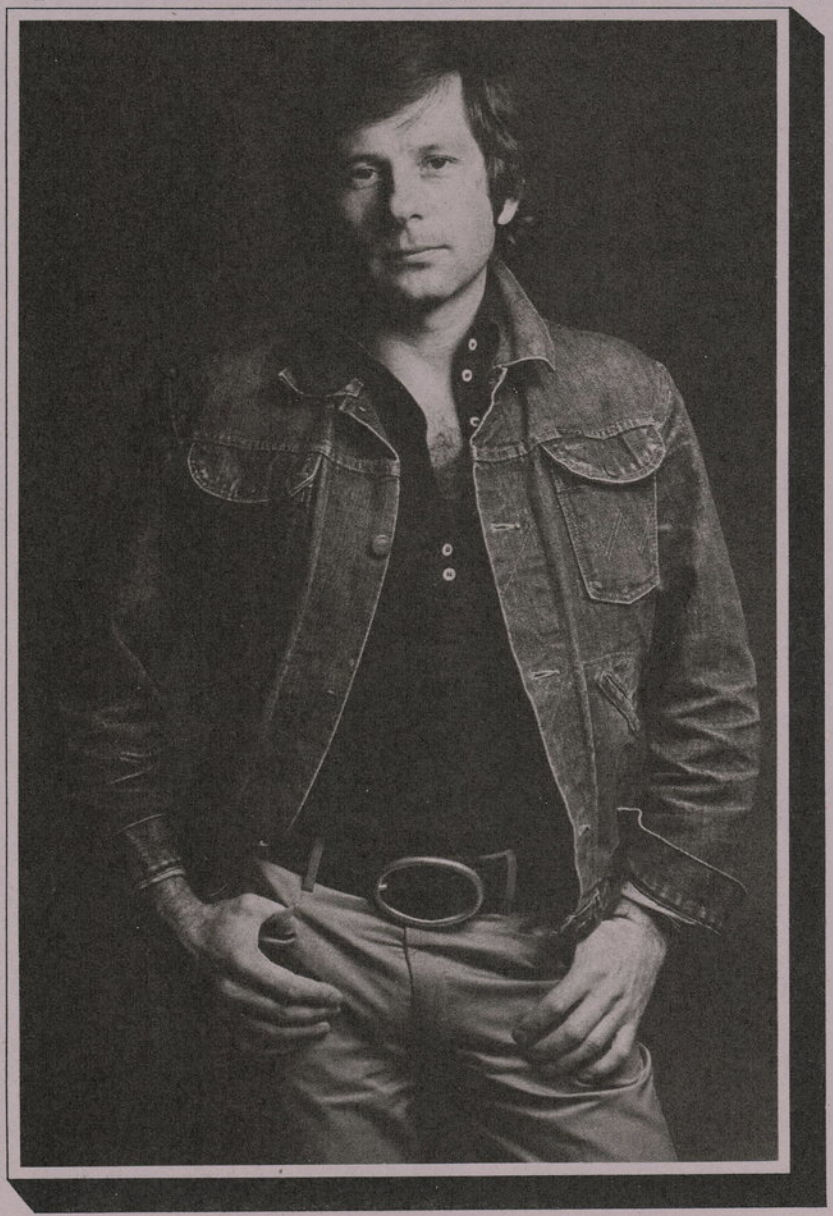
Balloonheads

BY ART CUMMINGS



"What do you mean he should see a psychiatrist—he is one!"

ROMAN POLANSKI



Scavullo

On August 9, 1969, several young disciples of a lunatic named Charles Manson broke into the California home of film director Roman Polanski and brutally murdered five people.

Among the victims was Polanski's wife, actress Sharon Tate, who was eight months pregnant. Polanski was in London that day, on business.

Today, five years later, Polanski continues to work at his craft (his latest film, *Chinatown*, starring Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway and John Huston, has just premiered), but he says the memory of Sharon's death is so fresh that he still can't lead a life with normal emotions.

In the intervening years Polanski was tormented by journalists, psychologists, clergymen, and even supposed "friends" who either sought interviews to sell or freely gave their opinions as to how the Polanskis' free-swinging lifestyle had led to the murders. There was the drug theory, the witchcraft theory, the jealousy theory, the homosexual theory, the "thrill-kill" theory, and so on.

Polanski is still bitterly resentful of the press. "The victims," he says, "became the accused. The victims were held to be responsible! Incredible!" When he recovered sufficiently to continue his work he chose to do *Macbeth* with considerable emphasis on blood and violence. Again the inquisitors rose up. When they weren't accusing him of exploitation, they said Polanski was recreating the terror in Los Angeles; punishing himself for not having been there to protect his wife—or to die with her.

Polanski has lived with tragedy before. He was born in Paris forty-one years ago to a Polish-Jewish father and a Russian mother. Unaccountably, his father chose to take his family back to Poland just before Hitler invaded that country. His parents were arrested and when Roman was eight his mother died in a concentration camp. The boy had to live by his wits. Once he found himself running for his life while German soldiers shot at him, not in anger, but "just for fun."

He escaped from the Jewish ghetto in Cracow and lived through the war by depending upon the kindnesses of various families who gave him shelter—for which he was grateful—but who also force-fed him the Roman Catholic religion—for which he was less than grateful.

His father survived the war and remarried, an act which the boy could not accept. Bitterly, he went his own way and was not reunited with his father and stepmother until he became an adult.

While eking out a living in the rubble of postwar Europe, he grew up tough. When he was sixteen he was beaten, almost to death, by a man he thought was his friend but who robbed him of all his money. The man turned out to be an experienced murderer.

Polanski then entered the State School of Filming in Lodz, Poland. After completing a five-year course, he made several short subjects that were well received. Then came his big break, when the government gave him the subsidy to do *Knife in the Water*.

He was not yet thirty when he wrote and directed this film involving a middle-aged man, his comely wife, and a hot-blooded young hitchhiker. It won him international acclaim, including an Academy Award nomination.

He went on to do *Repulsion*, with Catherine Deneuve, *Cul-de-Sac*, *The Fearless Vampire Killers* (a spoof of horror movies), *Rosemary's Baby*, a box-office and critical success, with Mia Farrow, and last year, a comedy called *What?*

Polanski's latest effort, *Chinatown*, is a detective melodrama set in the Los Angeles Chinatown of 1937. To prepare for it, he spent several days screening several great mystery films of the Thirties and Forties. One of them was *The Maltese Falcon*, directed by John Huston. In *Chinatown*, Huston is the millionaire father of Faye Dunaway, who has gotten into terrible trouble. Jack Nicholson, an ex-cop who has been taking it easy as a private eye working on divorce cases, reluctantly agrees to help her. Polanski says the movie is in the tradition of mystery writer Raymond Chandler.

Roman Polanski has brown eyes, brown hair, and a muscular, athletic body. Films, sex, and skiing are his chief interests.

"Sex is fun," he says, "I like it better than anything else. And it can't hurt you."

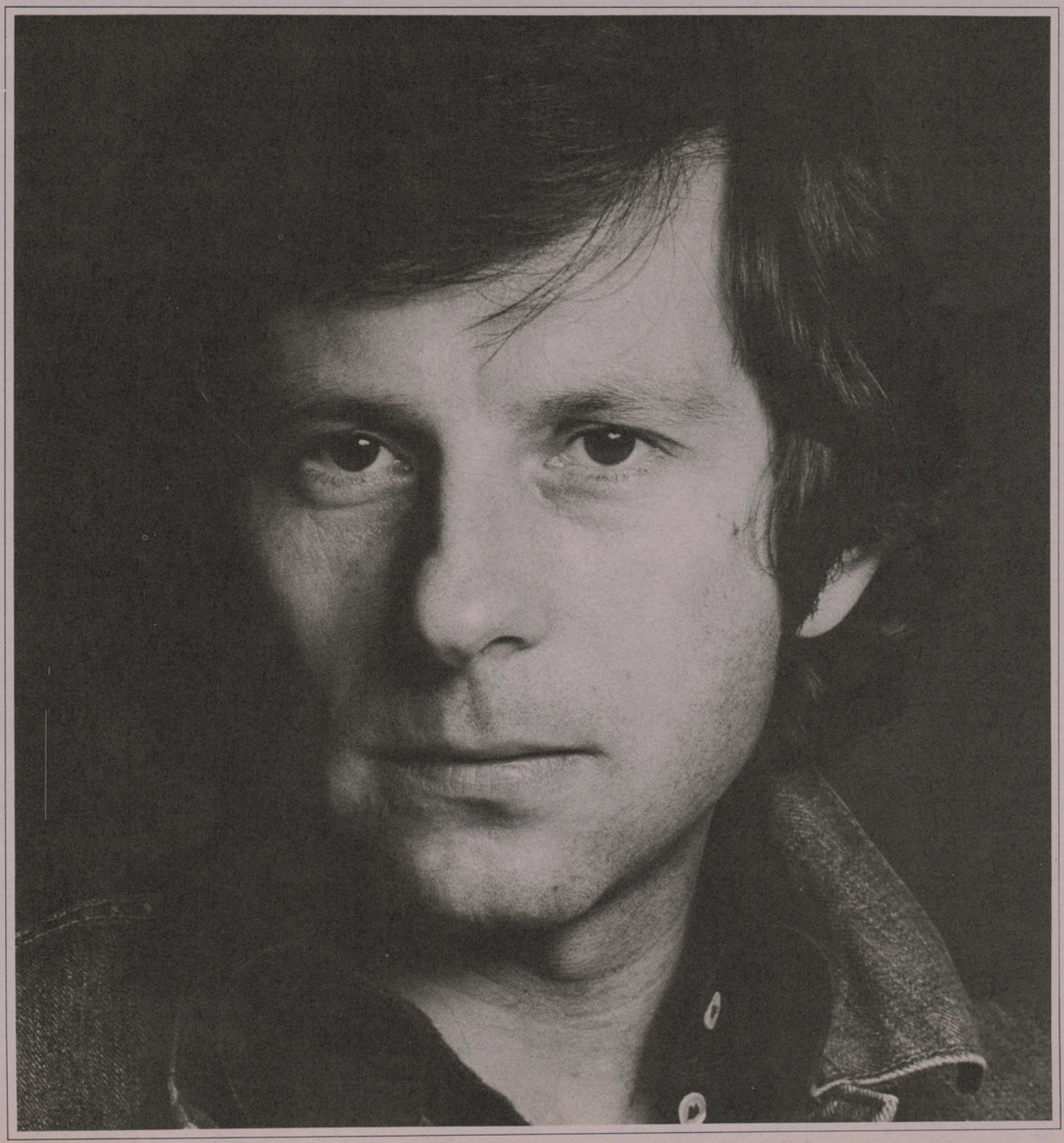
This exclusive *Penthouse* interview was conducted by contributing editor **Richard Ballad**.

"In a certain sense, I do believe I'm eternal. I'm afraid it's going to be a bitter disappointment the day I discover I'm not."

Penthouse: It's been almost five years since the Manson murders. Do you have any new thoughts you'd like to express concerning Sharon's death and how it changed your life?

Polanski: Right after it happened, for three or four years, I enjoyed life a lot less than I did before. But in trying to analyze it I somehow came to the conclusion that I felt guilty about being alive because someone who was so close to me was not alive anymore. It's not the fact that someone *died*, but the fact that someone doesn't *exist* anymore to share your feelings or observations or joys. When you see a new film you are not able to discuss it with the person you want to discuss it with—that's how banal it is. But if you have been married, you realize that by living with someone who is close to you you get used to a different pattern of life. You don't enjoy certain things on your own. You have to automatically share your enjoyment. So when you see something on the screen which is worthy of your attention the first thing you want to do when you come home is to tell your wife.

People on the outside see only the sensational and spectacular part of the tragedy of Sharon's death. But to someone involved, the very fact that the person is no longer here is more important



Scavullo

"Sharon's death was the final blow to any belief that remained in me."

than the circumstance.

Penthouse: Has there been no one else to whom you could turn and with whom you might have had the same warmth and intimacy?

Polanski: Well, I have no desire to find anybody. Probably, subconsciously, I have avoided looking for anyone. And I find it somehow repugnant, still, to think about any kind of lasting relationship with a woman. I know that time is the best doctor and everything passes, but it's still too fresh for me now.

Penthouse: Have there been many women who would have wanted to have a permanent relationship with you?

Somehow I resented his wife tremendously. That was almost twenty-eight years ago.

Penthouse: Have you recovered from that resentment?

Polanski: Oh, yes. They visit me quite often. As a matter of fact they visited me in Los Angeles this year. I'm an adult now. And I feel as close to my stepmother as I do to my father. But it took me a very long time to get over that childish resentment. Of course, now I know it *wasn't* so childish. It was a natural fidelity to someone who was no longer with me.

Penthouse: Sharon was about to have a child when she was killed. So you lost two people. Have you any desire to have a child?

Polanski: You know, I have always been afraid of that responsibility and this fear has to do with my upbringing—the times in which I grew up. I was living out of suitcases, family ties were something very risky, very shaky. For people living in America, the family is something very sound, very stable—relatively—compared to wartime and postwar Europe, because in Europe in those days the family could be torn away from you at any moment. I was always afraid of marriage, at first, and then, of course, I got over it by thinking rationally about it. Now, it's not so much that I wouldn't like to have a child. The question is, with whom? If you asked me, for example, if I would like to be sterilized, I would say absolutely not, which means that somehow, subconsciously, I might have a desire for having children. But it would kill me to have a child right now.

Penthouse: With all these terrible memories, do you find it difficult to sleep at night?

Polanski: No, my bad thoughts don't come at night. They come in the morning. As a matter of fact, that's what probably wakes me up. Some subconscious fears or uncertainties. I never have any problems going to sleep anymore. But I always have problems sleeping as long as I would like.

Roman Polanski and Faye Dunaway ("the most difficult person I've worked with") on the set of *Chinatown*.

Polanski: Yes, but I have the regrettable habit of shying away. You know, we often feel guilty of living. And this is the thing which often stops us from enjoying certain things. We think it is indecent to enjoy things in life.

Penthouse: Sharon was the great tragedy of your adult life. But you had some terrible moments as a child, too.

Polanski: Yes, but the biggest tragedy of my youth was not what *I* went through *physically*, but rather when my mother was taken by the Germans. After the war, my father returned from the concentration camp and a year later he remarried. That was four years after my mother's death.

Penthouse: It's better to be depressed in the morning. You then have other things to crowd in on you and make you forget.

Polanski: That's true. That's what really happens. But I know one thing. In a moment of real tragedy you sleep very well.

Penthouse: You do?

Polanski: You do. After Sharon's death I slept better than I ever did before. I'd just lay down, close my eyes and I'd sleep for ten hours. There must be some kind of withdrawal from reality that takes place in such times. You might be surprised to find out how many very unhappy people sleep very well.

Penthouse: Who are your friends? Are they mostly in show business?

Polanski: Yes, but the closest friend I have is Gerard Brach, with whom I collaborate on writing. I've known him for ten years now. And we've had lots of ups and downs together. We've been through a lot and nothing cements friendship more than sharing troubles.

Penthouse: A friend of yours suggested that you fiercely resist letting your body, your mind, your attitudes grow old.

Polanski: In a certain sense I do believe I'm eternal. I'm afraid it's going to be a bitter disappointment the day I discover I'm not. Yet, that's the way I am. I always wanted to be in good physical shape and I like any comments about it.

Of course, with age you finally abandon certain things for varying reasons. Sometimes it's because you grow wise. Or sometimes you are just not able to keep it all together anymore anyway, and you just let it go.

Penthouse: You are now forty-one. What was it like when you turned forty?

Polanski: Well, it was rather traumatic while I was approaching it, and I was under the impression that chronological age meant something. But I realize now that it's probably the biological, and not the chronological, age that matters. If you compare two children who have lived for fourteen calendar years, one may appear to be absolutely childlike, while the other may have reached puberty long ago. Biologically, those two fourteen-year-olds are not the same age at all.

I always looked younger than I was—as a child and as a young man. I always tried to lie about my age. I would look at my face in the mirror and hope that my hairline would recede a little. Now I have started to enjoy my youngish look but I don't know how long it will last.

Penthouse: You don't hold much brief for organized religion. Do you believe in anything spiritual?

Polanski: Doesn't everybody? I must admit I'm very atheistically minded, and rationally I'm afraid I'm quite convinced that there is nothing. To quote Jacques Monod, "Nature is far too complicated for God to have invented it." But everyone has his doubts. It is an illusion of which we are all victims. Maybe victims is the wrong word. Maybe we benefit from it. But when you start getting into the subject, you come to the conclusion that it doesn't really matter which way it is. Whether there was some divine thought which organized it this way or whether it is the result of chance and necessity, it comes to the same in the end. It comes to the fact that we are not able to comprehend the universe with our present brains because it is of a higher order. I think it would be pretty impossible to explain to a dog the functioning of an automobile engine, even with the dog's best effort and our best teaching.

We think that eventually we will be able to comprehend and that it's only a question of time. I don't think it is. It's like asking ourselves whether other colors exist in addition to those which we can see. Of course they exist. They're all around us. But our eyes are sensitive to only a limited spectrum of colors. We can't see beyond them. We can't see radio waves, for example. Radio waves belong to the same group of energies as light waves. But we simply can't see them.

Penthouse: Then how do we cope with things we can't comprehend, such as the death of Sharon?

"Faye and I were like fire and water."

Polanski: That's what's so bloody difficult. I think Sharon's death was the final blow to any belief that remained in me at that time.

Penthouse: We have heard much about your need to survive, your toughness, your tendency to protect yourself against being hurt. . . .

Polanski: Well, the fact that I'm afraid to be hurt and that I try not to be hurt doesn't necessarily mean that I'm not *being* hurt. To be tough doesn't mean to be insensitive. Apropos, André Malraux said, somewhere, that what women like best is a mixture of strength and weakness in a man. That is a very profound observation. I also think that men like vulnerability in women. I think they like being protective towards women. For instance, I don't like ballsy women. They turn me off. This is too bad, because a strong man doesn't have to be ballsy. But I'm afraid that a strong woman does have to—in our society, anyway.

Penthouse: Couldn't a woman be strong simply by being courageous?

Polanski: "Courageous" doesn't mean "strong."

Penthouse: Being ballsy doesn't mean having strength, either. Strength should mean the ability to absorb experience and survive.

Polanski: That's strength? To survive?

Penthouse: To survive with grace, yes.

Polanski: No, that's still not strength. Certain people are able to survive by weakness—like those people who are just afraid of everything and who don't stick their noses out. That's how a rabbit survives, mainly by running away. But to survive and also to get a large portion of what's to be gotten—that requires a certain strength, I'm afraid.

Penthouse: You can see a man doing this, but it would not be acceptable for a woman?

Polanski: I don't know. I think a woman in today's society can get anything she wants. She can be a soldier, a head of a government, a film director. If she only wants it she can achieve it. Many women have proved it without the help of a liberation movement. Neither Golda Meir nor Mrs. Gandhi needed help from a female organization.

Penthouse: What kind of women appeal to you?

Polanski: It may be easier to talk about women I dislike. I must admit I dislike bitches. I somehow like women who smile. But I don't like smiles in my work. That is, I don't like my characters smiling in my films. What's the reason for smiling? There has to be a reason, first. Also, *I* don't like to smile when someone takes a picture of me. And I don't like smiling dancers. I like ballet and there is some strange smile-mythology among most ballet dancers.

However, I do like people who smile in real life, particularly women. I find that there is something very appealing about it. In *Man's Fate* by Malraux, one of the characters explained that a smiling woman is inviting, sexually.

Penthouse: What about a woman who laughs easily?

Polanski: Well, that's different. A laugh may indicate humor, and humor is something directly opposite to sexuality. I mean, you can't laugh and come at the same time. Not easily.

To understand what type of woman appeals to me, you must understand what kind of man I am. In general, I would divide men into two groups. The first group feels a kind of anger at women, an anger at their charm and seductiveness and at their being so sexy and yet so inaccessible. This is especially true of a man who has no easy ac-

"Women's lib is a passing fashion. Whatever women do, they remain female."

cess to women because of his physical appearance or character or for other reasons. A man who has been constantly teased by today's advertising, by the photographs of provocative women, by the waitresses who brush against him. I suspect that such a man prefers women without a smile. Such a man has naturally hostile attitudes. He doesn't want them smiling because he is on a vendetta. He wants to hit them . . . beat them . . . fuck them.

Then there's the other kind of man, for whom access to women is easy. He doesn't want conflict. He's not necessarily turned on by it. It's not the sensual struggle that seduces him, but rather the inviting woman with that smile which says, "Everything is all right. I like you." So maybe I belong to the second group. Although I must admit, as I look back, there was a period when I *was* attracted to bitches.

Penthouse: What makes a woman bitchy?

Polanski: I think that Bardot was pretty bitchy. Remember? Her whole attitude, her look, her mouth. A certain aggressiveness there. That constant teasing. Miss Cockteaser. I think Maria Schneider, in *The Last Tango*, was a bitch. Understand, I'm talking about these people on the screen and not in real life.

Penthouse: Do intellectual women have any appeal for you?

Polanski: No, intellectual women are rarely physically attractive. I think if a woman is physically attractive it is such a strong part of her personality that she will find it difficult to become intellectual. If you are born attractive and grow up attractive, you realize it. You see it in the mirror and hear it all around you. I think that with this kind of woman the physical appeal is so strong that it takes over their personality, just as an athletic man rarely becomes intellectual because he has other things going for him.

So, since I love beautiful women I very seldom find intellectual women beautiful. It would be wrong to say there are no attractive intellectual women, but we're talking about the average.

Penthouse: What about modern woman's desire to be liberated?

Polanski: Well, I feel it's one of the passing fashions. Whatever women do, they remain female. And thus they have a different character than men have. And they'll be better fitted for certain activities than men are, and vice versa.

Whatever we do there will always be women —and not men—giving birth to children. They have to ask themselves the important questions: whether they want to have a family or not and whether they want to continue in the way that life on earth evolved.

Penthouse: What about marriage and divorce?

Polanski: I think that divorce is concerned with some kind of artificial bond between the couple. There are societies in which the idea of signing papers in order to be together does not exist. There is such a thing as love, and that's an important thing in human life because that's what binds a couple. And although it's not something which lasts forever, it usually lasts long enough for a child to grow to an age when he doesn't need so much attention. Obviously love wasn't something that was invented a couple of hundred years ago. It existed for millions of years and it was important in the life of the animal we call human.

Regardless of whether people get married or whether divorce is easy or not you will always

"I don't make films about admirable people."

have couples living together. Whether you look at the United States or the Soviet Union or China there are couples who live together and have children. And their roles and duties are divided between them. So marriage and divorce are just terms for what is going to happen anyway.

Penthouse: Is there a difference in intelligence between men and women?

Polanski: It would be foolish to say there is no difference. It would be as foolish as saying that they're physically identical.

Penthouse: Do you mean in *intelligence*, or simply in *ways* of perceiving and evaluating life?

Polanski: I mean their intelligence is of a different order. It's been proven in IQ tests, which are so popular in the United States, that the score is more or less the same for men and women. But they achieve their scores by different means. Women are better in verbal tests and men are better in spatial-visual tests. Doesn't that mean something? Doesn't that mean that male minds operate differently than females'?

Penthouse: Do you have any enemies?

Polanski: Marty Ranshohoff [Laughs].

Penthouse: He produced your film *The Fearless Vampire Killers*?

Polanski: Yes. That was one of the most disgraceful experiences I ever went through, as far as my profession is concerned, my creative life. After I finished *Vampire Killers*, he took it away from me and cut twenty minutes out of it and redubbed it and changed the music. When he was through no one could understand it anymore. So he added a little cartoon to explain what the film was about. And that's how the film was presented in America. Luckily, my version prevailed in other countries. It's still playing in Europe, while the American version, as you know, was a total disaster.

Until that time, all my films had been made as I wanted them to be, and if they were not more successful, financially, it was still important for me to be able to do exactly what I wanted to do. I often gave up a lot to retain my integrity. And suddenly, I found I had made a film which had been butchered. That really gives you the feeling of having a Thalidomide child—because that film exists and people go to see it and you can do nothing about it and they think it's yours. You're not even allowed to withdraw your name, because that's in the contract.

Penthouse: Can you accept any weaknesses in your work?

Polanski: No, but even if you don't accept them, you have them sometimes. Weaknesses are somehow more forgiveable in a feature film than in a short film. A short film needs tremendously rigorous and strict composition. That's why there are so few good short films made, although hundreds are produced every year in every country—less in America, by the way, than in European countries.

Penthouse: What makes the short film so tough to make?

Polanski: Well, if you miss a scene or a shot in a short film, you can't be forgiven. It's the same as writing a short story. A longer format is just more tolerant, you see. You have enough material to cover up for certain things. Let's say that 80 percent right would be acceptable in a feature film. But in a short form you have to be almost 100 percent right.

Penthouse: How did you come to make *Chinatown*, your newest film?

Polanski: Paramount acquired the rights to it and about a year ago Bob Evans, a vice-president at Paramount, called me and I came to Los Angeles and read the first draft. It had been written specifically for Jack Nicholson and I have always wanted to make a movie with him. So I decided I'd do it and I worked with Bob Townes for two months rewriting it. It was his original script. Already, at that stage, a picture of Faye Dunaway formed itself in my brain, and I was absolutely positive she was the only person who could play the role.

Penthouse: What was it like working with Jack Nicholson?

Polanski: Jack is the easiest person to work with that I have come across in my whole career. First of all, he's tremendously professional, and secondly, it's very easy for him to do anything you ask. I think he spoils the director, and the writer, because any lines you give him sound right even if they're awkward or badly written. When he says something, it sounds authentic. He never asks you to change anything. Every other actor I've worked with has said, at some time, "Can I change this?" or "Can I take this out?" But that never happens with Jack. It's amazing, really.

Penthouse: What about Faye Dunaway?

Polanski: With her it was just the opposite. I mean she's hung-up. She's the most *difficult* person I've worked with. She's undisciplined, although she works hard. She prepares herself for ages—in fact, too much. She's tremendously neurotic. Unflexible. She argues about motivations. She's often late and so on. But then, when you see the final results, you tend to forget all the trouble you went through because she is very good indeed. It's just a price you have to pay for it.

Penthouse: How did Jack and Faye get along?

Polanski: Oh, they get along very well. They're great friends. So were Faye and I before we started the picture. And we are *now*. But throughout the production it was fire and water.

Penthouse: Does *Chinatown* represent a departure for you in either theme or treatment?

Polanski: Every film I make represents a departure for me. You see, it takes so long to make a film. By the time you get to the next one you're already a different man. You've grown up by one or two years.

Chinatown is a thriller and the story line is *very important*. There is a lot of dialogue. But I missed some opportunity for visual inventiveness. I felt sometimes as if I were doing some kind of TV show. I thought I had always been an able, inventive, creative director and there I was putting two people at a table and letting them talk. When I tried to make it look original I saw it start to become pretentious. So I concentrated on the performances and kept an ordinary look.

Penthouse: Isn't that better than having the audience acutely aware of the camera, like a thumb in their eye?

Polanski: Yes, but I don't think that's ever happened to me. Only when your camera makes them nauseous do the critics say, "His nervous camera moved relentlessly throughout the entire sequence" and so on. I've read those criticisms of some pictures. It's the same thing with writers. Sometimes a great stylist writes so smoothly that you're not aware of what you're swallowing.

Penthouse: You once said that "directing is like drawing with your eyes closed"——

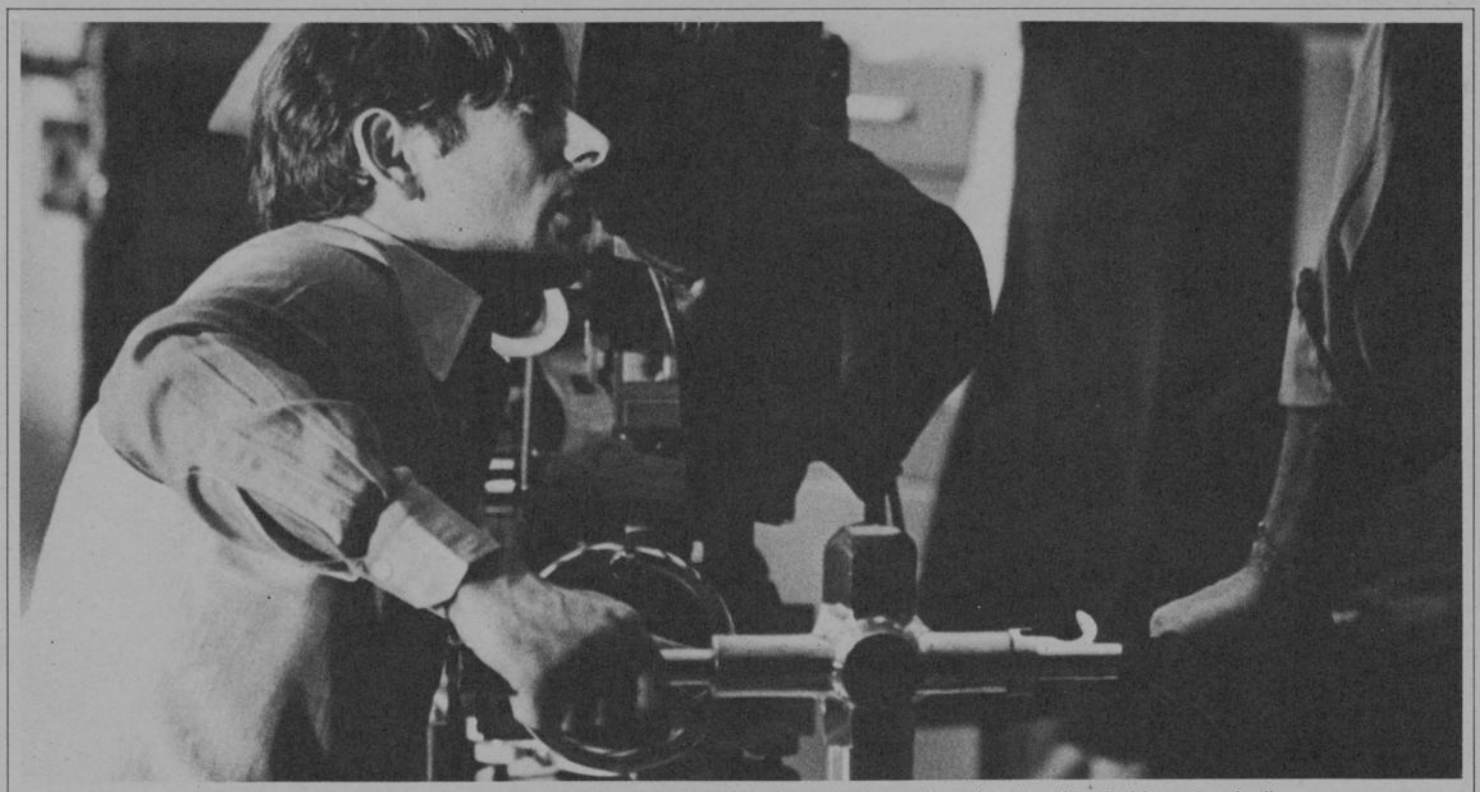
Polanski: I said that?

Penthouse: Maybe not. But you were quoted as saying it.

Polanski: It's very possible. I don't remember. But it certainly sounds very intelligent and I'm surprised I said it.

Penthouse: It was tied into a comment that the audience sees the whole picture, but the director never can.

Polanski: Oh, that's true. When you say it in that context, I understand what I must have been talking about. When you make a picture, you make little segments of it at a time. When you write a



"I would rather that the audience miss something at the first viewing rather than be offended by vulgarity."

"Jack Nicholson is the easiest person to work with that I have ever come across."

script, it's a similar situation. You then see portions of it in your daily screening. By the time you start putting it together you know these portions so well that you don't see the entire thread anymore. By the time the film is finished you can only have an instinct about it because you literally don't see the whole film anymore. Your attention is diverted by all kinds of trivia within the film. I sometimes run the picture after I finish it and when the screening is over I have the impression that there was a scene or two missing and I have to ask someone, "Was that scene in the film?" because I don't remember seeing it. But after a few years you are able to see it again with a fresher eye, because you tend to forget the details and you can view it as an entire piece for the first time.

Penthouse: Have you ever gotten used to how much an audience will miss when they first see a film?

Polanski: Oh, yes. They miss a lot. It depends also on the depth of the film and how subtle the things are which the director tried to get across.

Penthouse: Does this tend to make you wary of subtlety?

Polanski: No. I prefer to be subtle rather than to be obvious. I would rather that the audience miss something at the first viewing rather than be offended by the vulgarity.

Penthouse: You often repeat something for comic effect, but you never come back a third time. In your film *What?* a man picks up an object and it falls apart in his hand. A little while later he picks up something else, which breaks. And that's it.

Polanski: This is a law I learned when I was an actor. If you repeat something, you don't come back and repeat it again. If you do it a third time, there has to be a payoff. Two seems a lot, already. Let's say, for example, that someone leaves the room and says, "Okay, see you tomorrow," and then he suddenly comes back and says, "And don't be late." If he returns a third time, something more must happen. He probably has to stay and not leave at all.

Penthouse: Who are the people you have never met but you wish you knew?

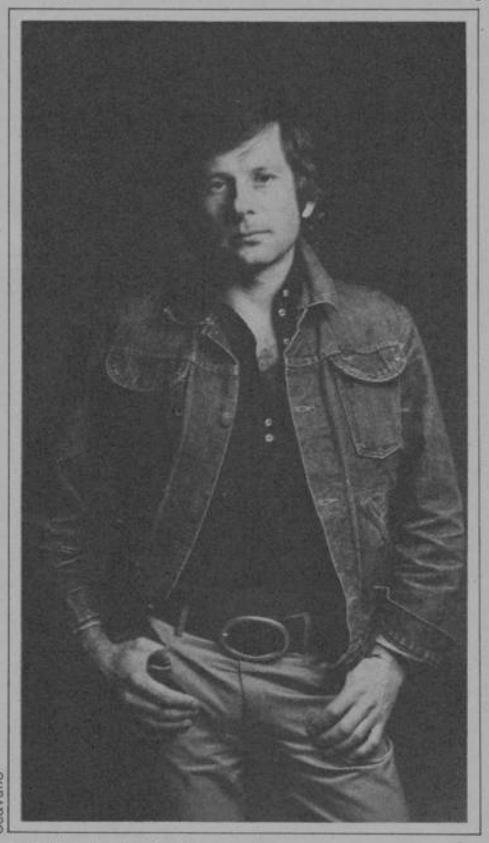
Polanski: Well, I would like to know everybody who has achieved something in life. If I were a girl, I would be a star-fucker. I like meeting stars. I think there's always a reason for someone being a star. I also like meeting great athletes and philosophers. I can never forgive myself that I didn't manage to meet Bertrand Russell. He was my hero for years and I always hoped that I would meet him. Somehow, I didn't think that man was going to die.

Penthouse: What about fictional people you've created? Would you like to meet any of them in real life?

Polanski: Let's see, people from films . . . characters . . . well, I'm afraid only the professor from *Vampire Killers*. Unfortunately, I don't make films about admirable people. Probably weakness gives you more material for description.

Penthouse: More than strength?

Polanski: Well, it depends what sort of strength. For instance, nowadays it's difficult to write a profile in a magazine about someone who is wonderful. You try to look for his faults in order to have it published. In a similar manner, you make films about someone you identify with because of his or her vulnerability or because the character irritates you due to his weaknesses. I think it's boring



Scavullo

to talk about Mr. Wonderful.

Penthouse: Is stamina more important than talent in show business?

Polanski: I'm afraid so. I really do mean that. There are people around you who try to press their points of view and their interests. You need an incredible amount of strength to survive and to retain your integrity.

Penthouse: Do you have any general rules for handling actors?

Polanski: It depends on the individual actor. Some of them are tremendously sensitive—and even intelligent. Others need this bit of pounding. My first experience, *Knife in the Water*, had to do with three actors. The older man was a theatrical actor with all the mannerisms that theater gives. He had a lot of experience, a lot of discipline. He was a middle-aged ham. He was a wonderful man, a great friend, but that's the way I have to describe him. The other was a young graduate of an acting school who had all his trembling fears and doubts, and also a different sort of mannerism that acting school gives you. He was hypersensitive. The girl was an amateur who never did anything before. She was found in a public swimming pool, totally dumb, absolutely insensitive, very sensual *looking* and quite intelligent *looking*. Unfortunately, it was only in appearance. I had to deal in three different ways with these three individuals. To the man, I could explain certain things and rehearse a lot and ask him to repeat certain motions or attitudes I would show him. With the boy I would just have to suggest something to him and let him do it himself. With the girl, I had to pound it into her head and insult her in order to get some feeling out of her; and that hardly worked at all. So a performance that really surprised a lot of people was really the result of blood, sweat, and tears.

Penthouse: You have to "play" them to get what you want out of them?

Polanski: Yes, I think so. But sometimes you don't have to do anything but just leave them alone. For example, Mia Farrow, in *Rosemary's Baby*. After a few days she said, "You don't like me." And I said, "Why?" And she said, "Because you never say anything." Well, I didn't say anything because everything was all right.

Penthouse: Many famous directors seem to feel that actors should be treated as if they were at best, animals, and at worst, children.

Polanski: Well, what kind of animals? I used to give my actors bananas in the morning and they liked them very much. I had my prop man bring them in. After a while, whenever they didn't get their bananas, they became very upset.

Penthouse: Do you think actors and directors should comment on politics?

Polanski: I think everyone who wants to should comment. Unfortunately it has become very fashionable for actors to get mixed up with politics. That proves my belief that only dumb people go into politics. What knowledge does an actor have of how to govern today's society? Just think of it! If an actor can become governor, maybe president, that really means that you don't need any particular knowledge. You just need popularity. It's tragic. To become a head of a hospital, of a factory, or a power plant, to run an ocean liner or an airplane—to run any of these institutions or machines you need tremendous knowledge. But to run a country you need nothing but money and popularity? That's pretty depressing.

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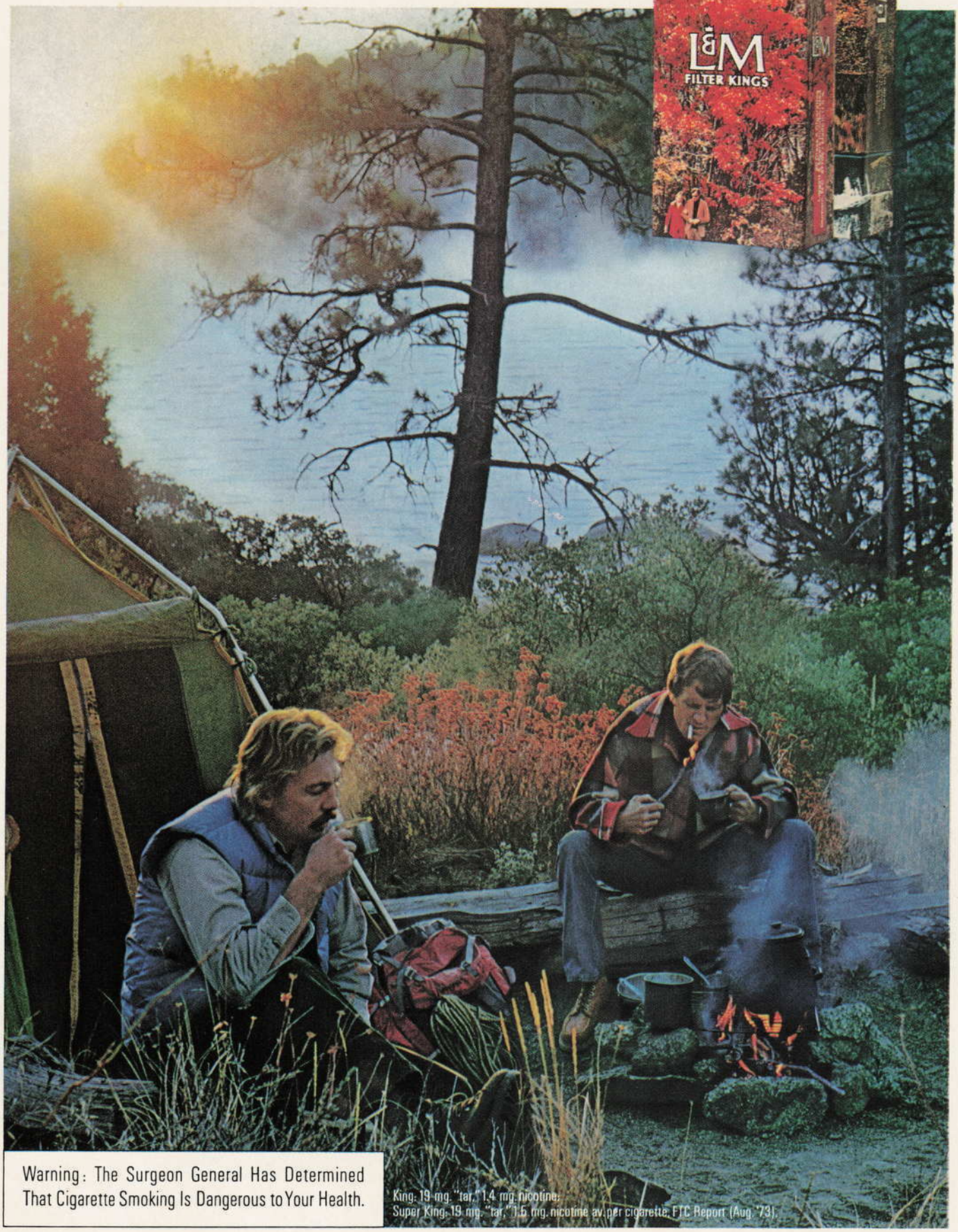

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THE SYSTEM HAS FAILED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

This is not the sort of dependence that is ordinarily found in a community, the *inter*dependence of neighbors. The sort of dependence reflected by the rise of the administrators is the dependence of someone lower on someone higher, the top-down dependence so richly reflected in Lyndon Johnson's memorable statement that the people "are like children," depending upon a strong president to show them the way, or in Richard Nixon's similar statement that people are "like the children in a family" with, naturally, the president as the father.

President Nixon's remark is the more interesting because it is the more ironic. Nixon, it may be recalled, before the many revelations of his own leechlike attachment to the welfare payments of wealthy friends, spoke a mighty rhetoric of independence and self-reliance. There was even a time when his famous remark about the children in the family was interpreted by staunch conservative supporters as meaning that children *should* be given responsibility, the children in this case being the citizens generally. But there is a significant difference that did not seem to occur to the president-father. Children, being in many instances totally dependent upon grown-ups (not even the most fanatic permissivist has yet shown how an infant can feed itself), may indeed be "given" responsibility. As Nixon could have been saying, children do respond to being given responsibility, with many of them discharging it admirably. Citizens, on the other hand, "have" responsibility. It takes a very special reading of politics to say that someone, particularly a specific someone such as the president, can "give" them responsibility, as Richard Nixon seemed to be saying he wanted to.

What presidents have been mainly doing throughout the 20th century is something altogether different. They have been, without exception, involved in a very rapid process of *taking away* the responsibilities and civic space that citizens once had as an automatic condition of their citizenship.

But the president is only the most visible thief of those rights. Actually, the entire political process has been involved. Just as in the productive process, the political process not only has been arranged increasingly as a pyramid, but has been made more compartmentalized as well.

The most common experience people have today with bureaucrats is that they cannot, try as they might, find anyone who is responsible. The buck is always passing, the phone is always on hold, the proper form is always in some other message tray.

At the rhetorical level, of course, it is altogether different. Politicians boast that they are, in fact, responsible for everything! Feast, famine, health and sickness, safety and peril, fire and flood, all are said to be caused by or prevented by political decision or, more exactly, specific political personalities.

From this has arisen a confusion or contradiction, which is widely felt, if not widely discussed.

On the one hand there is the undoubted success of years of general indoctrination of the belief that "the people up there" are the people who make everything, good or bad, happen. This has created, for most of us, the unbeatable, inexorable "system" that is said to be absolutely necessary overall, no matter how debatable in any particular instance. The system, it is said, can be made to work better, but it can't be changed. Without it, nothing would work.

On the other hand there is this obvious and increasingly overpowering fact: *Nothing is working!*

The claimed efficiencies of scale, the conventional wisdom that says that bigger

is better and that someone has to run things, are crumbling in failure after failure.

We might look at it this way: the tendency throughout this century has been to concentrate more power in fewer hands. In the political area this has led directly to today's almost universal disillusionment with politicians and the political process. Also, the boasted political schemes that were supposed to make bigger cities better, that even encouraged megalopolitan combines of governments, have resulted in big cities that are falling apart. In the industrial field, the largest of all corporations, General Motors, distinguished itself recently by having to recall just about as many vehicles as it built. Also, the technologically backward, foot-dragging nature of the largest manufacturing units—steel and autos, for instance—is well known throughout the public. People have come to expect that the bigger the corporation, the more unimaginatively unchanging will be its products and processes. Small companies have become the innovators (after which they are gobbled up by the dim-witted giants).

Only in crime has centralization of power seemed to have worked well. It achieves its stated purpose—the aggrandizement of the fortunes of the people at the top. And that's just it: centralized crime is seen as a success because its purpose is well understood, a rip-off of the many for the benefit of a very few. If that purpose, and only that purpose, is seen to be the goal of politics and industry, then central control there is successful also. But if the goal is the benefit of the many, and particularly the benefit of the people who actually do the work, then centralized power in both politics and industry can only be viewed as a failure.

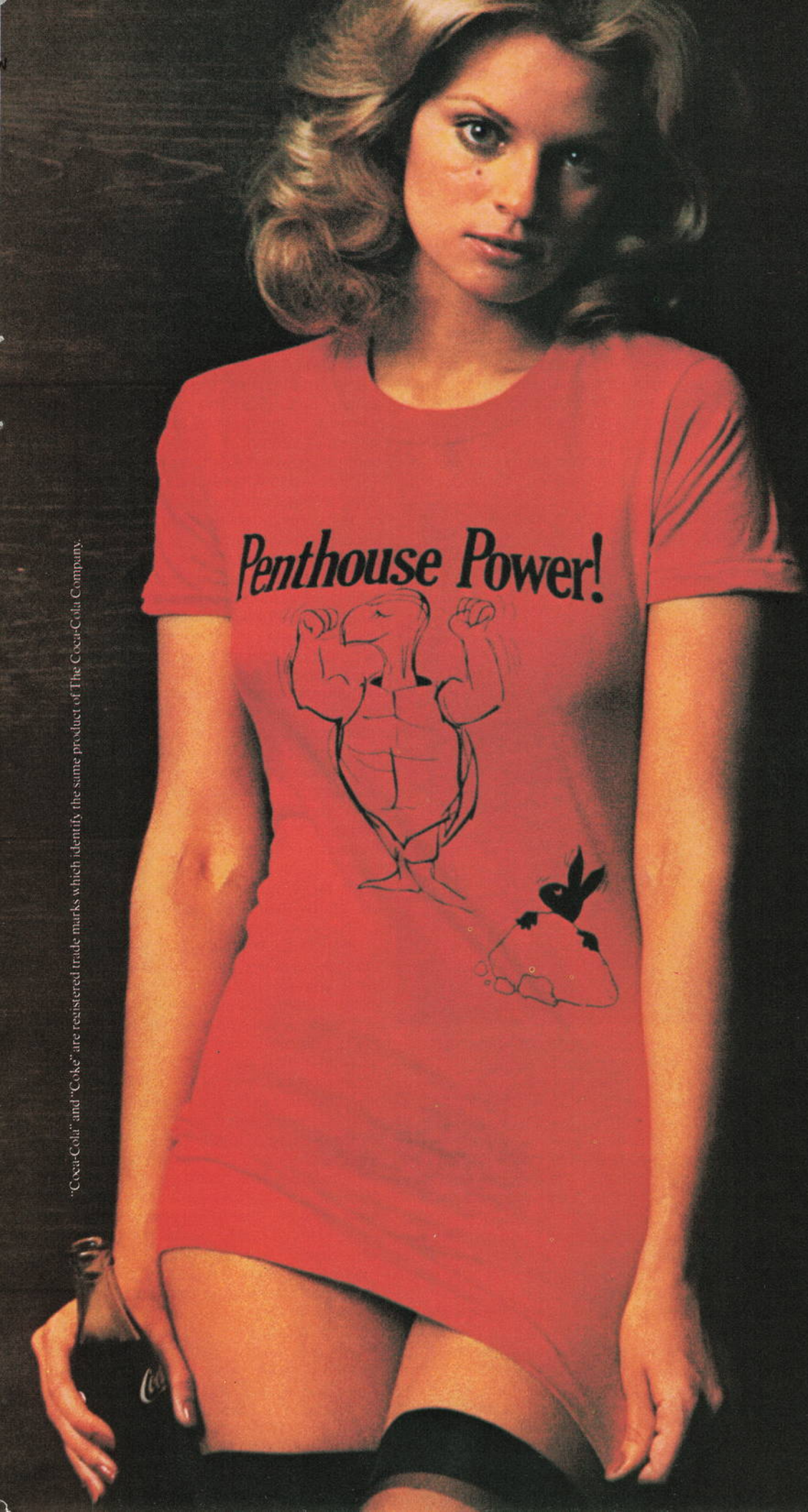
So powerful has been the presidential sort of top-down, big-is-better thinking, that the collapse of the big institutions might well leave many people simply confused and paralyzed, rather than energized to do the commonsense thing, which would be to replace the failed "bigs" with vital "smalls"—small neighborhoods, small manufacturing, small towns, small businesses, small farms.

Nowhere is the virtue of small-scale operations more evident than at the level of the supposedly most complicated manufacturing processes—that of electronics and computers. The production facilities that have dominated the growth of both of these areas have been characteristically small and easily decentralized. And everywhere within these fields there is a dynamic characteristic of all modern technology—a dynamic of *growth* toward *smallness*. The transistor is a cleancut, simple gem of an invention compared to the cumbersome vacuum tube. To make it requires a lot of skill and knowledge but not a lot of space or even as many materials as does the vacuum tube.

Computers have been growing smaller every year. And they have been internally decentralizing as engineers discover that self-reliant parts or processes in the computer are better than reliance on central, massive systems.

This leads us to a question of incalculable significance: What is the purpose of production? The purpose of production so far, both here and in the socialist nations such as the Soviet Union, has been to advance the power of the people in charge. American capitalists say repeatedly that they are in business to make money. The products they build to make that money are secondary. They switch, change, cheapen, elaborate, chrome, bejewel, scent, or sometimes even improve those products for one purpose: to make more money. Markets are created, as opposed to meeting real needs. And is the making of money, as some glibly say, a purpose that benefits us all?

The plain statistics say otherwise. The major benefits from the money made in industry are distributed upward, not downward. The share of wealth held by the upper



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fifth of the population has been increasing over the years. The share of the lower fifth has been declining. The middle has stood virtually still. But even more significantly, the ownership of industry itself has been moving steadily into the hands of fewer people. Today, almost 90 percent of the common stock of American industry, the controlling stock, is held by less than 2 percent of the population. So the purpose of industry is to serve less than 2 percent of the population.

The situation is similar under centralized state socialism. The purpose of production is to consolidate or advance state power. The state, in turn, is the bureaucracy of the leaders. It is not something intangible and abstract; it is, rather, the organizational reflection of the concrete interests of the people who hold and wield power.

The so-called New Left rebellion that keeps cropping up across the world—massively in such rumblings as in China, poignantly as in the case of the radical peasants and workers who considered the Marxist Salvador Allende to be a middle-of-the-roader, hesitantly as in the case of American rank-and-file worker groups who seek not higher wages but an end to the wage system itself and the institution of a shared, cooperative economy—all of this truly radical talk is centered on the question of the purpose of production. The radicals say that the purpose should be to enhance human life generally. Old-line leftists and capitalists say something quite different. They say that the purpose of production is "progress" (growth of capital accumulations) or "progressiveness" (growth of state power).

If the answer to the purpose of production is enhancement of human life—its quality, not just its quantity—then it could be argued that a beehive or an ant-heap is no place to achieve it.

Both the hive and the heap have as their purpose the sheer survival of the group. They are fine for bees and ants, apparently. Some people even feel they would be fine for humans, as in the visions of such men as B. F. Skinner, with his world in which every human would fill a socially rigid niche, do a certain thing, get his kicks from being a useful cog in a machine, abandon any notion of separate personality, and grin his or her way to the grave.

Others make the point that human beings are different from ants and bees and that nature itself, far from establishing a repetitious sameness among natural species, deals in infinite variety and change.

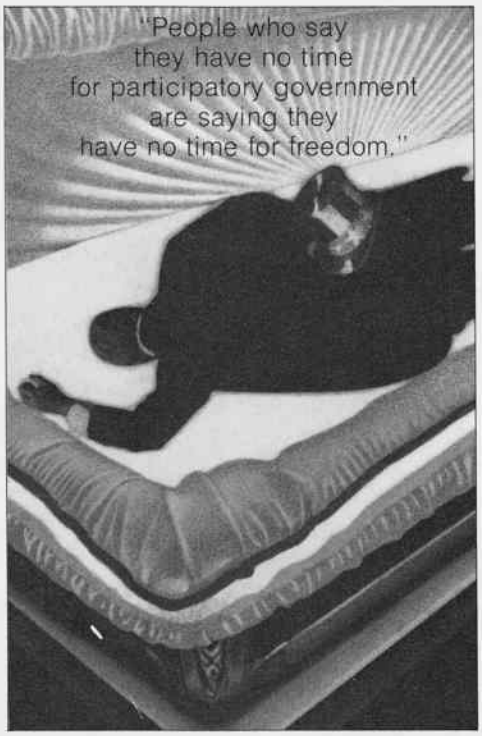
What nature does not deal in is universal hierarchy. Inside the hive there is a static and rigid structure. But throughout nature there is infinite variety, experimentation and, ultimately, absolute equality, with the death of Peruvian anchovies being every bit as critical as the deaths of great human leaders.

Humans have the added diversity of personality and individual senses of themselves, their place in the world, of work, love, pleasure, pain, discovery, excitement—of everything. Humans are not better. They are different. To tie human diversity to the plans of any tiny group of humans within the species seems to run counter to the sort of common sense people display in ordinary life.

Yet, culturally and politically, people have been giving up their good common sense over the centuries and agreeing to let their lives be totally dominated, even defined, by the desire of very few people indeed.

Should they? Need they?

This brings us back to the president of the United States. No matter what the Constitution says about the president being merely the chief executive or administrator of the government, the president actually is a king. Most Americans fully understand this. Senator Hugh Scott has called the impeachment of the president "regicide," the killing of a king. Some, those who call themselves the silent majority, say that, in effect, they want the president to be a king, to have absolute power and not be subject to restrictions. Many of them feel this way about the police. Many also feel this way about millionaires. Any restrictions against the president, the police, or the millionaires would mean turning things over to—whom? The silent majority says that it would mean turning things over to a mob. Such people seem to feel that the natural order of things is for a few powerful people to run things. That's just the way things are, they seem to be saying. That's just the way things always have been.



This argument is so weak as to warrant instant dismissal. Humans could not fly until this century. The fact that they never had didn't mean they never would. Most people died in their thirties not so long ago.

All well and good, the power worshipers might say, but the rule of a few hasn't changed.

Not so. Frontier America was amazingly decentralized. The power of the central government was on a short leash indeed. Local tyrannies did develop, of course, and the difference between a little king in a little town and a big king isn't much to the people directly affected—except . . . except that the smaller the realm of the tyrant, the easier to escape it, the less capable the tyrant is of branching out, the more he is liable to be overthrown. But along with the local tyrannies that did develop in frontier America, there also developed a form of social organization that abolished the king altogether, and installed the people as masters of their own lives. The form was the town meeting, government by assembly, by consensus—the neighborhood as the center of political power rather than the nation.

There is a familiar and supposedly liberal argument that attacks early American ideas of decentralization by claiming that under such ideas the Indians were slaughtered and the blacks oppressed. The argument is weird. In the first few years of the Republic, with decentralized power more the rule, there were striking détentes with and respect for Indian territories and culture. The systematic oppression of blacks also was the product of a later era. In the colonial, decentralist era, but not in the later federal era, there was far more cultural and racial tolerance. Southern lynch law grew from southern, centralized *political* power in which wealthy, slave-owning landlords, in particular, were specifically protected and even abetted in their abuses by state and county governments and law. And the Indians, of course, were finally subjected to genocidal slaughter and oppression, not by some raggedy bunch of cowboys and farmers but by that most centralized of nation-state agencies, the army.

There is, as a matter of fact, little evidence that central power has in the long run served the purposes of liberation for anyone. Even in the case of today's blacks, supposedly liberated by the various Civil Rights Acts, there is ample evidence to support a revised view in which it was the local efforts of blacks themselves that turned the rhetoric of liberation into at least a beginning of hope.

Those who claim today that there must be leaders—single, totally powerful leaders—are the ones who are making a radical departure from the American revolutionary tradition. Yet the people whom the police most actively chase *as revolutionaries* are those people who favor self-reliance and who most resist or even attack the power of the central controllers. Example: the FBI is the police of the nation-state and the federal government. It has become, as a matter of fact, the president's own police force. It is, as such, a radical distortion of American tradition. Yet while posing as a defender of American values, it systematically harasses people who are working for political freedoms. Recent revelations, of course, show this harassment to be quite deliberate and

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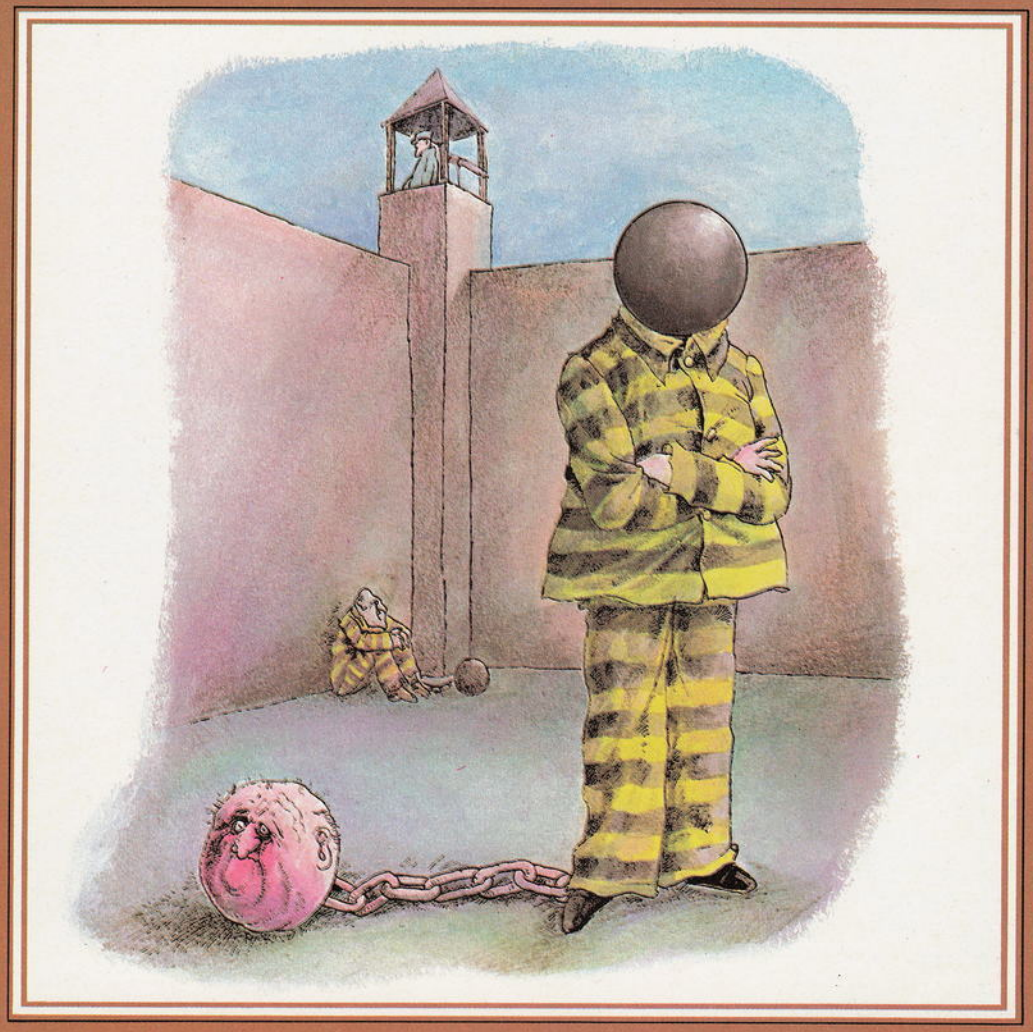
CON GAMES

Humor by Tony Escott



In this cartoon survey, Penthouse examines the penal system and finds that whiling away the hours behind bars has its own special and sometimes humorous occupational hazards.

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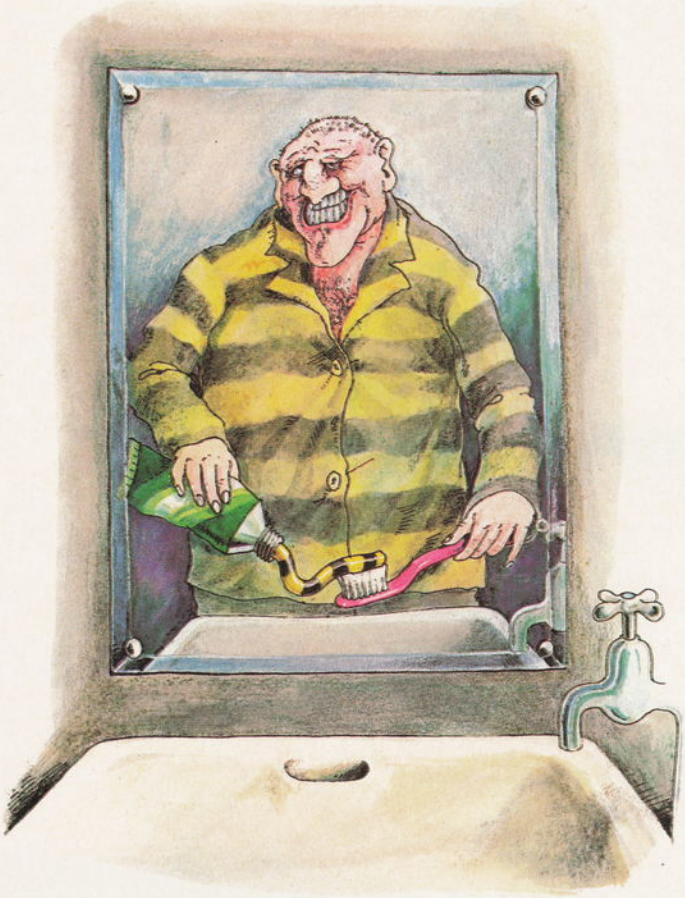
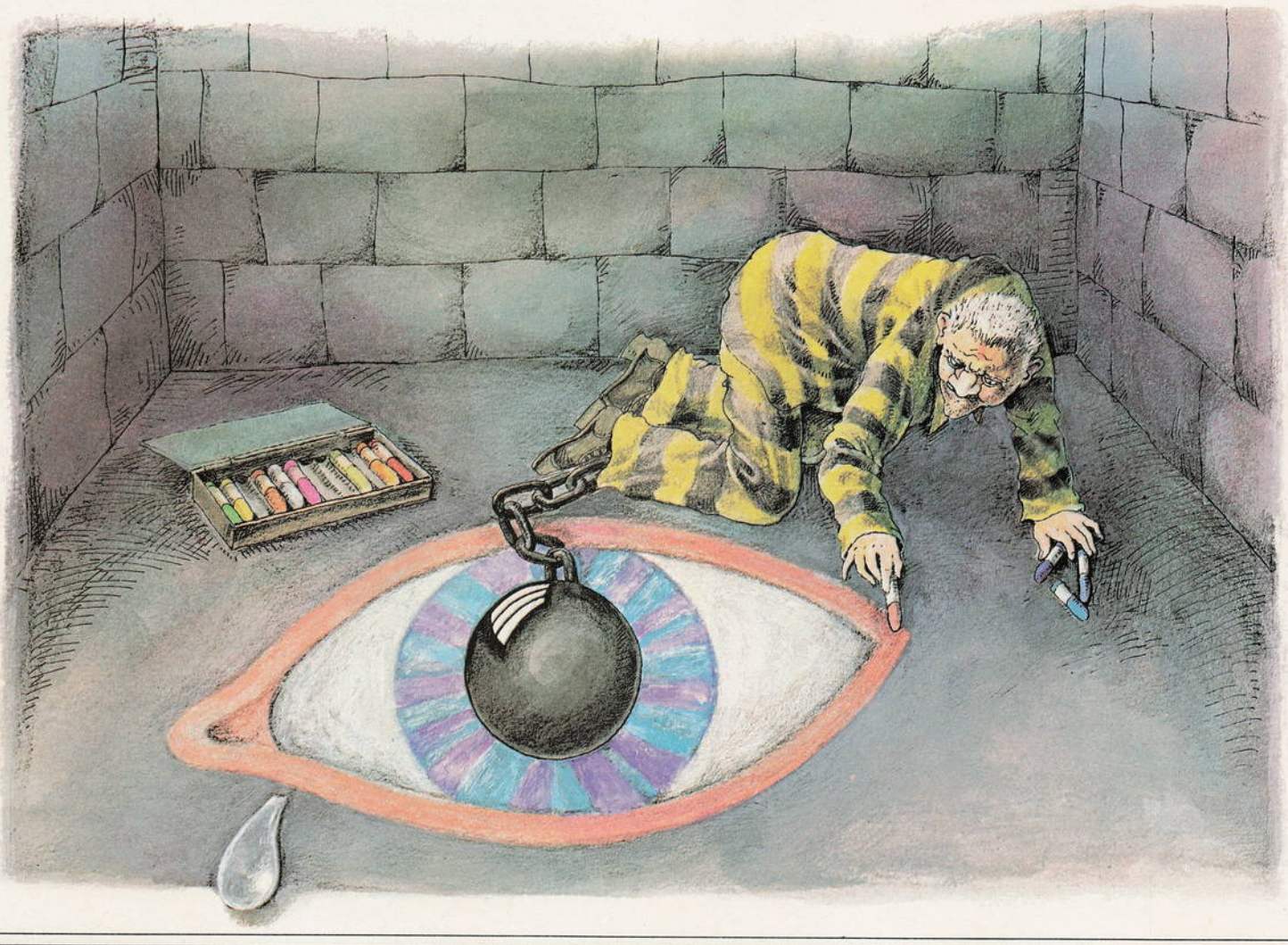
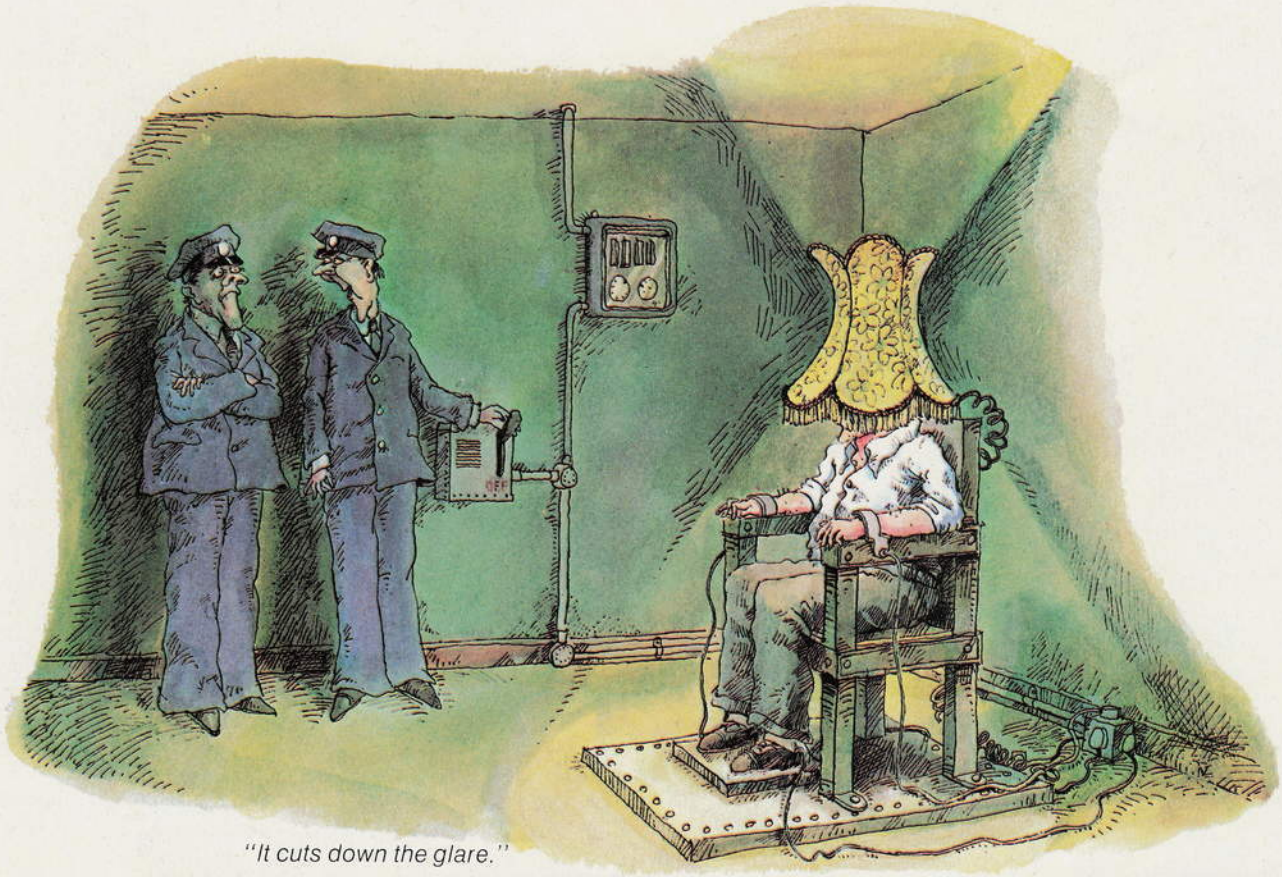






"It cuts down the glare."

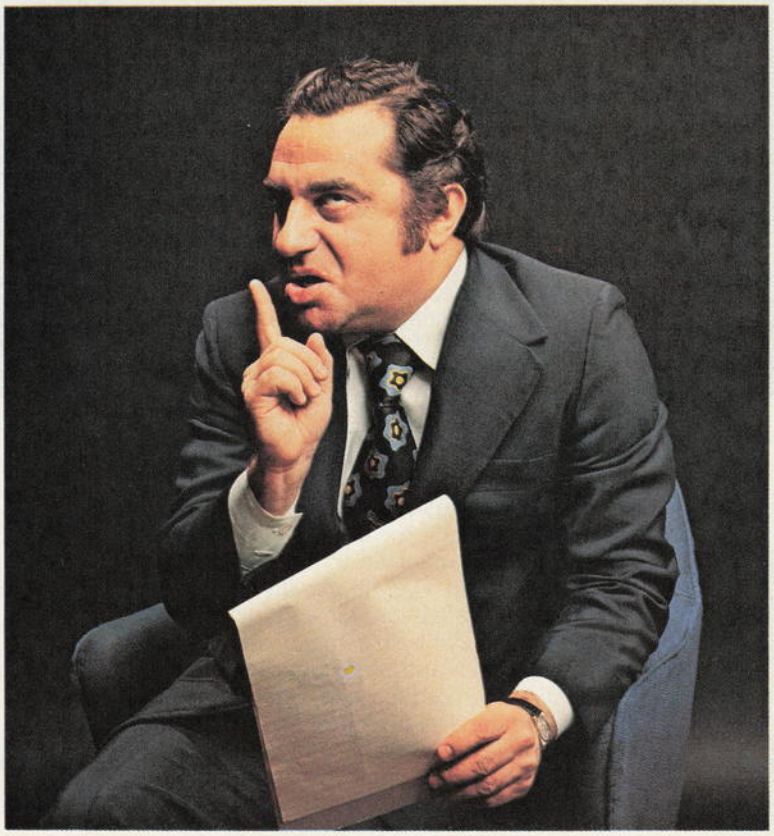
IMITATION OF LIFE

IS RICHARD NIXON A VICTIM OF THE OUTRAGEOUS FANTASIES OF ARCH-IMPERSONATOR DAVID FRYE?

By PETER TAUBER

There is a grim irony to it all. David Frye never did make the "Enemies List." And in a recent poll, seven out of ten Plumbers didn't even know who he was. But come the Revolution, some Jacobin tribunal of retribution may drag him to the bar as a war profiteer, for his fortune is nearly a function of public misery. If you count ITT not as a corporation but as an idea in the mind of God, then the only stock which has risen steadily in the last five years—come Nineveh, Tyre, dishonorable war, or scandalous peace—has been David Frye Futures. But right now, David Frye looks worried.

Frye, as just about everyone in the whole Free World (and certain Iron Curtain countries where Merv Griffin is televised) knows, is the superb impressionist-cum-satirist whose *trompe l'œil* and *coup de maître* is an uncanny rendition of Him. (Referred to on the "IRS Hot-Hundred" sheet as: Nixon, R.M.; President, America, United States of.) With the lights off, Frye could probably even fool Pat. (Who knows? It's for sure *Tricia* doesn't look like Dick.) But the lights are on and David Frye is just being himself to a nightclub audience, glaring at them with the baleful look one imagines Nixon himself wore when one of those crew-cut clowns first whispered in the presidential ear, "John Dean's gonna sing, boss!"



Photographs by Carl Fischer

And what worries David Frye? He confides his nightmare to the audience: "If *he* goes, *I* go—and Rich Little becomes President." It's a throwaway opening line, but there is, like the rest of Frye's brilliant satire, more than a little truth to it. (Rich Little's look is moony and benign, a talented Caspar-the-Ghost who does a heavy "Hollywood Squares" scene. Little could pass for Jerry Ford like that!)

But Frye uses his dark and suspicious features to aug-

"I am sending into Congress today a prison reform bill which provides a two-bedroom suite with terrace for any wrongdoer who was at one time the highest official in the land."

ment the bite of his material. There is something just a little vicious about his version of Richard Nixon, which may be why Frye's seems so close to the real thing. In fact, David Frye has become so thoroughly identified with Nixon—though no one has yet stood up at a performance and yelled "Impeach the bastard"—that no less a parodist than Philip Roth, in his literary impression of Nixon, *Our Gang*, used Frye's cachet line, "I am The President. Make no mistake about that," as if it were a real Nixon quote.

The difficulty in discussing an impressionist's work is that an impression of an impressionist is like a mirror of a mirror. Since Frye deals largely in public celebrities, no small part of whose fame comes from creating a constant caricature of themselves, Frye's image is an image of yet another image. And in the case of self-embodied parodies—like some recent presidents—the image becomes more and more the reality we remember. Thus, it may be that future history books will record Richard Nixon as a man who looked like a Herblock or David Levine cartoon and who talked like David Frye. Only two authentic Nixon quotes may survive, "Let me make one thing perfectly clear"—for the sheer unintended irony of it—and, "Rose Mary, you take the fall."

Is there anyone who is not enchanted by impressionists? To see someone capture the essence of an Olympian figure, reduce personalities to a walk and a talk—it's like magic without mirrors or tricks. And Frye does them all. He's got the Ed Sullivan, the Jack Benny, and the Richard Burton, the characters in every mimic's bag. But he is first of all a satirist, and so his bag swells with the honchos and bandits and demigods who grace the daily front page. One moment he is doing Henry Fonda hustling "Gee-Yay-Yeff." The next second: a patronizing, condescending diction on the tip of a serpentine forked-tongue, beneath flashing eyes which could only belong to William F. Buckley, Jr. Head tilted back to get that nose in the air, he rattles off a string of Latinate nonsense words which sound like clinical terms for vaginal disorders. And William F. Buckley can never scare you again.

His (ex-)Governor (but still full-Nelson) Rockefeller is a glad-handing, gravel-voiced, just-folks zillionaire who has followed one-too-many knishes with one-too-many egg rolls, followed by one-too-few Bromos—but all Bromides. He rasps: "They say John Lindsay's better-looking than me. You'd look good too if you stood next to crap and garbage all day." Plus an acid-tipped dissection of Rocky's *pro bono publico* good works: "I've just formed a Commission to solve all our national problems. And I'm gonna take the answers and lock 'em in a vault unless you elect me President. 'Cause if you think I'm gonna spend ten million dollars of *my* money so you can drive to Gramma's house on Sunday and not freeze your ass off this winter, just so you can go and vote for Connally—then *screw you*! You can go and *freeze* your ass off!"

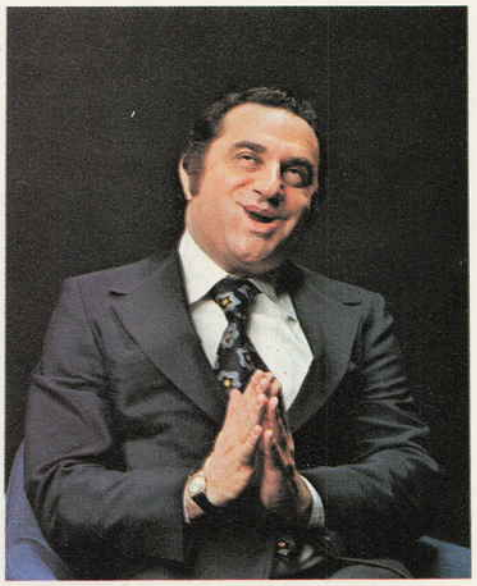
There was once a movie called "I was Monty's Double." The story was about a brilliant actor and mimic, a ringer for Field Marshall Montgomery, and whether he could fool the Germans and help England win the war. Could he learn that special gift of command beneath the Old Boy's face and voice? (I won't tell you the answer but here's a hint: They still speak English in Parliament.) So the question is: can David Frye *become* Nixon? Can he use his genius for nuance and inflection, his satirical carotid to imitate, to symbolize, to somehow reach through words and mannerisms; to touch, ingest, and reproduce what Hannah Arendt calls "the banality of evil"? For the difficulty in doing Nixon is that he's an original. And the key to that originality may be the very radical simplicity of the man. There is no one in public life who is less self-conscious than Nixon, no one who more deeply belies his own pious contradictory inanities.

Under the blue light of the nightclub stage, David Frye delivers Nixon. Like Picasso rendering art as a series of deceptively childlike strokes, or Chaplin's "great dictator" bouncing a global balloon off his ass (more to the point about Hitler than a dozen biographies), Frye becomes Nixon, perhaps more so than Nixon himself.

His face screws up and draws inward, like a black hole collapsing from the weight of its surface paradoxes, crenating, set to explode in a supernova of vapidities so staggering that they are nothing less than brilliant in their conception. We begin to see, in the face of David Frye, the genius that can suspend cause-and-effect long enough to declare the FBI and CIA incompetent for not agreeing that long hair and protest can be traced to Moscow and Peking, while he toasts the health of Chairman Mao and trades the entire American wheat crop to Russia for three Yogi Berra baseball cards. Frye hunches over the microphone in a posture than can only be called a standing lurk. His mouth shuttles between the manic polarities of a frozen grin and a jig's-up gloomy frown. His eyes search the peripheries for betrayal and the clenching grip of undestroyed evidence. His brow sinks to meet his sweaty, quivering lip, as if the face were trying to hide within itself. His mouth opens to speak and his eyes roll up—like Ehrlichman's before the Watergate Committee—committing no perjury in his heart. For he believes the cue-cards behind his eyelids as much as LBJ ever believed his statistics, Humphrey his homilies, Billy Graham his pieties. The mouth hangs unhinged. Is it possible he has no words? He grins. His thinking is transparently available: his thirst for a Numero Uno has been vexatiously quenched. Now he may join that select club with Andrew Johnson as the *only two* Presidents ever. . . .

But that smile! Don't count the man out, yet. There may be one small, slender reed to lean on—the old *ad hominem* appeal, the

"I, of course, accept full responsibility, but not the blame. Let me explain the difference: People who are to blame lose their jobs."



"I was just saying to Pat the other day, 'We don't see enough of the Corleones anymore.'"

one which has served him so well, from Checkers (R.I.P., puppy) to the Silent Majority. Frye speaks from out of that dark and loveless mug and, as if by some subterranean connection, he *is* Nixon himself.

"Is this the face of a wrongdoer?" he asks. And then, the sudden Nixon counter-offensive: "I have decided to stick it out!" (That it is only his tongue is anticlimactic, but still a relief to non-streaking elements of the body politic. Full disclosure has never been his policy.) "I accept full responsibility for Watergate. I accept the responsibility but not the blame. Let me explain the difference. Those who are to blame lose their jobs. Those who are responsible hang on as long as they can.

"They've even accused me of hugging Sammy Davis Jr. Well, let me say this. I've had better.

"They blame me for the recession. But I've got a plan to end it. We're going to have a going-out-of-business sale."

If there were no Richard Nixon, it would have been necessary to invent him just to hear Frye say, "I could have foreseen the energy crisis—but that would have been the *easy* thing to do."

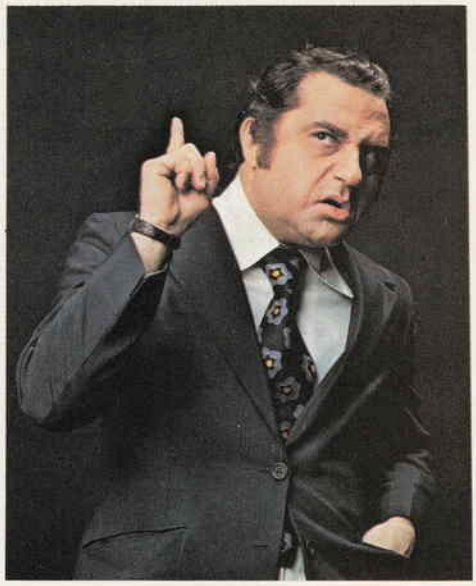
If there is, in fact, a connection between the Frye-Nixon mask, and the Nixon-president *manqué*, it may first appear in their offstage personalities. Frye says, "We're not relaxed people. David Frye is a frightened guy who has a chance to come alive doing these impressions. I'm a very take-charge guy onstage, very confident. I can even handle drunks when I'm on. Offstage I would fall apart. I can hide behind the people I do onstage. Nixon is the same, I think, always wearing different masks in public. He's a very different guy with close intimates."

Masks. The hoary book on impressionists—as well as some politicians—says that they dwell not inside their own heads, but in the many personalities they don. When the superb mimic Frank Gorshin began to do dramatic roles on television, most directors utilized his talents by having him play schizos who had no one home but the Cagneys and Lancasters and Bogarts. But Frye belies that. He devotes himself to collecting modern art for his three homes in New York City, Los Angeles, and Miami Beach. His library indicates that he is a thoughtful student of the politicians and celebrities he satirizes, containing a good selection of recent serious works on politics and culture. In the satirist's work, content is as vital as voices and takes.

One wonders if this impressionist ever desires to doff his masks and just be David Frye—comedian. "Sure, but what gives me a uniqueness is this special talent. No impressionist has ever gotten the laughs, the solid laughs, I get."

He steadfastly insists that his own politics are not represented by his work. "I'm just a whore working both sides of the street. I like to think I'm capable of making fun of, or being funny about, anyone—right or left. It's just a question of who's in power. I used to do Johnson and now I do Nixon." And it's true. As much as he lampoons the over-inflated right, he also goes after the liberals with an elephant gun.

His Hubert Humphrey is a bloviating buffoon with a nonstop tongue, and his Lyndon Johnson is an overbearing but quite wistful man, knee-deep in his own compost. "Lyndon Johnson showed us his gall-bladder scar," he rasps, as a cornpone and brimstone George Wallace. "Thank God it wasn't hemorrhoids. Imagine *that* on a 5¢ stamp. Hubert Humphrey would be there to lick the first stamp." Frye then has Wallace suggest that Teddy Kennedy take Nixon for a drive. His George McGovern is a snaggle-toothed



"Six times
I've turned in my resignation
and six times
I've turned it down."

chipmunk who talks like Liberace. And his stammering, eyebrow-jiggling Uncle Sam Ervin is nothing less than a stroke looking for a place to happen.

And yet . . . sometimes he ends his act with a tribute to fallen leaders (who by some mischance all happen to be liberals)—Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr. It almost seems like an apology for ravishing living politicans, as if to wave the flag and protest that he's not a cynic at heart. But the effect is maudlin, especially since he does Ted Kennedy's eulogy for Robert. And by trying to avoid the twin traps of racial stereo-typing and the fact that his Martin Luther King voice is not readily recognizable, he has Richard Burton reciting lines from the famous "I Have a Dream" speech.

Allowances must be made for genius. And Frye's grasp of the nuances of manner and the music of voices is certainly that. Frye has a special sense—as do his own favorite performers, Peter Sellers and Sid Caesar—for those tiny traits that hint at personality and build a character. His ear is sharpened by hours of listening to tapes and subsequent hours of practice.

His fish-faced, pie-eyed Robert Mitchum is a man trying to find a place to lean or to throw up, and his spastic marionette of Jimmy Cagney somehow makes the swarthy heavy-set features of David Frye become a pug-nosed, red-haired Irish bantam's. Frye claims that it is "a psychic thing—a feel—an electricity I sense." But for one character, Nixon, it is something more. "I really think I understand him. We're both neurotic."

In fact, there may be more to Frye's line than a glib reply to a tired question. For great comedians live like great politicians in that every day is a series of hostile confrontations with an audience. Each needs that applause, that stroking. And each can be destroyed by indifference. Each is promiscuous in courting a new crowd with the same inauthentic lines time after time, looking for that precious relief from anxiety. Practicing endlessly to get the magic combination of timing, product, and nearly believable sincerity, just for that small but vital reward: approval. And certainly no one is more a mongerer, a panderer for approval than Nixon.

Similarly, Frye often attacks his audience for not laughing enough. In the middle of a pop-eyed, dimple-cheeked Kirk Douglas routine, Frye pokes his head into the corona of cigar smoke at a ringside table and demands: "I worked for two hours in front of a mirror to get up for you. You better start laughing!" He breaks up, but cues the audience three more times during his superlative Gregory Peck and his Henry Fonda. Soon, like Skinner's pigeons or the Silent Majority, they respond to every beat and twist with the required adoration.

It may be that the similarity between David Frye and Richard Nixon is that shared, unfulfilled need to be accepted, approved, adopted, which is the hallmark of so many performers. (Although, as one political pundit who now enjoys well-earned obscurity said about Nixon's reelection, "All these years he's had this lust for electoral validation of his psyche. So now that he's been reelected, you'd think he'd leave us alone already!")

It is a small but beguiling wonder that David Frye has never been honored with a tax-audit. For he must surely be one of the chief contributors—not counting the entire executive branch's contributions—to the low esteem in which the incumbent is held.

To some extent, then, David Frye works at a dangerous craft. For among the vestigial handful of unindicted Nixon supporters, Frye has less than heroic status. One night a member of Frye's audience walked out

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

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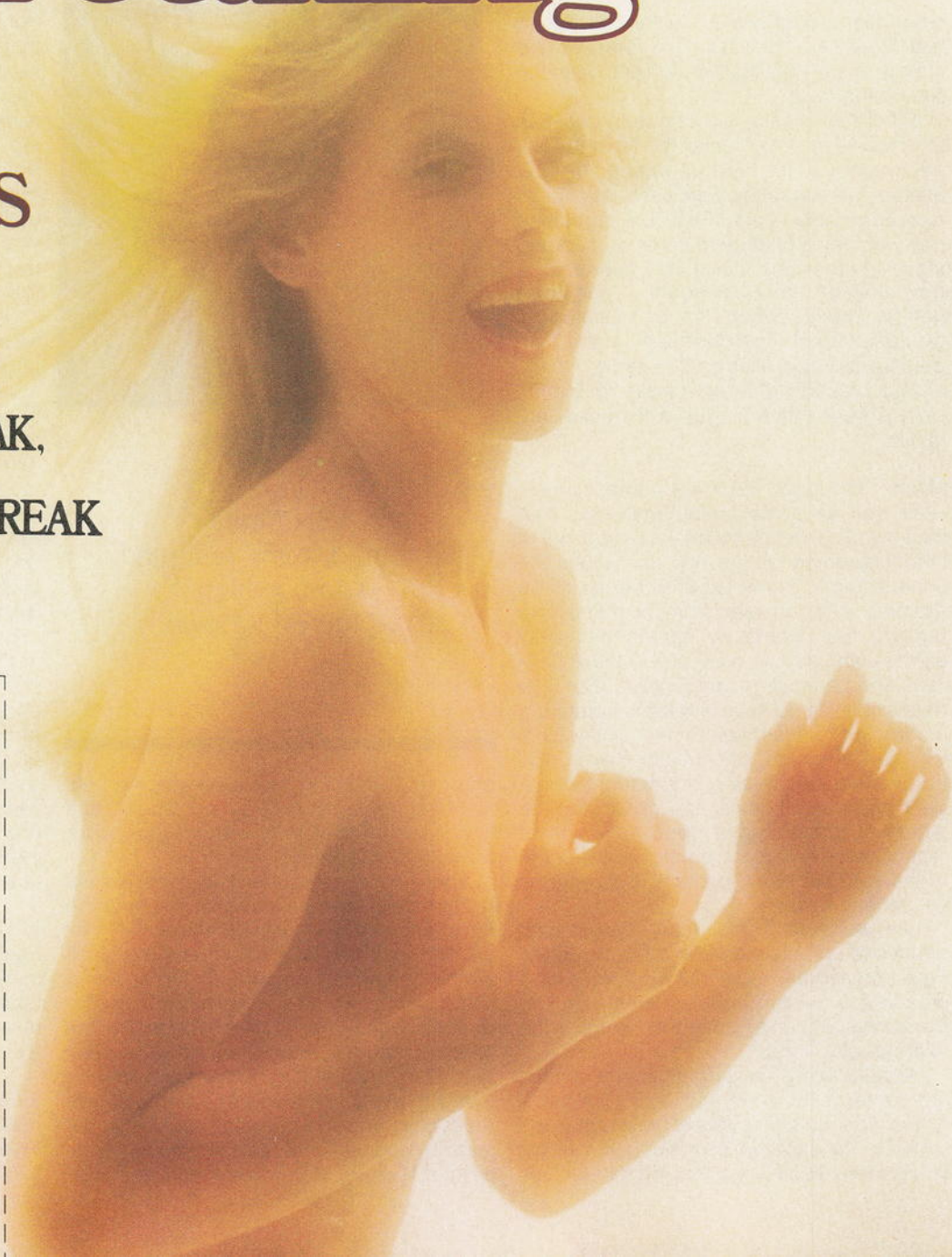

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Confessions of a Wash 'n' Wear Virgin

Daddy says his little girl
should be
very clean and washes me himself.

by Andrea Doris

Terry Pastor

Dear Henry,
The most wonderful thing has happened. I was sitting in that spot you told me about. Men and women passed by, nodding friendlylike. I was surprised, because you always told me that this city was as cold as I am. There was this real pretty-looking man who smiled, but just as he started to wink in my direction his eyelashes fell off. I didn't want any false promises, so I kept my eye peeled for that natural look.

I didn't notice who was sitting next to me until I was patted on the head. You know how Daddy always did that. Without thinking I said, "Yes, I am your little darling."

"That makes me feel very good, honey."

I spun around, kind of gasping.

"Now little darling, don't get upset," he continued, patting me lower down.

"You are just like my daddy," I explained.

"Yes, and I'm going to take care of you," he stated, just as nice as you please. He said he would decide just what I needed and make sure that I got it.

I felt so at home when he took me to my room. He had me kneel right in front of him. I promised to apply myself religiously and obey. He told me I would have to prove how good I am.

"I want you to pull your dress up around your waist, and standing as straight as you can, pull down your panties."

I fumbled to comply, but as they came down so did my dress with both of us inside its full skirt.

"Pull it over your head."

I did, hurriedly flinging it to one side.

"No, no. You must learn to be neat. Stoop, pick up your pretty dress and remain that way."

You know, Henry, not everyone would be such a precise teacher, and that position is ever so good for muscle tone.

2

"While you are bent over," he told me, "remove your panties, first by lifting one leg and shaking it free, and then the other. I'll help only if you can't keep your balance. After all, it is your first lesson."

He was so thoughtful to say that, but the next part was still embarrassing. I can't understand. I used to be so good in gym.

Love, Andrea

Dear Henry,
Daddy—we agreed that I should always call him that—checked out my pedigree. He even checked to make sure that I had my cherry. I felt proud when he acted pleased, but my happiness tumbled down when he added that I wasn't 100 percent. He assured me that I would do well by applying myself to lessons.

Getting back to my first one, he explained that he would lift just one finger to help me, since he had great faith in my ability.

As it turned out, if it hadn't been for that I would surely have fallen a second time. You see, I thought I could do it all on my own, but as I started to wiggle my leg out of my black lace anklet, I lost my balance. With arms flapping and legs straight laced, down I went on my face.

"Stay," Daddy stated, "I'll help you up now."

He bent over and after patting my cheeks, parted them with his left hand and gently plugged my rear end with his right index finger.

"I'm going to pull you into the position you were in before you fell."

He is so strong, Henry, that I was into that angle real quick. With that wonderful finger of his, I caught on right away. And it was good for me because it makes me stand tall, like a proper lady.

My first lesson in etiquette. Are you impressed? Daddy wasn't, because my performance was marred by the sounds.

"Silence is golden. You must learn to observe it."

He gave me some pretty red tape that comes in the shape of my lips and fits right over my mouth. I wear it whenever I practice ladylike silence. It also keeps me from getting wrinkles, and I do so want to keep my youth.

Love, Andrea

Dear Henry,
To keep up my spirit, we use "Daddy's Little Incentive Program." It makes me so happy. The rules, of course, will change whenever necessary. At present it has been decided that I ought to slim down. I'll like myself a lot better when my pelvic bones protrude. He walked me back and forth in front of the mirrors (oh yes, one of my surprise gifts was wall-to-wall and ceiling mirrors) and showed me how straight I walk while he fingers me from within, but pointed out that he won't always be able to use this method. When I can see my bones all the time, I will look more like a lady. More than anything, I want to be one.

For starts, Daddy ordered up his meals. He would cut a steak into little bits and then let me try to catch a piece with my tongue. It would take a while but was tasty, and I felt so good when I caught it. I chewed each bit fifty times.

Daddy has me stand without skirt, panties, and garter belt to keep me mindful of my figure. He pats my tummy and says, "Now, now, you won't always look this bad."

The diet works real well. I feed Daddy instead. This makes us both happy. As a reward I lie on my back, which makes my bones show. Daddy says I look like a real lady when I am on my back. We will work until I am a lady, no matter what position I take, because "position is everything in life."

Love, Andrea

Dear Henry,
You don't have to remind me. Daddy would never let me go to bed without saying my prayers. I say the prayers (silently, because Daddy and God both like it better that way) and get my protein at the same time. Remember the incentive program I told you about? Well, protein is the best thing for health. While I am kneeling, I unbuckle his belt, unzip his pants, and this wonderful part of him begins to grow—if I treat it with tender, loving care. I'm still learning to take all of it way into my mouth and stroke it by moving my head. I clasp my hands round its base prayerfully. When Daddy feels I have thanked God enough, he feeds me from its tip in big squirts. I am ever so much more grateful to God than I used to be. It is because I get immediate gratification.

If I displease him during the day, I am told I will be sent to bed without my prayers. But every night so far Daddy has accepted my forgiveness. Doesn't God work in wondrous ways?

Love, Andrea

Dear Henry,
I wear only white, a sign of chastity. One dress, silk and clingy, has a very high neck, long tight sleeves, little buttons that go all the way to its floor-length hem. A long detachable train flows. The dress has a buttoned slit over each breast and a small slit in the back so that Daddy can handle me. When we walk together, I look like a model.

We haven't had any visitors, but I want to look my best. Since Daddy says his finger is a family secret no one will know he is the reason I walk like a real lady. The other dresses are exactly the same style and color but made of a specially thin, opaque plastic. A little button covering my Venus mound on all these dresses is the shape and color of a ripe cherry, a reminder not to let anyone pluck me.

Love, Andrea

Dear Henry,
Of course I am still a virgin! Daddy would lose all respect for me if I weren't. He even checks my cherry when he tucks me in bed.

My schedule now includes a bath. A bathroom was specially installed. It is all mirrored, a fur rug covers the floor. The bathtub, toilet, bidet, and enema table are clear lucite. This way Daddy can always keep his eye on me. The rug is white. If I were to soil it, it would be replaced with black coal and I would never be able to be clean again.

Daddy doesn't allow even me to touch my "special parts." Not ever. If I wee-wee, I sit on the bidet and water shoots up, like a dishwasher.

On the enema table, he spreads my cheeks placing the rigid plastic nozzle that sticks up from the middle of the table into my hole. With his hand on my tummy he feels me swell up with water. It is the only time I don't have to worry about my bones. I didn't like it at first and begged off. He said it was up to me, but "cleanliness is next to godliness."

As an incentive measure, we measure the amount I can hold. Now I love it so much I beg for more.

The bathtub, perched on a plastic pedestal for convenience, was specially molded to my body with my legs split wide apart. Water seeps out from hundreds of little pores, so there is no ugly faucet. Buttons tilt it to any angle or move it around on its axis.

Often Daddy checks with his tongue to make sure I am clean, and continues this process until satisfied. Then I am dropped on the rug, rolled around, and picked up by Daddy's finger when I am dry. We don't have towels.

Love, Andrea

Dear Henry,
I am so thrilled about "Daddy's Box Lunch." It's another incentive. If I do my chores well and bathe well, I get to lie on the floor with my bottom nestled on a pile of silk pillows, legs split open—Daddy's delighted I studied ballet—food dished between my thighs. He eats out of my hollow, Eastern-style, with his fingers. He says, "You're quite a dish." I do have to learn not to move. You see, it isn't proper and besides, Daddy gets food up his nose.

Love, Andrea

Dear Henry,
No, I am not allowed to sleep with anyone. I say my prayers and then Daddy lifts me into bed, checks my cherry, turns out the light, and leaves, locking the door.

This morning, Daddy showed me a brand-new white table. It is soft, plush-cushioned, and looks like a chaise lounge when not in use. It has different covers: white silk, white velvet, white brushed mink, and a practical white plastic.

Leading me to the bathroom he had another surprise. "We have to clean well this morning, my little darling. I'll give you a good long bath. Then we'll have an early lunch, since I am having a friend in to eat."

He dressed me in a new jumpsuit, similar to my dresses. It had the buttons and all, but was different in that it had a zipper from my belly button to my rear end. At lunch I was zipped open for use. A plastic warming dish fits snugly, wrapping from front to back, attaching onto the open zipper and over the food. Thanks to my new table, I can be put in all the right positions, my legs split with the help of ermine ankle belts. We got me in position for the meal just as the chimes rang. Lunch was served in huge portions. He and his woman friend took turns eating from my platter.

He admonished her not to touch me, explaining that I was learning to become a young lady. Henry, I was so afraid I was going to disappoint. He reminded me not to move, but his guest was an even cleaner dish-licker, and I felt just quivery all over.

Since I was having trouble, Daddy sat on my tummy and acted like this was part of our routine, so as not to embarrass me. His friend crooned, "It's like eating from the best gold-rimmed porcelain in the world. I'd like to have my meals served this way every day, all day long!"

My newest secret is that I wish she would.

Love Andrea

Dear Henry,
Daddy's friend comes a few times a week. The days his friend doesn't come aren't as much fun. When we are alone, I don't have to wear my dress, which I enjoy. But when she comes, something special happens.

During my bath, if he isn't looking, she sucks my breasts until the nipples are shrivelled, and then licks round and round with her pointed tongue.

Daddy instigated another incentive. He has me sing in the bath. While I warble, my breasts heave up and down outside my unbuttoned flaps. He agrees with his friend that this is charming, and she added that it is a pleasing attribute in a blooming young ladybud. Daddy was so pleased that he suggested: "Let's show her how well you walk."

He put me into my silk clinger, and we made our entrance. She got very enthused and begged to try. He cut her fingernails, helped her place her index finger into the slit and up my hole. She pushed and pulled. To her disappointment I stood still. I felt so sorry for her, I muttered, hanging my head, "I guess I'm just used to my daddy."

"Can't I be your mommy?"

Daddy smiled and nodded. She is going to be here with us every day.

Love, Andrea

Dear Henry,
Bless Daddy. He invited his friend to watch me bathe before lunch. Naturally, Daddy washed my special areas in his careful way. His friend was intrigued, her eyes bigger than I had noticed, and she seemed to caress all of me from beneath her lids. They began to glisten. Daddy suggested she wait in the bedroom while we went through the rest of our ritual.

Lunchtime. After the food was dished into my box, the lucite top was snapped in place while Daddy talked to her privately.

"Little darling, if you promise not to move, we've agreed I will give you a special protein meal."

After Daddy helped me to my feet, his friend removed her skirt and panties, and lay down in my place. We adjusted the table for her comfort. I knelt beside her, my head thrown to my special heaven. Daddy stood with his legs astride.

"You can only eat what lands in my friend's dish."

I aimed very carefully, rubbing and playing with his thing. The liquid came out so fast that most of it sprayed all over the place, dripping down the wall. I got to lick the little bit that landed inside her brown, hairy rim. I washed down her rim and then up the folds, everywhere, including her flapping lips.

You won't believe it, but just when I thought I'd gotten to every crevice, her dish filled again. Like a miracle.

It was an exotic nectar, different from Daddy's protein drink. It is a reward.

When I learn to aim better, there will be more; and the more there is of him, the more reward I'll get. We call it my "Miracle Dessert." And, Henry, it is so easy to whip up!

Love, Andrea

Dear Henry,
Mommy wanted to sleep with me in her arms when she first came, but the arrangement remains the same: she sits next to him on my bed and watches my prayer ritual, playing with my hair, braiding it while I lick and suck. When I finish, I reach up under her full skirt and pull down her panties. I lock my hands around my ankles, place my head between her legs, and wiggle up slowly to maintain balance. I lick. Mommy holds on to my braids, signaling where she wants me to go, when she wants me to suck her encased clit and so on, until dessert seeps out of her.

She sighs and moans so loudly that, at first, I was afraid I was doing it wrong. Daddy said it was not my fault in this case, and besides she is allowed to howl because she is a mommy. He, too, has begun to emit a scale of happy grunts during my prayers.

Another change has been instituted since Mommy is with us. That is, I now have to wear a plastic dress for my enema. She enjoys having "enema cocktail" for breakfast.

Daddy lifts me off and presses the nozzle into Mommy's hole as she scampers onto the table. He carefully places me on top so that we are cheek-to-cheek. To keep it from pouring out too fast, Mommy puts her tongue through the slit and up my hole. Meanwhile, Daddy fills her up as I empty out, his hand directly on my tummy to feel it.

When we are finished, Daddy carries me to my tub while Mommy rushes to the toilet. "No woman can be too clean."

Love, Andrea

Dear Henry,

This morning, Daddy fingered me into standing position, pushing in, out, and up until I stood quite straight.

Mommy brushed my golden mound, dressed me in my jumpsuit, and said she had invited a friend for breakfast to show me off.

I had a thorough, early bath. By the time the door bell chimed, Mommy had positioned me over a mound of cushions, face down, and funneled fresh squeezed orange juice in. Three straws stuck out. Daddy kept slapping my cheeks to keep the juice from settling. They raced each other for the most. Then, he popped in his finger and flipped me onto the table. They let Mommy's friend unzip my suit and fill it with cornflakes and cream. Next came eggs, still hot in the shells. As each one was cracked open, I filled up with soft-boiled. Mom and Dad taught the woman how to get the most out of each course. She asked if I would please move, and since she was a guest I was encouraged, although Daddy placed my lips on my mouth.

Putting her hands under plastic-covered buttocks she moved me up and down and even pinched me.

How that woman could eat! She even put banana slices partway up my cherry slit and nibbled each one back out. I went wild.

After she dined, chatted, and left, Daddy placed me on his lap. We rocked back and forth silently. Finally he spoke.

"Did you enjoy serving breakfast more than usual, my little darling?"

I thought he would be pleased by my enthusiasm, but all he said was not to expect such treatment again.

He turned to Mommy and snarled, "No more of your friends will come here. My darling mustn't be spoiled."

I had no dessert at night.

Love, Andrea

Dear Henry,

This morning Daddy ordered Mommy out of the house. She left in a hurry.

And by the time I heard our door chimes, Daddy had me washed and dressed in my jumpsuit, with a wraparound skirt flowing from the waist down.

I was surprised to find he had invited a young friend. As he entered, Daddy slid back the skirt panel and walked me to greet him. His friend said it was a delightful scene to see us together.

They conversed. Daddy said I had recently been a disappointment to him and had a lot to learn, but he hoped his faith wasn't altogether misplaced.

Then it happened. Daddy asked his young friend to drop his pants and shorts and made us both bend over, choo-choo-train style.

"Lick his rear. Spread his cheeks, put your tongue in his hole. And you, my friend, feel free to do whatever. Enjoy yourself!"

What had gone wrong? Where was Mommy? What had I done? Would Daddy forgive me? All these questions tumbled through my head as I struggled to obey. I didn't feel ladylike. For the first time since Daddy had taken over, I was frightened. And hungry—but not for his friend!

As I finally got my tongue into his hole, Daddy surprised me again. He pulled out his finger and spanked me sharply on my rump. For the third time I lost my balance. The man had just begun to groan, but as I fell, we both went down, domino-style. My face was buried in his now rigid backside.

Daddy put me over his knee. I was surprised to feel his prayer thing pressing against me. He rocked but he didn't spank.

He asked me if I had enjoyed tasting his friend. I admitted I had not.

2

"Why not?"

I mumbled unhappily that it was because the man wasn't family. He roared with laughter.

His friend started to stir. Daddy suggested I give him a helping finger. It didn't work. Daddy came and put his in alongside mine. Together we lifted his friend.

The man loved it so much that we pushed him around the apartment. Daddy had his left index up me and we both had right indexes up his friend, whose thing stuck out way in front.

At Daddy's signal, we abruptly removed our hands. The man began to sob.

"Go lick his tears."

The salt made me thirsty. I just felt awful.

In walked Mommy, looking amazed. "What is she doing?"

"She's consoling a friend. Help put on his pants. She has no experience with such matters."

The man wasn't crying anymore but he looked angry. He was glaring at Daddy.

"How could you do this to me?"

"Sorry, but my little girl isn't used to strangers. Mommy here is something else. She should be able to help you feel much better."

"Oh, no," Mommy cried out. "You know I won't do anything like that, you know I. . . ."

"I know you'll do anything for our little darling. You do want to go on being her mommy, don't you?"

I felt so bewildered. Now Mommy was crying. I rushed up to kiss away her tears. She held on for a second and then released me.

Daddy told Mommy what I had been doing. Subdued, she went over and resumed my job. On orders, I put my finger up her and Daddy put his up me. After a few minutes, Daddy told her to hold on to the man's thing while she kept her tongue in his rear because we were going to walk.

3

Off we started, Daddy directing. I had to pull on Mommy's breast because I don't know how to use my finger properly. It felt lovely and full in my hand.

Everyone followed the man. Suddenly, Daddy indicated to me to stop. I pulled up on Mommy's breast, she pulled back on the man's thing, and he sprayed all over the room.

We disengaged.

Daddy went to the young man's side and asked, "Feel better now?"

"Oh, yes, sir, thank you, sir." To our surprise he fell on his knees and pleaded, "Let me stay here. I'll be like a son to you."

Unfazed, Daddy took us all in slowly.

After a deep silence, he asked, "Do you have the precious commodity of innocence?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"You mean you are a virgin?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you prove it?" Daddy asked.

The boy blushed and shook his head miserably from side to side. "How can I do that, sir?"

"I cannot tell you," replied Daddy, walking him to the door, "but if you do figure out a way, you are welcome to join our family."

After the door closed behind the now sobbing man, Daddy gathered me onto his finger and led me to his rocker.

"Is he going to be your child?" I asked jealously.

"No, my little darling," he whispered. "He can't prove himself. You see, he has no cherry. I think you better give special thanks to God that you do right now."

My prayers were sweet and short.

Love, Andrea

Dear Henry,
Daddy accepted Mommy's apology, and he thought I needed talking to, so he pulled me on his lap and rocked us back and forth, his hands on my breasts.

I am not used to questioning Daddy, but the sensations were strange. His finger was much plumper and way up inside of me. He rocked us harder and harder than we had ever gone before, until I felt a wild, liquid burst unlike any I have ever felt. The rocker slowed and his stem felt smaller. He was moaning. To tell the truth, we were both moaning, my head thrown back, hair in his face.

After a while he put me in position on the enema table, squirted water up, called in Mommy, and asked if she wanted a snack.

On the table she went, the nozzle up her. He placed me gently into position. She was shocked as the fluid started to spurt into her mouth. She bit my behind and begged to get up, saying she wasn't hungry. Daddy sharply admonished her.

She swallowed, but not happily. However, while Daddy went off to clean his thing, we remained together and she nibbled and caressed me in a new way.

Daddy can't understand why his obedience course seems to be going down the drain. Even after he hit me, I tried to lick Mommy again. I tried very hard because I wanted her to moan so he would take notice. It worked, but what I didn't count on was that his thing would be limp. He kept on spanking and spanking. Mommy didn't dare come near. That time I really did howl.

I waited a long, long time. Then I started to play with his balls, touching and teasing until his thing was long, strong, sturdy, suckable, and giving the way I like it! Since I couldn't suck it, I did the next best thing. I winked at Mommy and went down to see her. I sucked and licked until she was shivering with delight. Redoubling my efforts, I darted my tongue back and forth, back and forth. Finally she let out deep, deep moans, and dessert. Daddy rushed over, pulled me across his lap, started spanking hard, his thing popping up into my tummy. Mommy pulled my legs apart, and licked my platter so clean that, as the rocking chair moved back and forth, I bounced up and down wailing with happiness. Oh! Oh! The ecstasy climbed higher and higher without hindrance for the first time. When Daddy squirted out and stopped, I just lay there wilted with joy. He promised my behind wouldn't hurt where he was going to place it and gently picking me up, carried me to bed. Lowering me down on the silk sheets he said, "You have been so naughty I better check very carefully to see that you haven't lost your cherry."

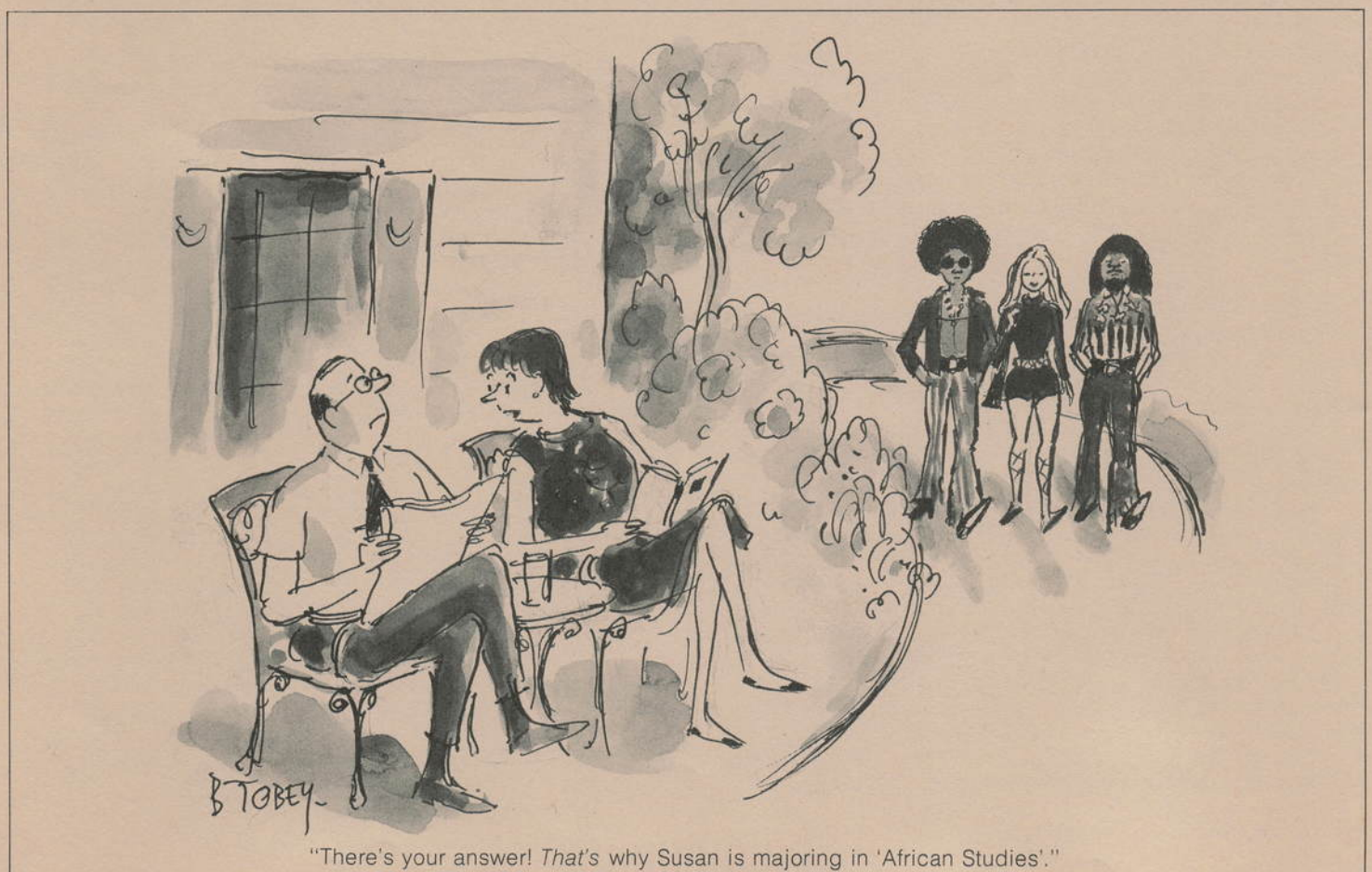
I had not thought about that during this strange, wonderful day. Now I was afraid. Daddy had often said, "I'll never forgive you if you lose it. You will no longer be Daddy's little darling and you'll never become a lady."

He gently parted my lower lips and probed. I watched his finger begin to disappear as I had many times before.

I was frightened, too frightened to look, and I put my hands over my eyes. At last, finished and leaning over me he said softly, "Good night, my little darling."

I slept like a baby. It is so wonderful being a virgin.

Love, Andrea



"There's your answer! *That's* why Susan is majoring in 'African Studies'."

When the World War II Vets came home there were bands, kisses, jobs and education for the asking.

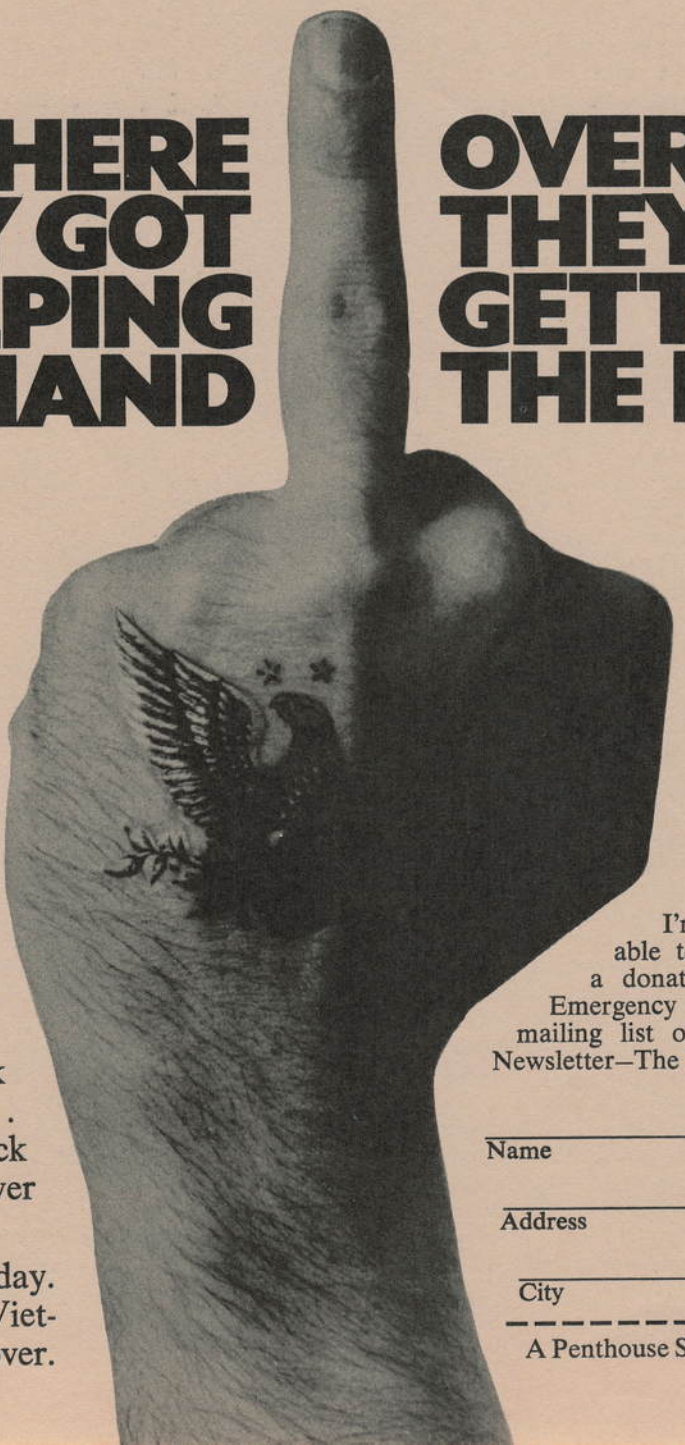
Last year their sons came home from a war which was in many ways far worse. And they're getting cold shoulders, slammed doors, few jobs and less money for education, subsistence or anything else.

It's the basic things that hurt . . . the lack of money for rent or education or even food. But it's the little things that finally break you . . . like the late check that the VA says is due to some computer foul-up or the lack of transportation money to get to job interviews. And you don't want a public dole.

Our forgotten men can't wait. They cannot wait until it gets straightened out in Washington. That's why we've set up the Veteran's Emergency Fund. We won't be around next year asking for your money. We're just what we're called: an Emergency Fund. Set up right now to provide emergency subsistence to the Vietnam Vet while he gets on his own two feet again. Funding will be disbursed in the form of outright grants or short-term no-interest loans and will be administered by the non-profit Kharma Foundation.

OVER THERE THEY GOT A HELPING HAND

OVER HERE THEY'RE GETTING THE FINGER



Send them a message. A dollar or two or maybe five from you could be just the message one of these guys needs at this crucial moment: somebody out there still cares!

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A Penthouse Social Service Ad

THE SYSTEM HAS FAILED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

includes the planting of troublemakers in political groups, the use of forged documents, and even the instigation of violence.

The point is that history is made by people. Many of the people who made the history of the American revolution tried to make a decentralized society in which power would stay with the people and be jealously withheld from officials. The people who are making today's governmental history have reversed that.

The president today is a person unlike most Americans. His ambition is power. The ambition of most Americans is self-satisfaction, exercise of craft, enjoyment of leisure, familial and community warmth.

Recent presidents have shown another characteristic. They are not working people. They have no craft. They have been essentially noncreative, but ambitiously consumed people. John Kennedy was said to have a nice gift for language, but his ghostwriters are about as famous as his prose. Johnson, although he briefly taught school, spent his life mainly in manipulating other people. Nixon has done nothing but seek power all of his life.

But that's the kind of person who gets ahead in this world, the silent majority says as it kneels before its king, the president.

True enough, a world like this elevates people like that—so we really need to change the *world*, not just the title-holders.

Nature is also demanding it. The earth itself has a limited and now sensitive ability to sustain the blunders of the plunderers. To survive as a species we need to act more like human beings, with a sense of our own worth and responsibility, than ants with a sense only of allegiance to the head and the queen.

The human mind, which has conceived the affronts to nature committed so far, is also the only means to conceive the ways to ameliorate those offenses, to make the earth right again. And human self-consciousness would seem to be the only way of conceiving a new world in which the kings are gone and the creative, working, loving, cooperating people can save their own lives and enrich instead of impoverish the earth.

In this struggle these might be guidelines:

Human political organization, to remain human and to assure the purpose of enhancing the lives of the community rather than the fortunes of the rulers, must be participatory instead of merely representative. As in the town meeting, a political decision should be made by all of those affected by the decision. When people delegate their political rights of decision to those who are supposed to represent them, they give up their political rights. The act of delegation is deadly in a representative system: the representatives alone have political power all the time; the people only have some political power some of the time—election time—and then only in the limited choices provided by mass, partisan political systems.

People who say they have no time for the constant involvement in everyday affairs that town meetings and participatory government imply are saying that they have no time for freedom. Once it might have been said, "Well enough, let them have tyranny." But tyranny over humans is an attempt at tyranny over nature as well, and the massacres of the tyrant are reflected in the actions of bureaucrats who turn rivers into sewers and in the erosive greed of the accumulators who turn fields into wasteland.

In every human enterprise, every person involved should be involved in the *purposes* of that enterprise, in decisions affecting it, in its innovation or limitation—in every phase of it. To have engineering decisions made by managers, to have psychologically sensitive decisions made by bookkeepers, to have bookkeeping decisions made by rich heirs, and so forth, is intolerable if human beings are to fully realize their potential.

There are no practical limits to ordinary ingenuity, the potential for self-responsibility, or the rewards of cooperative life. Some of this ingenuity, of course, can bring a leader to the fore. In a healthy human community the extra efforts of such a person surely would be respected. But they need not be institutionalized, formalized, or perpetuated into nonrelated areas.

Thus, a great carpenter might well be a leader in building a certain structure, but not in performing brain surgery or in making a decision that affects every person in the community. Also, there might be people whose personalities are such that other people will respond favorably to their suggestions. In a healthy human community this would be taken for what it is worth—a pleasing trait, but nothing more—and the mistake would not be made that personality assures wisdom or permits the luxury of letting the personable make decisions that should face the test of community view and community common sense.

Even if all this busy cooperation and neighborliness worked locally, however, how could it deal with the world at large? Of course, the human community, although its most practical base is in the place where people know one another best, is worldwide as well. Communities, regions, areas—all touch other regions and areas. Basing decision and power in local areas would not abolish desires to communicate or exchange. Nor would it abolish certain physically mutual concerns as those of all the communities along a great river or in the same mountain range.

Politicians and the nonproductive rich have dominated the earth for a long time, as did the dinosaurs. But, like the dinosaurs, they have stripped the plants and scattered the beasts and stand exposed before a new climate of necessity, human necessity.

Like the dinosaurs, they must pass. This age, the age of seemingly unlimited scientific discovery, of universal communications, this age of nature's crying need for an earth healed and respected, this age is not their age. This is not the age in which the great consumers, of power or of the earth, can be supported. Nature herself rebels and will not permit it.

This must be the age, instead, of the creators, the workers, the crafters, the explorers, the growers, the singers, the sharers.

The shop of the inventor must replace the mouldy mansion of the coupon clipper.

The open debate of the assembly, the neighbors meeting face to face, must replace the sweaty, shifty-eyed conniving of the politicians.

The helping hand of the friend must replace the grasping hold of the welfare bureaucrat and the supercop.

The productive facilities of the productive people themselves must replace the resource- and human-wasting tedium of the assembly line.

It is up to people, using their minds and the common sense in which the healthy mind deals. It is up to us—to you, to me, to us together—wherever we live to make this new age and end the age of the parasitic leaders.

It probably will not happen in a blaze of violent force, at least not here. The presidency will not be abolished by overthrow of the office, but by being ignored. We must ignore the regular political process except where and when it can be of direct use in creating space for experiments and alternatives.

These experiments and alternatives—the community moving toward a town meeting, building its own productive facilities or taking over older ones just as uninhibitedly as in the past it took over land for a municipal golf course; the farms springing up on the edge of or even in the cities and dealing directly with a community; the community health clinic; the co-op stores; the endless variety of innovative and participatory things that Americans are doing to repair the mistakes of the millionaires and the politicians—all these things will, eventually, abolish the need for the president and eventually the nation-state itself.

That is far off, of course, But the process has begun. People are taking this bit and then that bit of their lives back into their own hands. Each time they do it, they move toward their neighbors and away from the president.

Once upon a time the revolutionary cry was "Workers of the world, unite." But tragically, much of the unity was achieved not by workers but by political leaders and within political parties. Today the working people of the world, all the creative, productive people have a new need to act. But perhaps the cry this time will be, more accurately, "Workers of the world, communicate!"

Start talking to your neighbor.

The president, the politicians, the silent majority will try to tell you you are foolish and wasting your time. But that's all right. They are part of yesterday. Tomorrow is yours, not theirs. If we start today. . . . O+

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DON'T SHOW YOUR GOODIES TO THE DO-GOODERS

Ever since I was a small child I have found exposing myself to older, dignified women erotically stimulating. I've discussed this penchant with my girl friend, who insisted it was a horrible perversion, so I never mentioned it again.

Recently, I was invited to her parents' house for dinner, and I suddenly had an uncontrollable urge to expose myself to her mother. Expecting me to carve the roast, she turned to me and I quickly lowered my trousers, exposing my manhood in full view. Needless to say, she screamed. When her husband learned what I had done, he threw me out of the house and told me never to come near his daughter (or wife) again. I can't say I'm sorry for what I did because it gave me a great thrill, and I've had many orgasms since just thinking about it. I haven't done anything to hurt anybody, but now my girl won't talk to me. What can I do to get her back?—Perplexed

Keep both your chin and your zipper up.

THE ANGLE OF THE DANGLE

In his book, The Sensuous Couple, *Doctor Robert Chartham states that, if a male is between sixteen and forty years of age, his erect penis should form an angle of less than 90 degrees with his lower abdomen. My penis seems to droop somewhat, forming an angle of over 105 degrees when I've got a hard-on. (I've measured it with a protractor.) As I'm only seventeen and still a virgin, I don't know whether this discrepancy will cause me any problems when I make love to women. What do you think? Do you know of any exercises to strengthen my penis muscles if it's necessary?—T.N.*

I guess there are two answers to your question: Either you are so heavily hung that gravity pulls your penis *down*, or your cock never really gets 100 percent erect and simply hangs limp like what they used to call a "semi" in the Fifties.

In either case, during cherry-popping time, the woman, provided she's an experienced sexpert, will let you know whether or not you have a problem. You certainly *don't* need a protractor!

Have you tried masturbation? If so, is the angle still the same when you get to the point of orgasm? If all functions well (in other words: if you have a good stiff cock and you ejaculate normally), I don't think there is anything to worry about.

THAT'S ALL SPERM UNDER THE BRIDGE

Just over a year ago I married a young lady who—like me—has been married and divorced twice before. I've adopted her small child and, in general, have done everything I can to provide a secure happy home. There's one small hang-up, however. I recently asked my wife who, of my acquaintances and employees, were her lovers before our marriage. She refused to tell me, saying it was none of my business. The reasoning behind my question was that, since I run my own firm, I've got the right to choose whom I employ, and I'd rather not have any of my wife's old flames around. Surely this is a reasonable attitude for me to take, isn't it?—L.T.

You are absolutely wrong to beat your wife over the head with her past sex life. You each should have had enough experience with broken marriages to learn how to live happily in the present. Why don't you live by the old adage: "What you don't know, won't hurt you," rather than jealously probing for confessions about previous love affairs that have nothing to do with your present situation and will only cause unnecessary harm.

Even if some day you find out that she slept with one of your employees, this is still no reason to fire the poor guy. Having good taste in women is not a punishable offense. Instead, I think that you should feel flattered. After all, YOU are the one who got to marry her. Right?

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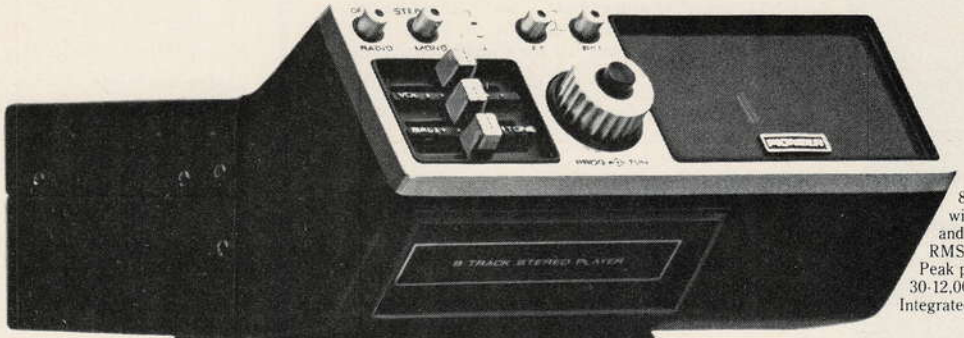
—Steve Tillack, installation expert.



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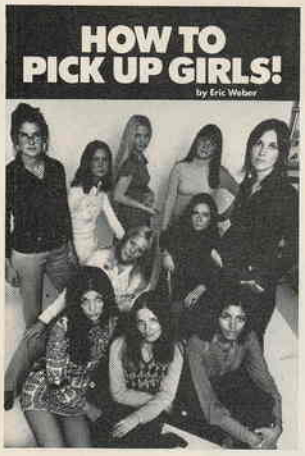

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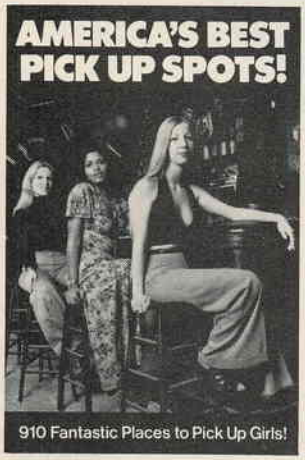

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TO TATTOO OR NOT TO TATTOO

My girl and I are really turned on by tattoos, and we're both collecting designs on our bodies. Everything was fine until a few weeks ago, when she suggested I have a design tattooed on my cock. Aside from the discomfort involved, I'm also not sure how other women will react. I think the world of my chick, but she's not the only girl I'm ever going to ball, and I'd hate to lose out on a score just because I had a decorated cock. Have you ever run across a man with a similarly placed tattoo?—T.J.

No, personally I have never come across someone with a tattooed cock, but I would be quite excited to find someone with such a pecker. If it is not considered unhealthy by your physician (since the penis is a rather delicate part of a man's body), I would say go ahead and do it. After all, you might be saving yourself a considerable amount of money because the size of the tattoo must be much smaller than the average tattoo on a man's chest or arms. Remember: when you get a hard-on, the tattoo will automatically be blown up to the right proportion.

Tattooing the penis or other sensitive parts of the body is not altogether unknown. In Japan, the art of *Horimono* or "digging the skin" has been used for centuries to decorate the skin of both men and women. Everything from a small mark identifying a member of a particular guild to a full "suit" tattoo that may take as much as a year to complete has been worn in Japan since at least the seventeenth century. One Japanese novel tells of prostitutes inscribing the names of faithful customers on their thighs or arms, while a man may have the head of his penis decorated with a suitable design such as a plum or eggplant. Women have had their breasts decorated with flowering peonies or the inside of their thighs adorned with delicate peach colors.

In Japan, as in many countries, tattooing originated as a form of punishment—convicted criminals wore the symbol of their crime tattooed on their forehead or around their eyes. In the film *Papillon*, for instance, Steve McQueen has a butterfly tattooed on his chest. *Papillon* means "butterfly," and the tattoo was the sign whereby others recognized him. In other cultures, tattooing has been used to identify caste members, to initiate young men into manhood, or simply to attract a mate.

DEPOSITS AND WITHDRAWALS

When making love to my girl friends, I've often wondered how long I should leave my cock in their pussies after ejaculating. Do most women prefer their men to stay inside them for a while, or should I pull out straight away?—R.B.

From my own personal experience I can say that I myself usually prefer a lover to linger for a while inside my vagina, even after he has ejaculated. There are many men who, even though they have reached an orgasm, are still able to maintain a hard-on that is sufficient to give a woman a pleasurable sensation. Sometimes she might even achieve an unexpected orgasm (hopefully after several before and one together with her man) while he basically stays motionless, either on top of her or beneath her. For a woman to experience an orgasm at this stage, she should close her legs very tightly and squeeze them back and forth or sideways so that the man's penis is firmly gripped between her legs. In this position the base of his penis will rub against her clitoris, causing clitoral stimulation and, eventually, orgasms. If he is lucky enough to get another hard-on while she goes through the basic movements, then he might as well become more active and work himself up to a second ejaculation without having to slip out of her vagina.

However, there are also women who become supersensitive once they have climaxed and find that any form of contact with their genital area is irritating. In that case, I suggest that the man pull out gently and relax: no touching, no fingering, or oral kissing of the vagina. Just lay back and enjoy each other's company until she is able to start all over again. Your penis might become sensitive after orgasm as well.

One important suggestion: never pull out in a hurry, since this might confuse a woman. She might take it as an insult or be worried that you suffered a sudden pain.

In general, only very selfish and unemotional lovers hurry. Usually these men rush through the entire process of lovemaking in a slam-bam-thank-you-ma'am three-minute fuck, and I cannot call that lovemaking. Take your time. Concentrate first on the foreplay, then on coitus itself, with its many different positions (if required), and last but not least, the afterplay. Be gentle, and NEVER be selfish. This is advice that both men *and* women should follow!

TICKLE YOUR FANCY

My husband used to be a fantastic lover, but since he's found out my feet are extremely ticklish he's become more interested in tickling them than in making love to me. He's also got a sock fetish and buys knee socks and forces me to wear them. When I ask him why he likes all this, he says: "I get turned on when you scream out with laughter." How do I go about stopping this torture?—D.M.

Tickling can be done to torture people, or it can be done sensuously to arouse them. The latter is usually called titillation. Sometimes in old England a convicted criminal would be placed in the stocks and have brine applied to the soles of his feet. A goat would then lick it off until the poor fellow went insane and literally died of laughter. On the other hand, most European farmers know that by tickling a stubborn bull with a nettle he can be persuaded to mount a cow.

I have two friends who use tickling in both of the above senses: She is a rather cold young English woman and he is still a young boy mentally. He finds it terribly hard to approach her with direct sexual intentions and so waits for an excuse to wrestle with her. As he is more powerful than she, it is easy for him to roll her on the floor and begin to tickle

her. At first her protests are reasonable and quiet, then she begins to plead and finally to scream and writhe about out of control, unable to get her breath. At last he takes her in his arms until she is almost calm and then they literally run for the bedroom.

This is not exactly my idea of foreplay, but if that is the only way he can get her to play on his level, it is better than no play at all. One thought: it may not be long before they graduate to more overt forms of S & M. But, until then, tickling seems to work for them both, and it's harmless enough, except that the neighbors who were living underneath their apartment almost went insane with her carrying on four times a week. Finally they managed to file a complaint, with the result that the landlord has ordered my friends to leave their premises unless they quiet down. You know what? They moved to a little house out of the way where nobody can be bothered by their tickling parties.

Here are several ways to prevent your husband from tickling you: (1) learn how to apply yoga. (My father taught me sufficient yoga so that I was able to prevent any part of my body from being ticklish, provided I put my mind to it); (2) keep your socks AND your shoes on while lovemaking; (3) refuse to have sex with your husband if he does not straighten out.

BACK TO THE BLACKBOARD!

I am a twenty-seven-year-old female. I teach sex education in a school. After one year of teaching conventionally with textbooks I realized that the kids weren't learning much, so my boyfriend and I decided to show them the real thing. It went perfectly and we're thinking of repeating the experiment. Do you think we should?—T.S.

If what you say has really happened, how come the fact never hit the newspapers? Such lessons couldn't be kept a secret for long, and within no time you would have every parent in the country after you! They fired a schoolteacher in France because she carried on an affair with one of her pupils, and as a result the woman committed suicide. This was widely publicized. I don't think that would happen in your case, but I find it hard to believe that your lessons are so liberated. If that can really happen, I wouldn't mind being a schoolteacher myself. Your story seems too good to be true.

THE TACTFUL HOOKER

I've fallen in love with a French girl who is working as a hooker in London. I am twenty-eight and have been around, so I'm sure of my feelings. But the only contact I've had with this girl is as a customer. She seems to like seeing me, but when I tell her I love her and ask her to give up being a prostitute she won't admit to having any feelings. She just says, "It's my life." It's obvious she's been having a rough time of it lately, and I don't want to upset her at the moment by insisting she come away with me. But do you think that if she gave up prostitution in the future she'd be able to forget the past and start a new life with me?—W.S.

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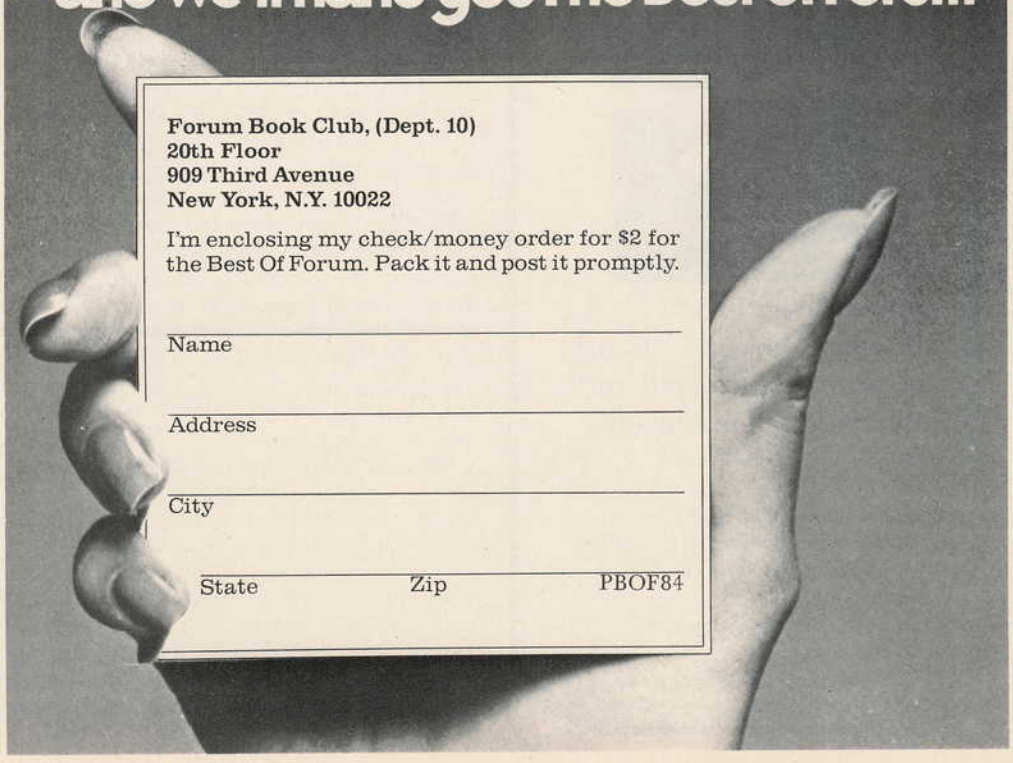

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Speaking as a sexual revolutionary and ex-hooker, I think that reformers like you make lousy husbands, and ex-hookers turned wives in such manner make lousy housewives. If you can offer her a life like the one she has been accustomed to—in other words, with the same financial rewards—maybe you can convince her to retire slowly. But quite often hookers who get married to their customers get bored stiff after a certain time and start to turn tricks occasionally when their husbands are not around.

If she had met you under different circumstances, say at a party, during one of her vacation trips, or just anywhere else but in a whorehouse, then there might have been a greater chance for you to get her away from her profession, because then it would have been a mutual affection that attracted the two of you. But in your case, she is just playing the tactful hooker, who agrees to anything you say as long as you keep coming back to where she works and keep pouring in the money. The fact that you have seen her several times professionally proves that she cannot really love you the way you love her, or else she would at least have stopped charging you money.

Hookers in general don't ask their customers, "Do you love me?" for the simple reason that the men who frequent hookers are basically there to get their own sexual satisfaction and very seldom are concerned whether the girl has a good time. It is a business transaction. One can make the best of it, of course, and both should try to have a good time, but don't mistake enjoying sex with a partner on a part-time basis, in exchange for money, as true love.

It is very difficult for some men who frequent hookers to stop seeing them, even when they are married. There is a good expression that goes as follows: "Once a john, always a john." I'm sure you will get over your infatuation pretty soon and fall in love with yet another hooker. And you know what? Your ego will most probably make you do the same thing over and over again. You must think of yourself as "God's gift to women," and that they will drop their profession and their pants and fall all over you thinking that you are their savior who will take them away from their unhappy life. Mind you, there are plenty of "Happy Hookers" and I think it is all your wishful thinking that your hooker is that unhappy.

BIG, BLACK, AND BEAUTIFUL

I've read all your books, and have noticed that nowhere do you mention a date, incident, or assignment with a Negro. Are you a racist and superprejudiced against Negroes, or did you decide it was better not to mention such things as they might adversely affect your book sales?—E.W.

If you really have read all my books, I advise you to read *The Happy Hooker* again. In that book you will not only find that I have had sexual relationships with a Negro girl but also with a Negro man. The girl was one of the call girls I used to work with, and I made love to her on top of a table in a house of prostitution with a couple of fellows watching us.

I have a new book that should be out by the time you read this. It's called *Xaviera Goes Wild* and it's published by Warner Paperback Communications. In this new book, I describe my adventures in Europe during 1972. Among others, there is a story in that book about an affair I had with a gorgeous, seventeen-year-old black Bahamian on one of the Caribbean islands, while we were sailing out on the ocean in a catamaran. You can be assured that I not only have slept with several Negroes, but also that I have thoroughly enjoyed it.

A funny incident happened to me when I was at a book-signing party to promote *Letters to the Happy Hooker*. A young, good-looking black boy, around eighteen years old, came over to me with the book in his hand and asked me, with a big grin on his face, to write something inside the cover of his book—something original. So I wrote the following: "THE BIGGER, THE BLACKER, THE BETTER." It's true—I have seldom made love to a black man who did not know how to move his pelvic bones and hips in such manner that he could drive me crazy with excitement. While many white men simply plop on top of their women, pushing with their shoulders and full weight, a Negro usually knows how to balance and swing his body around.

Please, never accuse me of being prejudiced. The only races I don't get much satisfaction with are the Japanese and the Chinese, simply because they tend to be very small and slim, and that just does not pull the trigger with me.

START COUNTING SHEEP INSTEAD

I've read your comments about multiple orgasms, and thought that my experiences might be of interest to you and your readers. After sixteen years of married hell and sexual frustration, I finally got a divorce from my husband. Several months later I fell in love with one of my students. He's only eighteen—young enough to be my son. We started making love regularly, and the number of orgasms I experienced each time gradually increased until one night I reached the incredible total of 119 orgasms during one fuck! That was the grand total, but frequently we surpass fifty. I've had orgasms with other men, but usually only two or three at most. I'm wondering if my young lover is unique, or whether other women have had similar experiences.—R.V.

You mean to say that your eighteen-year-old stud manages to hold off for at least 119 strokes? Seems highly unrealistic, since most young man at that age pop their load within minutes, hardly enough time to count to three. Either your lover is a miracle man, or you are the greatest lover ever.

It's strange, however, that well-reputed researchers like Masters and Johnson, after many years of thorough research in the sexual field, state the following: *Most women are capable of having six orgasms before being satiated*. Maybe you lost track in the

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midsts of your orgasms. I think that the figure you mention is highly exaggerated, and you'll only give other women reading this letter a tremendous inferiority complex, because there are thousands of women who would be happy to experience just one good orgasm and who do not even know what it feels like to reach a climax.

If what you wrote is true, then I think you should contact Masters and Johnson or, better, the *Guinness Book of World Records*. But you better watch it with that young kid: before you know what is happening, he will wear you out and soon you will look like his grandmother rather than his lover.

Try to aim for quality and forget the quantity. Sometimes just a few good orgasms are a lot more satisfying than the exhausting double-headers.

TRY HARDER

When I was young I had an operation for the removal of my right testicle. I'm getting married soon, and I'm worried that I won't be able to have children. Is this true?—Lloyd

I don't think you have anything to worry about. I know at least three men who only have one testicle, due to either a war injury or an operation, and they have all produced children after the testicle had been removed. What difference does it make if you shoot off ten million sperm during ejaculation with two balls or "only" five million when you are not so well endowed? Is it just a matter of trying harder?

PUT-ON

My early sex experiences took place on the flat roof of a tin garage. I think this must be the cause of my fetish, which frankly embarrasses me even in front of my wife. I love to wrap aluminum foil around my penis during foreplay and then place a sheet of the foil on my wife's stomach while we actually make love. She sometimes even consents to wrap the sheet around her face as we make love, but finds it too uncomfortable to do very often. My problem is that in the last few months our lovemaking has become rather dull—I was hoping that you might have some suggestions for improving my method.—The Tin Man

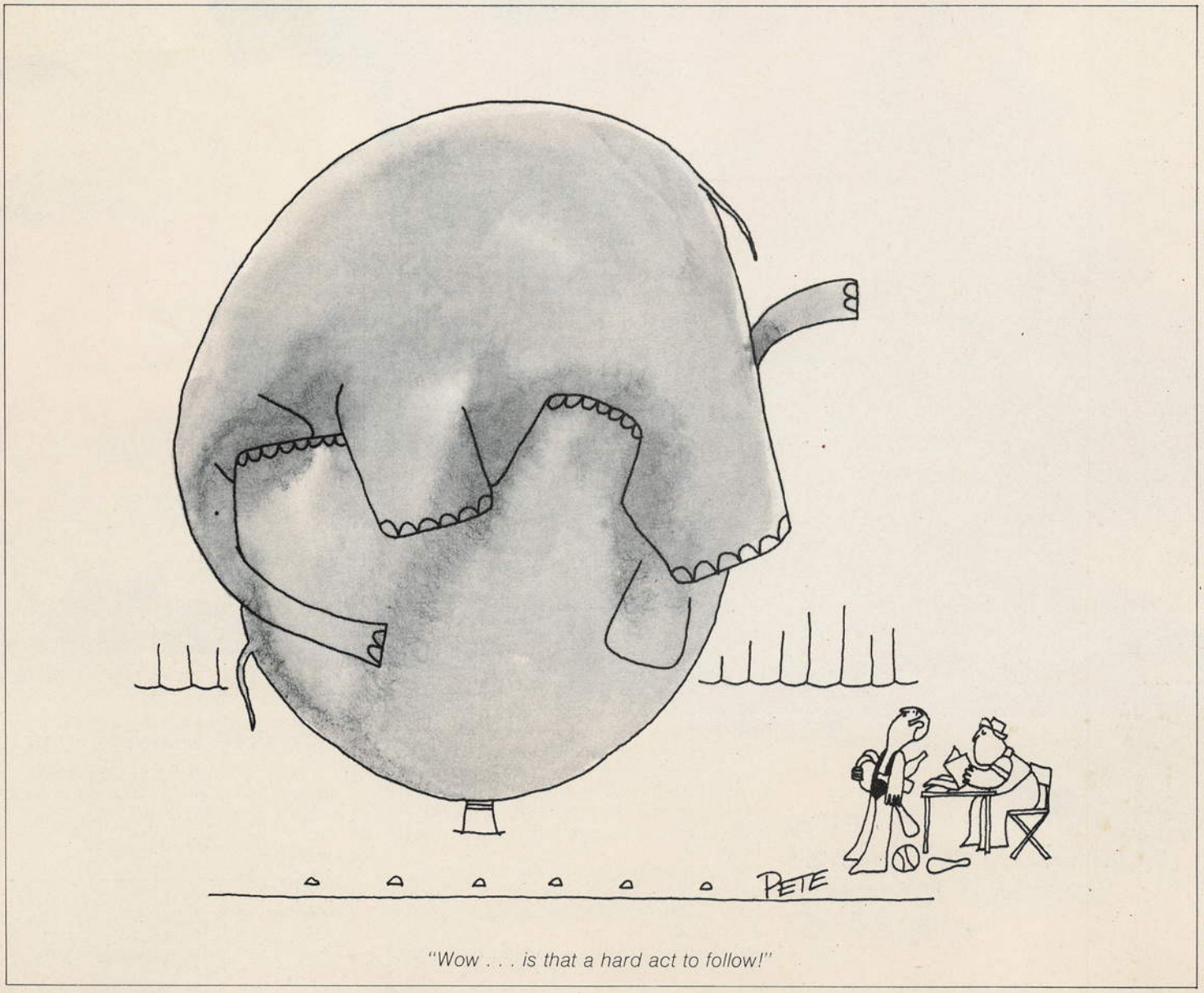
I think you ought to see a shrink. I am not about to give a reply to your silly letter, and it seems to me that this is a very obvious put-on. I think you need help, but not because you're an alleged tin freak.

BAD VIBES

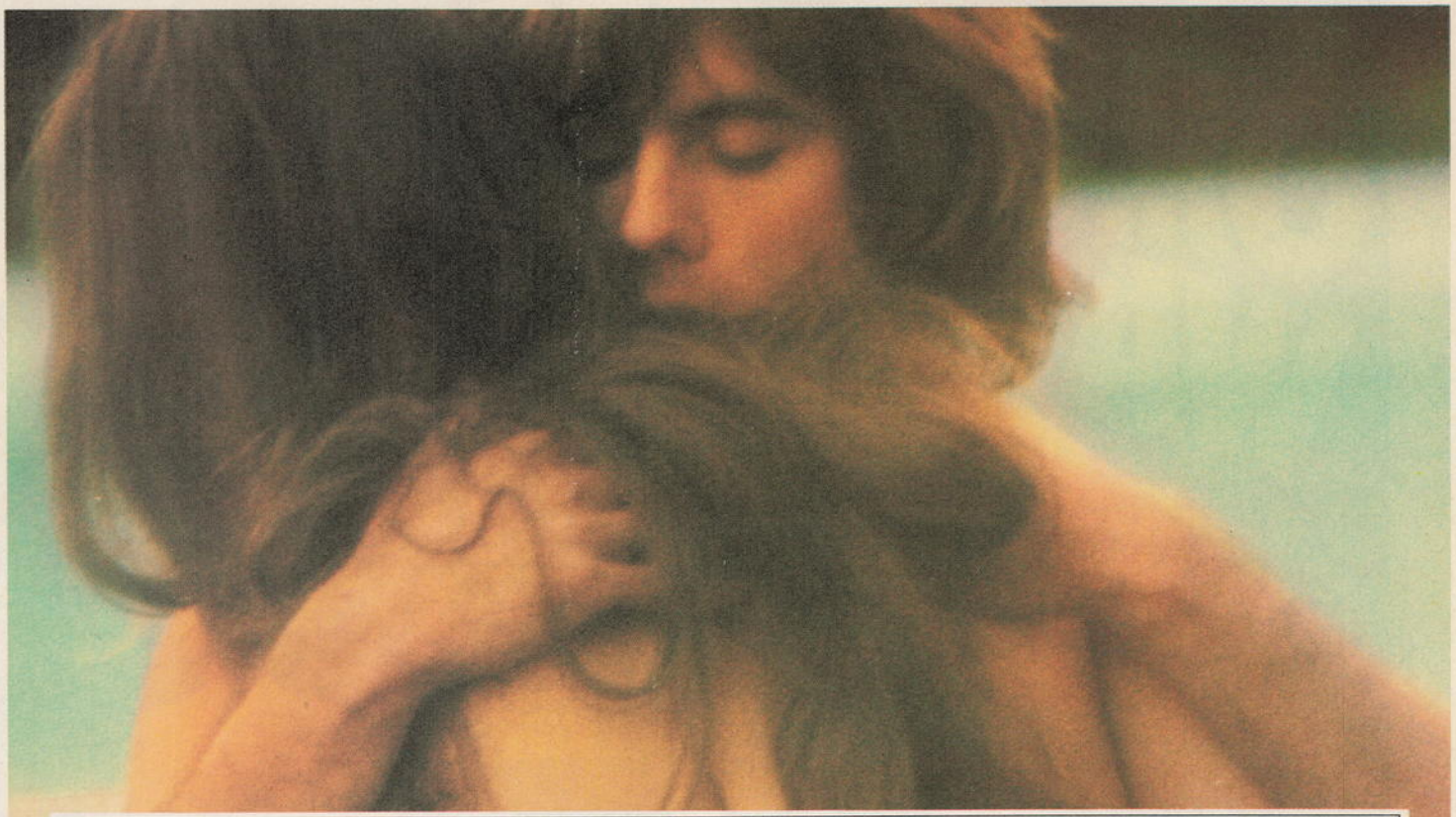
I am a sixteen-year-old girl and I've never had intercourse, but I use a vibrator to reach orgasm. In your book The Happy Hooker *you mentioned that you knew a girl who couldn't reach orgasm when she made love to a guy because she'd used a vibrator too often. I'm worried that the same thing might happen to me when I start sleeping with guys. Do you think I should start taking it easy with the vibrator?—W.V.*

A vibrator certainly makes it a lot easier for a young girl like you to reach orgasm, but be aware of the fact that it is very easy to get completely addicted to the damn thing. After all, it is only a piece of machinery.

If I were you, I would certainly stay horny a bit longer and go hunting for a real nice guy with a real life-sized "vibrator." Maybe you should use your mechanical vibrator only once every two weeks, and for the rest rely on your finger or hang loose. You don't have to come every night, do you?



"Wow . . . is that a hard act to follow!"



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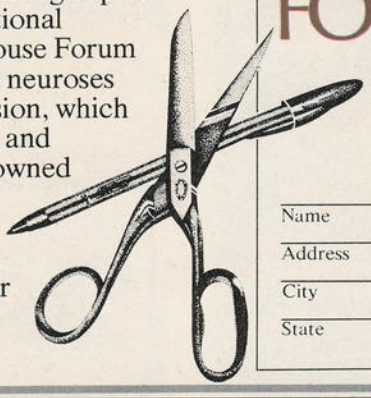

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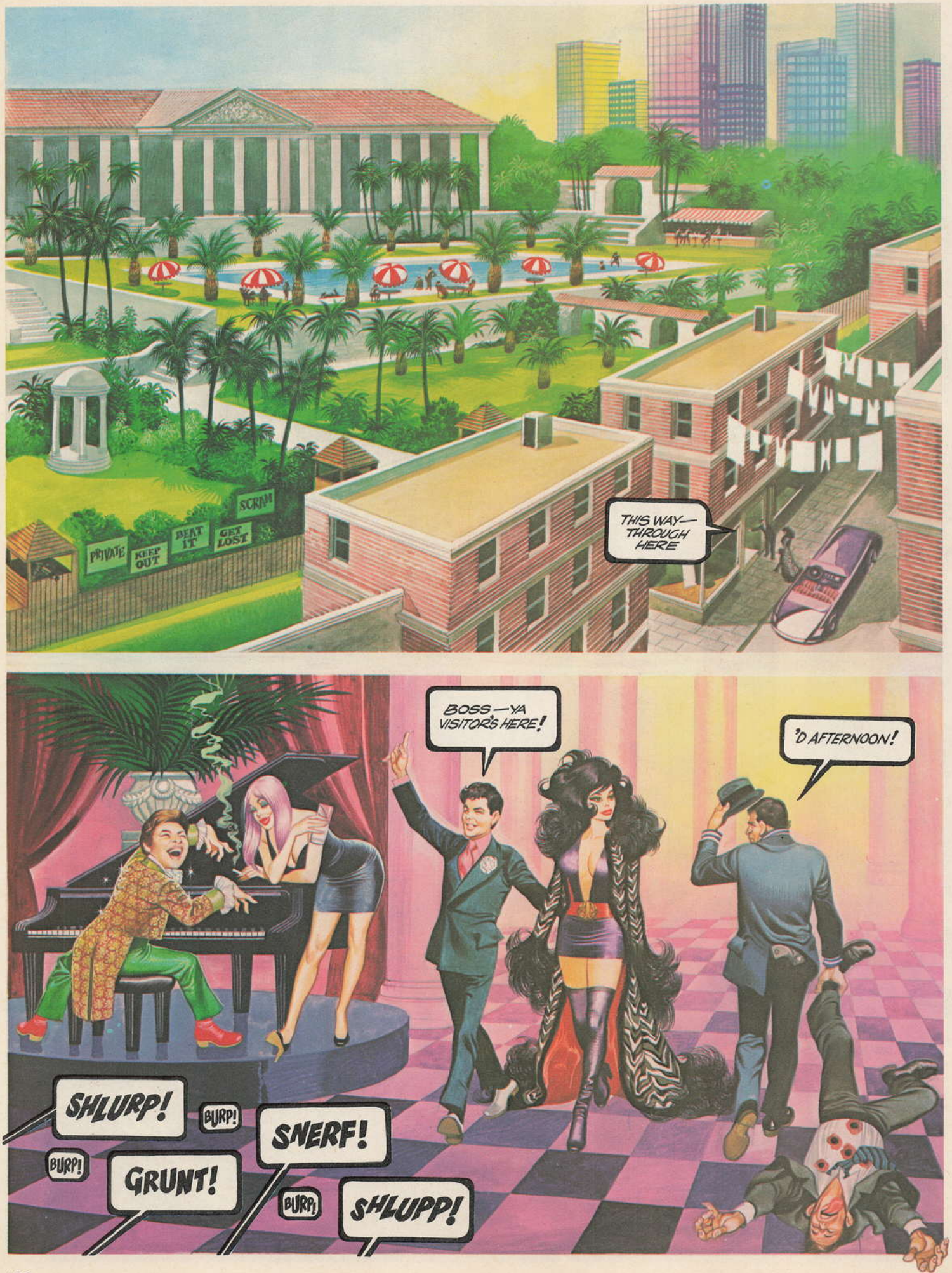
OH, WICKED WANDA!
WANDA VON KREESUS, HEIRESS TO THE KREESUS MILLIONS, IS KICKING UP HEAVEN IN THE VELVET SUITE OF HER SINISTER SCHLOSS OVERLOOKING LAKE ZURICH. HER HANDMAIDEN, CANDYFLOSS IS MISSING!
CANDYFLOSS! WHERE ARE YOU?
THIS USED TO BE A NICE NEIGHBOURHOOD!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON
WE KNOW SHE HAD A RENDEZVOUS WITH HER EX-BALLET ROSEBUD FRIEND, CHIEF PERSON CALLED LOLA LUVZITT
THE POLICE SAY THEY'VE FOUND HER CAR, MISTRESS, PARKED IN A GENEVA SUBURB. NO TRACE OF CANDYFLOSS!
DON'T BULL ME! MY LITTLE PUSSCAKE'S BEEN KIDNAPPED! GET A TELEX OFF TO 'BURPO' BOSSOTUTTI IN MIAMI!

AND SO TO THE PALM FRINGED PLAYGROUND OF MIAMI, ESCORTED BY LITTLE TONIO, TROUBLE-SHOOTER FOR THE CRAPO DI CRAP! OF THE WORLDWIDE COSI NASTI nnnnnnn
MORRY! YOUR BAGELS ARE ON THE TABLE—I'M GOIN' SHOPLIFTIN'
I'LL SAY THIS FOR YOU, MYRA—YOU TRY! YOU DO TRY!
HOME SWEET HOME
I WISH I WAS DEAD!
COME AGAIN, DEARIE
FIFI 3rd FLOOR DAY or NITE
COMING, LOVER!
FANNY! BRING ME ANOTHER BEER!
HONEST SPIRO'S
MOTHER'S DAY AIN'T FAR AWAY
$1.50
WHY CAN'T YOU CONFORM LIKE THE REST OF THE FOLKS AROUND HERE?
BEAT IT!
THIS IS BURPO'S H.Q?
YOU KNOW BURPO, HE DON'T DIG NO OSTENTATION


PRIVATE
KEEP OUT
BEAT IT
GET LOST
SCRAM
THIS WAY— THROUGH HERE
BOSS—YA VISITOR'S HERE!
'D AFTERNOON!
SHLURP!
BURP!
BURP!
GRUNT!
SNERF!
BURP!
SHLUPP!

GET DOSE CLOTHES OFF AND DIVE IN, BABY!
I'D BETTER HUMOUR THE SLOB!
PIG-EATIN' WITH HIS HAT ON!
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!
BURPO, I NEED YOUR HELP! SOMEONE'S KIDNAPPED MY LITTLE ADJUTANT-GENITAL!
TASTES BETTER ALREADY!
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!
BRING ME A SMALL PIECE OF MELBA TOAST AND A SELTZER!

UGH!
NOW, BURPO MMM ABOUT CANDYFLOSS, MMM
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!
JUSSAMINUTE! DOSE BARRACUDAS BIN FED YET?
YA GOTTA SEE THIS! YA GONNA DIE LAFFIN'!
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!
SHLOOP
DEY'LL GOBBLE UP DE AVERAGE GUY IN TOITY SECONDS FLAT! DON'T EVEN LEAVE DA BONES! ONLY TING DEY CAN'T STOMACH IS SENATORS AND LEATHER!
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!
WHADDYA MEAN WE GOT THE WRONG ADDRESS?
I DON'T DIG THIS PECKINPAH TYPE VIOLENCE. I STILL PREFER MRS MINIVER!
AND THIS WAS GONNA BE MY BIG MOMENT!
Happy Birthday, Gus

C'MON, KID— IT'S ALL GOOD FAMILY FUN!
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!
GASP!
OOOF!
I COULD ALWAYS COME BACK LATER!
I.R.S
A PRESENT? —FROM BIG LOUIS?
TICK TICK TICK
I DON'T REMEMBER THIS GUY IN 'DUCK SOUP'!
76
KARL MARX
HOW CORNY CAN YOU GET!
YEAH—YEAH! I LOVE YOU— NOW SHADDUP!
PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM
OH, NO— NOT AGAIN!
THAT'LL BE FIFTY CENTS FOR THE DAME—WHADDYA WANT FOR DESSERT?
GO ON— ASK HER!
ARE YOU NUTS! THEY'D NEVER LET ME BACK INTO DISNEYLAND!
CONTRACT
CONTRACT

AIN'T DAT A HOOT?
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!
HILARIOUS!
EEEYAAAGH
BIG LOUIS IS A FINK!
IRS
AN AMUSING DIVERSION nnnn NOW, PLEASE LISTEN TO ME, BURPO nnnn
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!
IRS
IZZAT ROME? HEY, MARIO! KNOW ANYTHING 'BOUT A CHICK CALLED CANDYFLOSS? KIDNAP JOB?
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!

NOT ONE OF OUR CAPERS, BURPO. BUT WATCH DAT DAME —SHE'S PROBABLY TRYIN' TO SCREW YOU, SOMEWAYS!
TA!
SORRY, BABY —NO DICE!
BURP!
BURP!
KEEP A CLOSE TAIL ON HER, AND REPORT BACK!
FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE SHE WAS SPANKED AS A CHILD FOR SETTING FIRE TO HER OLD SCOTTISH NANNY
SO, WHERE IS CANDYFLOSS, AND WHO WOULD HAVE THE INSANE NERVE TO ROB WANDA OF HER MOST PRECIOUS POSITION? SEE NEXT MONTH'S SHATTERING SEQUEL!

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Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

You must be satisfied or your money back.

COUPLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

when he finally did get into it, we started screwing regularly. . . . All the time.

Jimmy used to buy the rubbers for him, which was pretty strange when you consider that he was buying the rubbers for Tommy while he, himself, was getting Suzy pregnant! Anyway, Tommy and I would screw and he'd say, come on, let me eat you. And I'd say, no, no, no! I never wanted to do anything like that. I thought it wasn't right or something. I was kind of backward.

I was about ten years old before I ever masturbated. Can you believe that? It's true. I was good friends with this girl who was about two years older. One day, when her mother was out and she was minding her baby brother, I went over to her house to keep her company. She took me in the bedroom and shut the door. I had no idea what she was going to do. All of a sudden she just grabbed me by the cunt. I stared at her and she said, "Come on, let's get on the bed." She threw me on the bed and started playing with me. She rubbed my cunt and I laid back and didn't say a word because I liked it. It felt like the most normal thing in the world. Really mellow.

She taught me that a girl is able to come and she used to get me to play with her and make *her* come. But we only used our hands. We never went down on each other. Isn't that strange? I didn't know what eating was. After that I used to masturbate every night and I was in heaven.

We kept our thing going for quite a while. We'd play with each other every chance we got. It went on for about a year and then she went to another school and we drifted apart.

When I started going with Jimmy, all my inhibitions seemed to drop away. I started doing things with him I never did before.

We got married young and started having children right away. During this time we had a lot of sex and it was always great. It still is. Once Jimmy suggested that I fuck a friend of his but then we decided we'd better not do it because it would get all over the neighborhood and probably cause problems.

We didn't do much in the way of extracurricular screwing until after our last child was born. Then we started some three-ways with this really nice woman. She was a black prostitute. She went down on both of us and it was a good experience. But for a long time I was very shy and timid around other people. I guess I was a little ashamed that I didn't still have a perfect body after having so many children. I didn't want people to see my stretch marks. But Jimmy is always so flattering when he talks to me or about me that I was able to overcome that hangup.

Anyway, we started the three-ways and I enjoyed it, but I was very passive at first. Then we got together with this younger black chick and I found out she really dug girls. The first time she went down on me she got very hot and turned around and sat on

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

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DEFINITELY NOT A CON GAME, FRANCHISE, INVESTMENT SCHEME OR GIMMICK

YOU DON'T NEED MONEY TO MAKE MONEY

Obviously you were not born rich so what? 85% of the men and women who are rich today started with very little money and had only average education, so why not be honest with yourself and stop using lame excuses, stand up and face the fact that the only real difference between you and thousands of rich Americans is that they discovered the right moves to make and you did not!

YOU GET RICH MAKING "THE RIGHT MOVES"

I've proven this to be true despite the fact that I was born poor and barely squeaked through high school. I still made a fortune in just a short period by making the right moves and I'll show you exactly how I did it.

But why am I so anxious to reveal to you my secret money making method? Surely there's more to it than because I enjoy helping others share in the rich good life as I have but frankly I expect to profit at least two hundred thousand dollars, maybe more, from the publishing of these ads in nationally famous magazines and newspapers.

STOP WASTING PRECIOUS YEARS

I should know, I wasted more good years than I care to remember, before I finally discovered the secret of making money, I stayed up to my neck in debt, bounced around from one eight hour dead end job to another. Just working, waiting and wishing for a great fortune to fall in my lap. I got married, became a proud father at a young age. I worked in a toy factory for a short time and peddled cosmetics from door to door, but everything I tried my hands at failed because I didn't know the right moves to make. This only happened to me twelve years ago. No doubt there are millions who are suffering this agonizing torment now.

REVEALING: THE RICH MAN'S SECRET MONEY MAKING METHOD

It's true that most rich persons keep their money making secrets to themselves, seldom sharing it with others, but fortunately I met several unusually fair minded rich men who were so impressed with my ambition to get rich that they agreed to teach me the secret money making techniques that their many years of making millions had taught them, providing I would virtually work for them at least one year. I eagerly jumped at the opportunity to gain this valuable knowledge and said yes to their generous proposition. So for one year I listened and watched very closely, until I learned from A to Z how these financial wizards made thousands of dollars every single day. I'll always be most grateful to these men for teaching me their fast and easy money making secrets. It didn't even matter that I was practically pennyless when I first put these methods into action.

SUDDENLY IT STARTED MAKING MONEY FOR ME

At first it was unbelievable ... I paid off all my bills and my wealth continued to multiply. Huge sums of cash poured in so fast that I was forced to employ a full time bookkeeper and retain a corporation attorney, accountant and tax expert to help manage my prosperous financial affairs.

We had investments, property, stocks, money in the bank and can afford most anything we want. My family and I enjoyed our wealth and success. We were very proud of our accomplishments and it was our secret of making the right easy moves that made it all happen.

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE DON'T BLOW IT

It's a better chance than I had. If you're really serious I'm willing to share my secret. Surely I can afford to give it to you free of charge, but I won't, why should I give you something for nothing? Instead I'm going to ask you to send me ten dollars for sharing my secret. What's more, I want you to know that I intend to make a fair profit from the information I mail you, why not? If I can show you how to make more money than you ever made in your life why should you care if I make a profit? Remember what I'm giving you for only ten dollars cost me 12 years to master. Even more important you get certified and documented proof beyond the slightest doubt that my method can make a fortune, this is why I can offer you the strongest legally binding guarantee possible!! A guarantee so incredible that you'll probably think it sounds too good to be true.

UNUSUAL $1000 GUARANTEE

This is a legal and binding guarantee from me to you. The information I'll send you can actually put thousands of dollars in your pocket. But this is my pledge to you, after just 10 days if you don't agree my secret method is worth at least $1000.00 in cash to you (one hundred times the ten dollars you pay) send it back and I'll rush a full refund, including your 8¢ postage. You take absolutely no-risk —not even the price of a stamp.

GET READY TO GET RICH

Every single day my method can bring you more cash. You'll never again need to borrow, budget or ask anyone for credit. You'll be proudly independent. You can enjoy those luxuries you've always dreamed about, but never could afford. Sound impossible? But it's not, you only need a serious belief in my proven method, very small capital and enough ambition to give it a try. Remember "nothing ventured nothing gained" and there's absolutely no way you can lose.

JOIN THOUSANDS WHO ENJOY THE RICH GOOD LIFE:

Ed K. says: "I never earned over one hundred dollars a week in my life until I made 2 thousand dollars the first month using your money making method. I'm glad I took a chance." Sincerely, Ed K., N.Y. You can easily learn what I taught him and now his money worries are over, so why not take advantage of this rewarding opportunity. Any news of good fortune travels fast, already thousands of just average men and women have benefited from my concept, you will too. But I will not promise you'll make as much money as fast as I have, yet, it's possible you'll make a lot more even faster.

YOU CAN LIVE HIGH ON THE HOG AND DO LESS WORK...

I'll show you how to stop breaking your back to make ends meet and start using your head to get easy riches. If you're seriously fed up with being treated like a hard working stiff while others enjoy the rich good life, then don't pass up this opportunity—you risk absolutely nothing—not even the price of a stamp.

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Yes count me in on your $1000 guarantee offer. I enclose $10. Rush your proven easy money method. I understand that it has been officially certified, notorized and documented. If I don't agree it can actually put $1000 or more in my pocket within 10 days I can return it for a full refund, including my 10¢ postage. There is no risk on my part.

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Address .....

City.....

State..... Zip.....

HOLLYWOOD HAUT

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING, PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN MARCUS

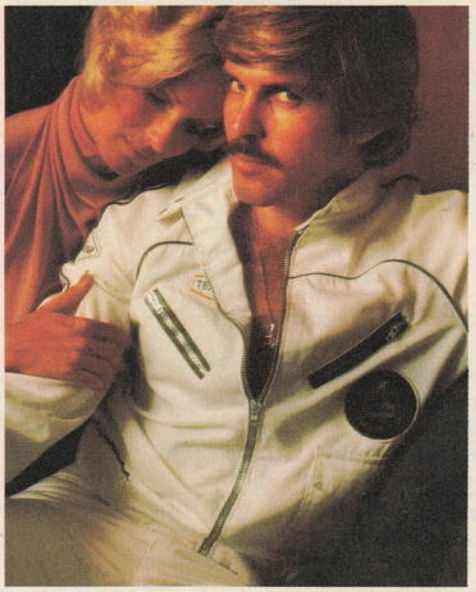
Yes, we all know there's a "California" look. But that look is changing as California designers and manufacturers emphasize new cuts and fabrics in relaxed sport suits, sweaters, and other clothing that is gaining national appeal.

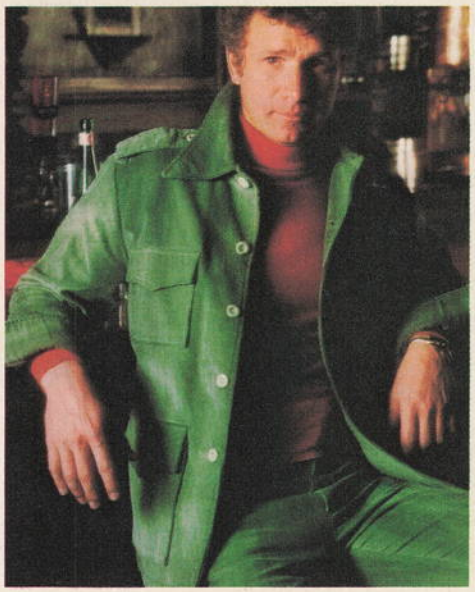
Nicky Blair's restaurant on Sunset Boulevard, with its funky elegance—antique chandeliers, Tiffany glass, exposed wood beams—is the perfect setting for exciting West coast personalities to show off the newest California styles.

Go into Nicky's on any night, and you're likely to see celebrities from all facets of the entertainment world wining and dining on the specialties of the house—veal and home-made pasta dishes, or the famous stone crabs that you can't get anywhere else on the Strip.

Edward Albert, Jr., acclaimed by critics and audiences for his performances in the film versions of Butterflies Are Free *and* Forty Carats. *Rayon viscose sport suit features pleated pockets and side tabs, $275. Sweater, $50, and tie, $22.50. All by Mike Bain. Her print silk evening pajamas by Reva's.*

BABY
DOLL
GOES





Opposite: Johnny Nash, the singer-songwriter, survives nearly fifteen years in the music business by recording everything from Jamaican reggae to songs for today's Top 40 and country music charts. The metallic Lurex and wool zippered sweater, $135, corduroy pants, $55, both by Right Bank Clothing Co. Enameled coin pendant by Jack Mandel. Her cashmere sweater set also by Right Bank Clothing Co.

Upper right: Michael Haynes, who was a rodeo rider, stuntman, and TV and movie actor, receives close to a thousand fan letters a month now as "The Winchester Man." The white gabardine racing insignia jacket, $35, and white gab pants, $35, both by Mike Bain.

Upper left: Actor James Drury, known for his portrayal of "The Virginian," this season changed hats for his starring role as firechief in ABC-TV's "Firehouse." The topgrain goat leather suit with unique scroll motif, $550, by Michael Hoban for North Beach Leather.

Lower left: Wayne Rogers, already a household name as Trapper John in CBS-TV's "M.A.S.H." is also one of Hollywood's shrewdest businessmen—soon to market wine from his 300-acre ranch. Green corduroy walking suit with four flap pockets, $70, by Alex Lawlor for Prime Time.

Lower right: Nicky Blair himself, restauranteur and confidant to the stars. The cotton safari suit with Art Deco Philco radio motif also airbrushed on back of jacket, $245, by Eric Ross. Her poplin halter and swirl skirt by Faded Glory. Girls' makeup: Shiseido.

Check manufacturers listed in Fashion Finder, page 146, for where to buy merchandise featured.

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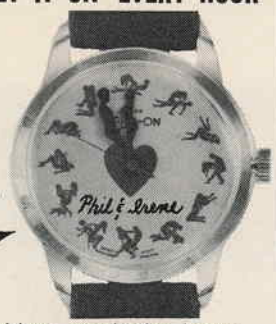

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COUPLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

my face . . . and there it was. It was a surprise but it wasn't that terrible. The girl was just having a ball and she got carried away. She wanted me to eat her and so I did. It wasn't bad. I mean, up until this time I was really shy, you know.

We got together with her several more times and I really learned how to eat girls. It's easy when you're a girl, because you know exactly what to touch and what to do.

Then we got together with another couple. Jimmy arranged it all. They were very nice and had a lot of money. We had a good session—the four of us plus the black girl. We all went down on one another and then Jimmy got excited at the idea of having me fuck the man. Jimmy wanted me to screw the other guy, so I went over and lowered myself down on his big cock. There was nothing to it. It was really nice.

That guy was bisexual and he went down on all of us, including Jimmy. Meanwhile, Jimmy ate his wife and the black girl and the other woman went down on Jimmy, too. A real fine group-grope.

We've only had one bad experience during our swinging days—bad for Jimmy, that is. We met this couple at a swingers' party in New York City one time. The girl was incredibly beautiful. I think she was one of those people who just have a kind of bad attitude. When we got together she played with Jimmy and sucked him and licked him and everything, but she really wasn't into it. She knew she was gorgeous and she didn't really try to turn him on. We got together with them twice, but Jimmy couldn't get hard either time. It was really her fault. Her husband and I fucked, though. It was a nice atmosphere, too. We were at their house, stretched out on a satin sheet in front of the fireplace. Really nice.

We also had this great black couple. The girl was really warm and sweet. She was bisexual but her husband wasn't. The first night we met them she was having her period and she and Jimmy just sort of kissed. But her husband and I screwed. We saw them after that and once we were all in bed together for more than four hours.

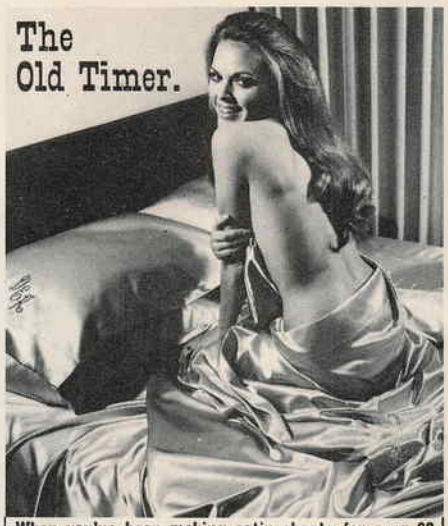
We don't do it with couples much anymore, but we do it with either one guy or one girl quite a lot.

We had a great three-way going with this girl who rented an upstairs apartment from us. She was separated from her husband and she wanted to do it with Jimmy. He talked her into getting it on with me, too. From then on we had a ball, a *real* ball.

We always have a ball. I remember one time we were driving over to New York to buy a copy of *Screw* magazine. On the way we picked up this real cute little girl. She was about sixteen and she was flying high on liquor and drugs. I asked her if she'd ever done it with another woman before and she said no, but she'd sure like to.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

The Old Timer.



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DIARY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

Monday.

Had it out with Giselle. She's been Chief Justice long enough to know the law, but not in this case. She storms in here and tells me that her new husband is mad as a wet cock. Seems that when he got married, they took away his credit card.

Thursday, May 22.

Just flew back from Vegas. That darling Frances Albert had lined up a clutch of TV boys for me to choose from and I had a dandy night with Bruce something. He's playing the lead in that new series about Richard Nixon called "My Six Years in Jail." Of course it's necessary for them to make him up to look like a shifty-eyed goddamned liar. He sort of scrunches down, he tells me, and thinks bad thoughts. He says it's the "method." I don't know what the hell he's talking about, but one more night with that boy and Harry can go and screw my whole cabinet, for all I care.

Saturday, May 24.

Harry's working his way through the cabinet. At his rate, the poor old geezer, by the time he gets to the Secretary of Field Hockey, I'll be up for reelection.

Bruce is divine.

Tuesday.

Vegas is now the summer White House. I'm taking the whole goddamn town off my income tax. I had Mary buy it from the Hughes estate and she says the place is haunted by a tall, skinny man who carries around two billion dollars in cash. I don't care . . . everything I do is for national defense.

Thursday, May 29.

Svetlana has sent David Cassidy back. She's heard about Bruce and is willing to give up Latvia. I told her to go hang.

Friday, May 30.

Bruce has heard! And he's changed his mind! Just like a man, damn it. Says he's always wanted to see Leningrad, etc., etc. I'm having Beatrice look into his tax returns. He'll get his, don't worry!

Sunday.

Well! Charlie, that cute English king, is coming to see me! I'm having Camp David done over to look like Windsor Castle. Give me a day (and a night) with that cupcake and Bruce can go mother himself.

(Eighteen pages from the diary are missing here. Erased?) O+

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IMITATION OF LIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

shouting, "You offend me, sir. You offend my country," and Frye was rattled. He had assumed, like most of the audience, that this was America, that he was David Frye, whom we had all paid dearly to see, and that this was what his audience expected. But there must be millions of true believers out there in the heartland to whom David Frye is a minor devil.

If so, then the place we caught his act, Jimmy's, on West Fifty-second Street in Manhattan, must be one of the cozier corners of hell. The certified epicenter of Enemyland, Jimmy's is a notorious media-folks hang-out. Frye was such a smash in this den of subversion that he was held over and then brought back for a return engagement. He thinks there "is a tolerance today for political satire. People are fed up. They trusted Agnew and then found out he was like any other guy at the office who takes money on the side—he was no better than we are, but much worse. Satire is a way of letting their rage out."

The high point of the Frye show comes just before his five-minute water break. He has already played a cantaloupe-mouthed Marlon Brando as "the godfather": "Richard, Richard. You come to me on my daughter's wedding day. When have you ever come to me in friendship? If you had come to me before, these men would be suffering this very day. If you had come to me before, this John Dean the Third would be John Dean the Last. . . . Do you want *justice*, Richard?" "Uh—not . . . *necessarily*."

Then the lights dim and a screen comes down. Frye slips offstage to croak a Nixonesque rendition of "My Way," as a wild pastiche of scenes from Nixon's career is projected on a screen: "The record shows, I took the blows/and did it *my way*. . . ." The song is a hilarious juxtaposition to the serial humiliations which have met Richard Nixon in his quest for the balm of election, and the audience responds wildly.

Back from his break, Frye is Henry Kissinger, "horny Henry," the "Adfizzer to der Prresitent, unt Master oof der Verld." He's just returned from Cairo where "I scored." Nixon lays one of his "firm and honorable peace" lines on him and Henry, hearing salacious homonyms, replies, "A firm piece, an honorable piece. . . . Dick, you lucky if you get eizer vun."

And finally, he is Nixon again—an inevitable home base—venturing as an ad-lib a shameless Nixonian explanation of the erased Watergate tapes. This, fans, is what separates the men from the boys. Amateur comics and pundits and dime-store shrinks conjure up their own one-liners congruent with their sense of Tricky's character. But Frye is onto the straight stuff:

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

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Merchandise from the following firms is featured editorially in this issue (pages 140 through 143). Contact them directly for information on where to purchase their styles.

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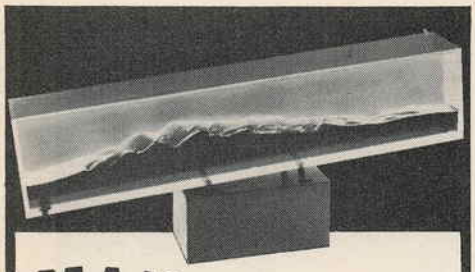

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IMITATION OF LIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146

"They were accidentally erased by . . . the Great Comet Kohoutek. And my friends, stars have the right to go wherever they want. That's what makes America strong!" Ears and tail and a long-handled shovel.

But what worries David Frye is not that the Thought Police will blast down his door—shouting, "Drop that Idea. It's dangerous" —but that Nixon may achieve a sudden eclipse and Frye would be poison. Or Nixon might do something dangerous or pathetic, and the Nixonizing biz will suffer a well-earned recession. Frye says, "If Nixon leaves office I'll just have to work very hard on Gerald Ford."

He already has depicted Nixon singing "Folsom Prison Blues" on an album. Now he says, in private, "I just hope I don't have to imitate him making license plates." Then, almost ruefully, "Nixon is so easy and funny because of his gestures and attitudes and expressions. He lends himself to caricature. I don't think another one like him will come along for a while."

But no one will ever impeach James Cagney and Henry Fonda and Marlon Brando and Gregory Peck.

So the mind wanders. If Frye's playful, foolish, outrageous, and unrepenitent Nixon is more true than the retread we watch on prime time from D.C., then there's the pity. If only Frye or some other great comic were using 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue as a mail drop—Woody Allen, say. And if only Richard Nixon used his talents to *amuse*. I'd pay to see Nixon do an impression of President Richard Pryor.

But then, who has ever *seen* RMN after dark? Maybe he *is* Richard Pryor? Maybe Nixon and David Frye are Jekyll-Hyded doppelgängers of each other: Night and Day, and both are The One. I couldn't swear to you that David Frye wasn't near the War Room during Christmas 1973. After all, if Frye is that good, how come they haven't busted him on a conspiracy-to-giggle-at-the-chief rap yet? Because. . . .

Perhaps, paranoia fans, the last line of the Nixon Watergate defense will be the insistence that Nixon himself spent all four years locked inside a safe-deposit box in Bebe Rebozo's bank. The proof will be tapes of David Frye's act.

I can just see the White House lawyers saying: "That's the man you thought was President. But the president does not to Robert Mitchum. His Cagney is okay and his Kirk Douglas is boffo, but he *does not do* Robert Mitchum. The real Mr. Big was David Frye. Just give us four more years and go catch David Frye!"

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Enclosed is $9.95, plus $1.00 to cover shipping and handling for each 100 tablet bottle. Include free the Physical Performance booklet. (No C.O.D.s please.) Enclosed is ☐ check, ☐ cash or ☐ money order for $_____. California residents add 6% sales tax. Please allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery.

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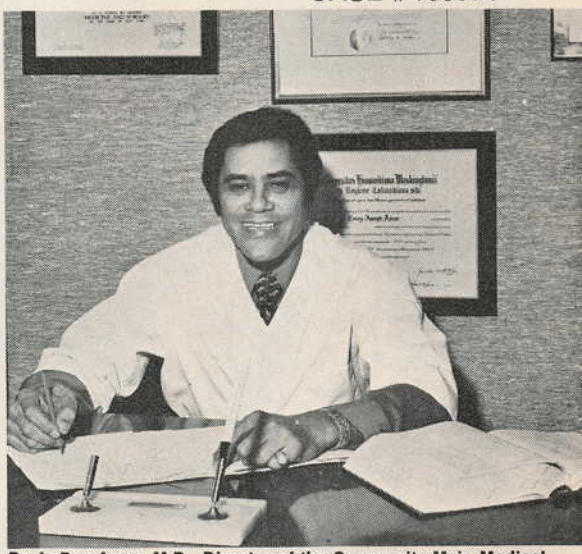
In Canada: I, BRUTE, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal Quebec

LeRoy Amar, M.D.
writes to tell us....

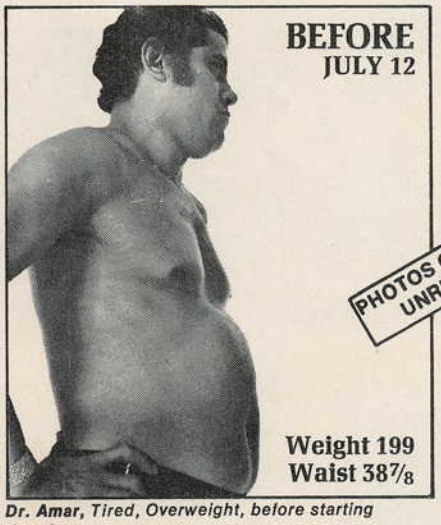
CASE #100971

"I lost 13 pounds of excess weight...3⅛ inches off my waist and shaped up...in just 14 days!"

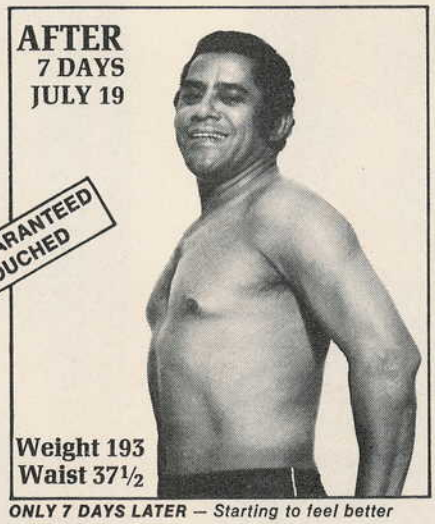
The "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan did it...without giving up the foods and drinks I love... says Dr. Amar, Director of five Medical Clinics.



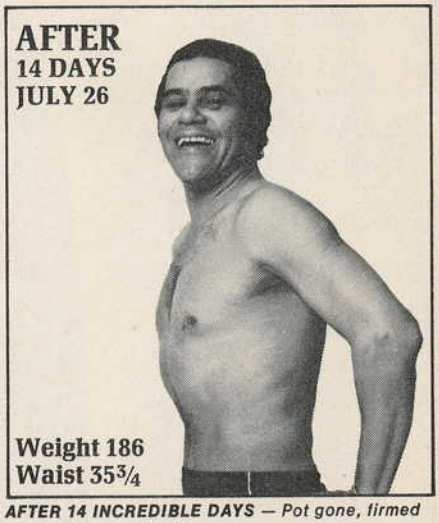
Dr. LeRoy Amar, M.D., Director of the Community Main Medical Group, Manchester Medical Group, University Medical Group, Hoover Redevelopment Medical Group, Medical Director of the Manchester Hospital.



***Dr. Amar,** Tired, Overweight, before starting the plan.*



***ONLY 7 DAYS LATER** — Starting to feel better and shaping up.*



***AFTER 14 INCREDIBLE DAYS** — Pot gone, firmed up — looking and feeling years younger!*

"14 Days Did It...Fast Enough!"

DR. AMAR WRITES—"It took me just a few minutes, using the "5" Minute Body Shaper plan to convince me on how simple and easy it is for the average person to firm, shape up and lose weight.

While in the Marines I was a paratrooper, gym instructor and led a group of 2,000 Marines in the Officer Cadet School Fitness tests...I was in great shape! But after leaving the Marines and becoming a medical doctor in charge of five Medical Clinics, working 12 to 15 hours a day, I neglected my own health and fitness condition and was out of shape and overweight before I realized it. I tried to ignore my condition, continued working long hours, but recently just became too tired and overweight to continue functioning properly. I knew the answer, diet control and exercise, however gym classes were a time luxury my patients wouldn't allow me to afford. An Attorney friend of mine had much the same problem, but he found the answer. He introduced me to the "5" Minute Body Shaper plan...it was easy to follow, doing a simple 5 to 10 minute continuous exercise in the morning and again before my evening meal — I didn't have to count the calories or give up the foods I love. I simply didn't need so much food while I was on the plan because my metabolic system became so much more efficient. The Body Shaper is so convenient to carry. I take it whereever I go, so I don't have to miss shaping up. It took me just 14 days to lose my pot and my appearance improved 100%. I was extremely happy with the results and now recommend it to all my patients and friends, whether they need it or not. I found the benefits of the plan if followed over a period of time, will not only produce weight losses, shape and firm up flabby muscles, but will increase strength, endurance and joint flexibility while reducing minor aches, chronic fatigue and just improve your over-all ability to relax.

This is the first plan I've ever come across that's so simple to follow, so reasonable in cost, that can do so much to improve posture and general appearance without intruding in your daily life. Show the plan to your Physician, I'm sure he will agree!"

WHAT SATISFIED CUSTOMERS SAY:

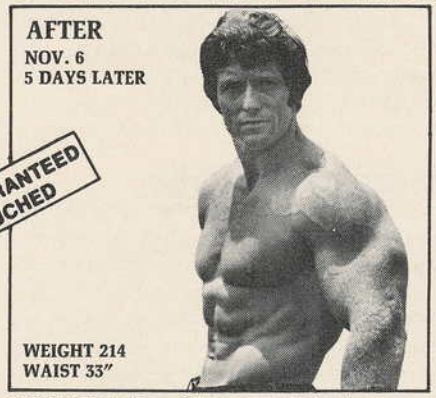
"I lost 18 lbs. and 4½" off my waist in 14 days," **R. Mathews** ▪ "I lost 13 lbs. and 4" off my waist in 14 days," **M. Harvey** ▪ "I lost 15 lbs. and 2½" off my waist in 14 days," **P. Boyd** ▪ "I lost 10½ lbs. and 3" off my waist in 14 days," **M. Pearson** ▪ "I lost 15 lbs. and 5" off my waist in 14 days," **L. Heathcock** ▪ "I lost 11 lbs. and 4½" off my waist in 14 days," **R. Peetrich** ▪ "I lost 13 lbs. and 2⅞" off my waist in 14 days," **R. Vaderity** ▪ "I lost 9 lbs. and 3" off my waist in 14 days," **J. Miniford** ▪ "I lost 14 lbs. and 3½" off my waist in 14 days," **M. Reed.**

Results vary depending on how much overweight you are and how much time you give to the Plan. However, the above is just a sampling from the impressive file of letters we receive daily — and we want you to know that — you too must be satisfied with our guaranteed results — or every penny back!

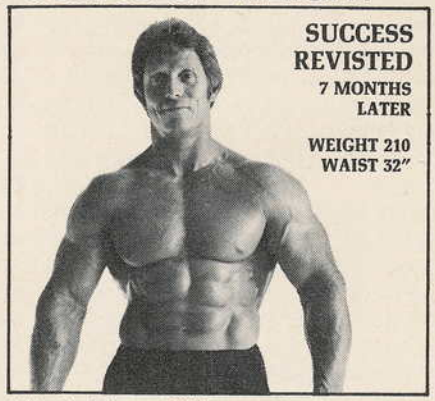
The World's Fastest Body Shaper!

"IN ONLY 5 DAYS I LOST 3" OFF MY WAIST AND 6 POUNDS OF WEIGHT"

Ken, out of shape, the day he started the plan.



***Only 5 Days Later** — Gut gone, and shaping up. Fast Enough?*

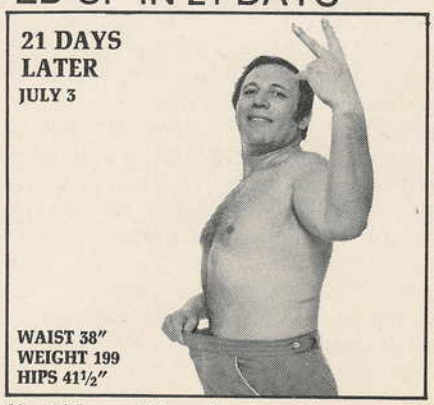


***7 Months Later** — Still in great shape — muscular, firm and rugged — Results that Stay!*

"I LOST 6" OFF MY WAIST, 19 POUNDS AND SHAPED UP IN 21 DAYS"

***Jimmy** as he looked when he started.*

***Only 7 Days Later** amazing results — pot almost gone.*



***After 21 Days** — Slimmed, reshaped, looking younger, feeling better.*

THEY SAW AND FELT RESULTS IN JUST 3 DAYS!

WHAT IS THIS INGENIOUS PLAN?

The Weider "5 Minute Body Shaper" plan is based on doing ONE CONTINUOUS RHYTHMIC CO-ORDINATED EXERCISE while still eating the foods you like. **That's all you do!** This one five-minute exercise is designed to attack the Waist and Hips (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look) — as well as burn off excess body fat fast by speeding up your metabolism, burning up stored calories and releasing excess water—while reshaping your chest, abdomen, firming up your legs and arms — your total body!

It's safer than strenuous gym workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts ...or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 16 oz. and fits any wallet-size case. You can carry it and use it wherever there's floor space — anytime. Even while watching television.

WHAT COMES OFF IN 14 DAYS?

Individual results vary, but during an average 14 day period, you can expect to lose up to four inches from your waistline and up to ten pounds off your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. IT TOUGHENS YOU UP. For a 5-Minute Exerciser' — it sure does a lot!

WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY:

Medical Doctors, Chiropractors, Osteopaths, Athletic Coaches....agree its the most successful Waistline-Weight Reducer and Shaping Up Plan ever invented!

Patent Pending. Copyright Joe Weider, 1973

*EXPOSING EFFORTLESS EXERCISERS

Reader's Digest (Sept. 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts all agree...there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body... **you must work the inches off!**

NO GIMMICKS, NO CATCHES
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE OFFER

Because this isn't a "gimmick" plan — and you have been fooled in the past by "effortless exercisers" — I make you this **UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE: "GET IT OFF FAST" — and see measurable and firming results in three days or return the exerciser for a full 100% refund!** Proven results are already verified. The guarantee is in writing. Now, can you think of a reason for not ordering your "5-Minute Total Body Shaper?"

FREE TRIAL OFFER

See your exciting new body begin to take shape in 3 days or every penny back!

SEND TODAY

Weight Just 16 oz.

'5' MINUTE BODY SHAPER

We Care About The Shape You're In — **DON'T YOU?**

SEND TODAY Complete Kit Only **$9.95**

JOSEPH WEIDER Dept. AU/T
"5" MINUTE BODY SHAPER PLAN
21100 Erwin St., Woodland Hills, Ca. 91364

I want to get into condition and shape up! Prove it to me at your expense that in just 3 days I can feel great all over, and start seeing my figure shaping up or every penny back. Rush me the "5" Minute Total Body Shaper and Slimming Course that does it—in plain wrapper!

☐ **I enclose $9.95 for the above, plus $1.00 for shipping and handling.** ☐ SAVE! Order TWO for only $17.95 plus $1.00 for shipping and handling. (No C.O.D.'s please). Enclosed is ☐ check or ☐ money order for $..... California residents add 5% sales tax.

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CITY.....

STATE.....ZIP.....

(Please print clearly)

IN CANADA: "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Quebec.

COUPLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

Well, I got her in the backseat and I took off my pants and she went down on my cunt. She was really adorable. She was eating me so hard the car started rocking. She was out of her mind. She was really going, this kid. I couldn't believe it. I was so busy watching her eat me that I couldn't even concentrate on what I was doing because she was going at it so crazy.

Meanwhile Jimmy and Doris were up front, playing with each other. When the girl finished, her pants were soaking wet, just from the excitement of eating me. I never even touched her. She drove over to New York with us and while driving through the tunnel on the way back, Doris and her went at it. All the way through the tunnel she ate Doris like a maniac.

We got her phone number, but we didn't want her calling us because she was so young, you know. So we called her a few times and she used to come over to our house and go down on us and Jimmy would screw her. She was great. A wild kid!

We really enjoy it all now. I'm relaxed, not nervous like I was when we started swinging. Swinging is like losing your cherry all over again. It really is. It's the greatest. We don't take drugs except a little grass sometimes. We don't drink to excess. We don't do anything to excess, except maybe sex.

Sometimes people are amazed that we can do all this with six kids. But it's simple. really. The kids are well behaved. We have a big house and the kids never enter a room without knocking. When we party, it's late at night, away from where they're sleeping. We haven't had any embarrassments, so far.

We're frank with our kids. We talk freely with them about sex. And when they get old enough and want to know what's happening, we'll tell them. We enjoy sex. We're not ashamed of it and we don't want them to be, either. When we were brought up, sex was kept a big secret and that's not the right way.

DR. CHARTHAM'S ANALYSIS:

It is only rarely that I encounter a couple as completely uninhibited sexually as James and Mary. It is clear that James's early acceptance of himself as a sexual animal has made this possible. (There are a number of features in his narrative, however, that one must condemn as reprehensible—for example, his irresponsibility as a youth in not using contraception and, as a result, getting his various partners pregnant, while at the same time buying "rubbers" for his friend.) Almost every word he utters is redolent with sexuality. Here is a man for whom sex is one of the driving forces of life.

Though he doesn't mention the frequency of his outlets, one gets the impression that he is very highly sexed. Like most highly sexed people, he lives his life with sexual gusto. He is also bisexual so that he can get the most out of sex and he has a vivid sexual imagination,which prevents sexual boredom.

Mary is James's creation for the most part. Both admit that she used to have some inhibitions, such as undressing in front of others and going down on a woman. She must have had a keen sexual appreciation of James, otherwise, she would not be able to match him either in the nature of her sexuality or in her acceptance of the sexual vicissitudes in which he involves her.

In my view, Mary is the more remarkable one of the two. James irresponsibly got her pregnant twice, once involving her in the traumatic experience of abortion. He would not have married her after the second time, except that his mother insisted. Mary could have been so affected by the whole incident that she might easily have rejected him sexually forever. She could also have resented him for giving her so many children in such a short space of time and turned into an embittered woman.

But a vitality comes through her narrative which equals Jimmy's. In addition, though she does not specifically say so, she loves him, as he—while again not saying so in so many words—loves her.

It is fortunate for both of them that she has been able to adapt her own sexual needs to Jimmy's and to adopt without any hesitation or reservations his methods of supplying both their needs. Had she not been able to do this, as wholeheartedly as she obviously has, their marriage would have been on the rocks ages ago.

Jimmy, too, is remarkable in his way, and I do not mean purely sexually. He must inspire confidence, he must have an outgiving personality; in fact, he must be quite a special person.

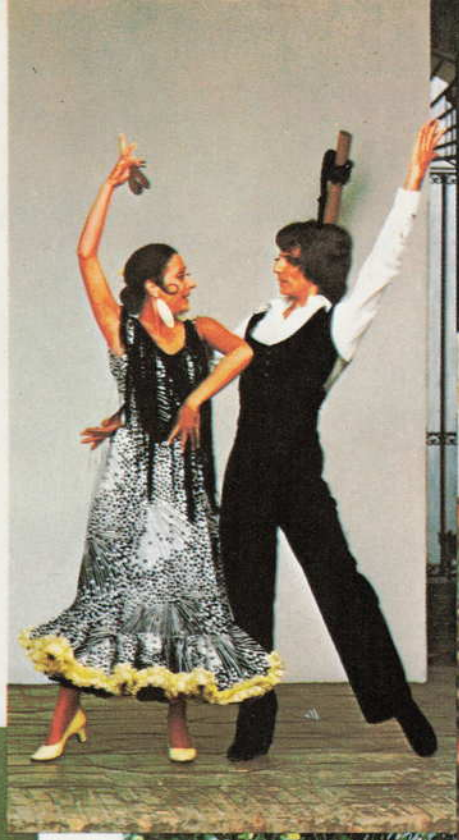
I must in all conscience add a warning, however. Jimmy and Mary have a good, if unorthodox, sexual relationship going for them, which could not have materialized had they not eventually become sexually compatible. (They should recognize their luck in this, because he rather bludgeoned Mary into joining his experiments. He did not gradually draw her into them, involving her so gently that she did not realize it until she was involved.) Unfortunately, very few couples, even the most highly sexed, find themselves sexually compatible from the beginning of their relationship. I do not think, therefore, that other couples reading these narratives, and who are inspired to emulate them, should expect to succeed as James and Mary have succeeded. Indeed, if any couple has a good relationship already that does not resemble Jimmy's and Mary's, I would advise them not to change.

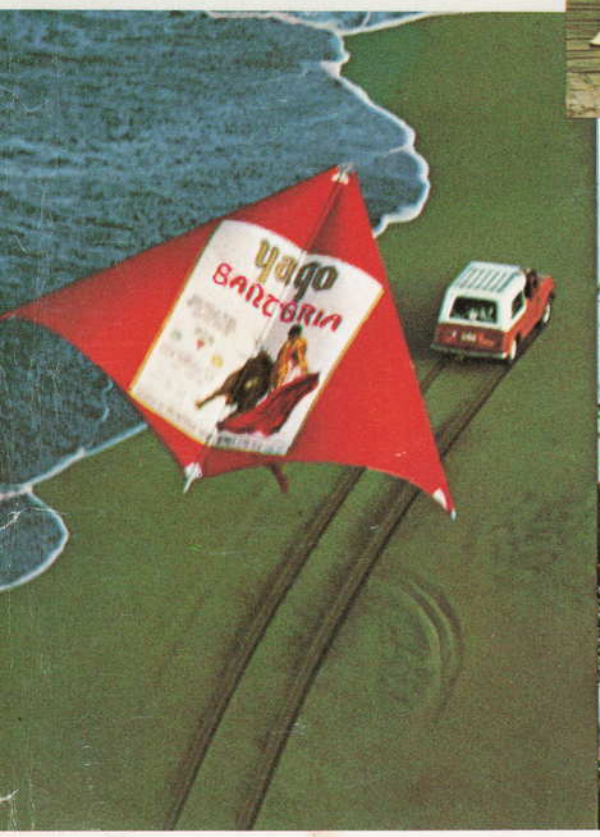
Also, a word to Jimmy and Mary. You are only at the beginning of your thirties. You have before you another forty years of your sexual lives. Up to date, you have lived it up sexually. Even given your vivid sexual imaginations, you may find ideas running out in a short time. Then your sexual relationship runs the risk of becoming just as jaded as anyone else's.

I have a pretty good appreciation of how good your relationship is at the moment, and I applaud the way the two of you have fashioned it. So just pause for a minute and think ahead. I would hate for things to go sour on you in the end.

"Good, but not finger-lickin' good."

The Yago Sant'Gria Party.





Just pour it over ice and add people.

Yago Sant'Gria—the party wine from Spain—is rich, red Spanish wine, pre-mixed with the juices of Spain's magnificent oranges and lemons. The original, authentic Yago Sant'Gria comes in different sizes, for any size party. Try a Yago split for a party of one. Or the fifth for a party of two. The magnum for a party of four. The half-gallon jug for a party of more. Once you have the Yago Sant'Gria, all you need are the people. Once you open the Yago Sant'Gria...you'll have the people. That's what made it the largest imported selling wine in the U.S.

Yago Sant'Gria
THE PARTY WINE FROM SPAIN.

Yago Sant'Gria Spanish red wine mixed with citrus fruit juices. 1 Pint 7.5-fluid oz. Imported from Spain by
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Limit: One Coupon per family.

NOW DEDUCT $1.00 FROM THESE LOW PRICES FOR KODACOLOR ...OR 50¢ OFF SLIDES & MOVIES

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Pocket 110-12 exp.	$3.99*	$ 5.49*	—	—
Pocket 110-20 exp.	$4.99*	$ 7.49*	$2.99*	—
35-mm 20 exp.	$4.99*	$ 7.49*	$2.99*	—
35-mm 36 exp.	$7.99*	$12.49*	$4.99*	—
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